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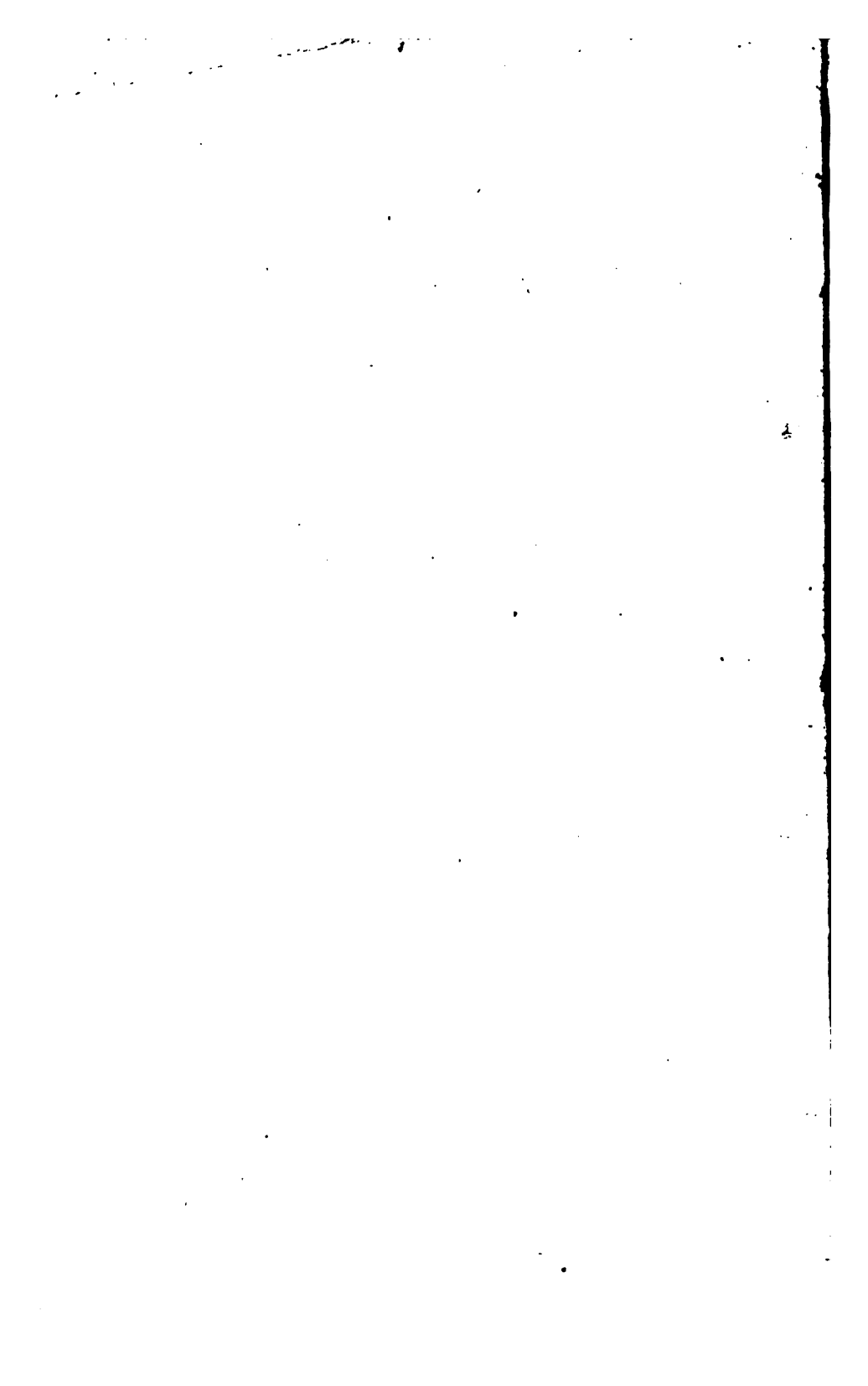
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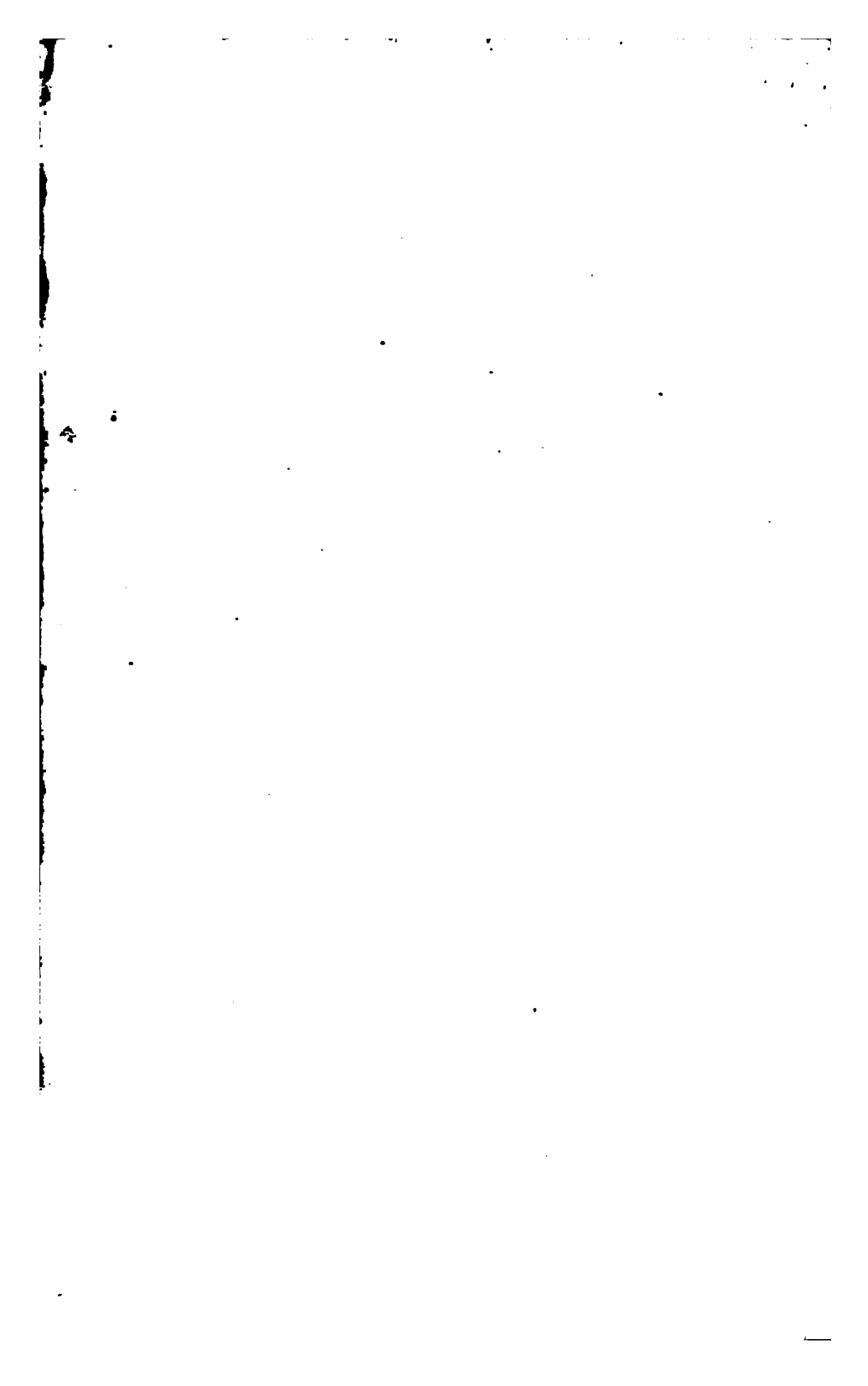


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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1837.

VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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Errata.—Page 217, line 12, for "Adam's" read "Abraham's."

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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1837.

ART. I.—*Portugal and Gallicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces : and a Few Remarks on Recent Events in Spain.* 2 Vols. London: Murray. 1836.

THE Earl of Carnarvon, it is understood, is the author of these volumes, whose writings, when he was Lord Porchester, obtained a considerable degree of celebrity, now doubtlessly to be enlarged by the production before us. It is, in truth, the ablest and most polished tour that has been published in our language for a long time ; being far superior in point of varied information, accurate observation, elegance of style, and attractive sentiments to the ordinary current literature of the same class so abundant in these times. Besides the temper and the talent of the author, the work exhibits a diversity of matter that cannot fail to engage the attention of many readers who may cherish very different tastes. If the current events in Spain be the subject particularly regarded, there is a sufficiency here to reward the perusal of the work by all political parties ; if accounts of bold and wild adventure be the sort of narrative that is sought for, here is much of the romance of real life ; if poetic and glowing descriptions of lovely scenery be desired, or an enlightened guide to many of the most charming, though by tourists least frequented localities of the Peninsula, we know not where can be found a richer store than in the sketches which these volumes present.

The noble author says, that the greater portion of this work has long been written—the notes, here digested and compiled, having been taken during visits to the Peninsula previous to the death of Ferdinand, but at seasons of great national commotion and of civil war. It was in July, 1827, that he embarked for Lisbon, and the return of Don Miguel immediately afterwards occurring, the remarkable sensation that then existed between the admirers of the old and new order of things, afforded opportunities of observation not more exciting than suited to the taste and abilities of the author.

The knowledge which he thus acquired of the regions described by him, is applied to the recent events that have agitated the same countries, when the nature of the narrative leads to such reflections; and the only remark which we have to offer respecting all these political sentiments is, that they have a one-sidedness and such a leaning to the Carlist cause as in some measure to neutralize the delight, which not a few will experience in the other parts of the work. There is, however, so much that is stirring, romantic, and beautiful in the great variety of subjects discussed, and so much that is amiable, kindly, and good-humoured in the manner of the writer as to gain the favour of all readers for the publication as a whole, and to secure for it a lasting name. But we must now proceed to accompany him in his adventurous tour and diversified encounters.

It might almost be considered indicative and symptomatic of many of the succeeding traits of the present work, that the very first notice of the voyage of the steam-packet by which the author proceeded from Portsmouth to Lisbon, mentions that two of the passengers were Mr. Wolff, the celebrated missionary, and his wife, Lady Georgiana, who were then proceeding to the Holy Land, the most romantic devotion inspiring both of them. Even steam-navigation, his lordship's fine genius invests with pleasing associations, when he states, that its rapidity of conveyance renders striking and varied scenery enchanting, "like shifting scenes on the stage," that would otherwise fatigue the sight if dwelt upon too long.

Many of our author's notices and descriptions treat of the most imaginative or gloomy superstitions that we ever found in real history. Belonging to the first sort of these popular beliefs, the reader will find a striking example connected with an old Moorish fort, not far distant from Oporto.

"There is a superstition connected with this castle, common to many of the old Moorish towers; that of the *Moirá Encantada*, or enchanted Moress, a superstition well known and widely credited in parts of Portugal. The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with feudal sway, an enchanted Moress still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle. Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages, and the stroke of death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind; there is no terror in her look; for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Moors' untenanted abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some

ruined monument of national glory, as one who mourns, but seeks not to avenge. She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her : sometimes she weaves her spells around a favoured individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him a portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a Moira ; and in return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love. The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enhanced by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the soft full light of the moon."—vol. i, pp. 104—106.

Civil war, anarchy, and some of the measures enforced by Don Pedro's policy, such as a sudden and violent invasion of popular prejudices in regard to the convents and the church, have unquestionably produced an unfavourable and degenerated character among the Portuguese peasantry. That peasantry were formerly an unsophisticated race, possessing many of the noble qualities, without the sanguinary spirit of the Spaniard. While Don Pedro's popular principles of government recognised many wise and necessary reforms, they unfortunately, among other injudicious encroachments, affected too hastily and strongly the privileges of the peers. But in some of the wilder districts of the nation, such as the *Trazos Montes*, modern reforms and refinements have scarcely penetrated, and while the peasantry have retained their original character, being restless, intrepid, and aspiring, or perhaps degenerated into ruffians, fidelity to their chiefs is still a prominent virtue. But this strong feeling of vassalage is sufficiently balanced by the feudal bearing of the nobles themselves, who—

"Even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits ; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and, long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents : they are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not, in their presence remain uncovered, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded those ancient and patriarchal halls, still, where these forms, the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age, are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.

"But however strict the forms occasionally maintained, in these antiquated establishments, between parent and child, a graduated subordination of respect appears to pervade the household ; a similar homage is exacted by the children from those beneath them, and a similar state

observed. In many great families, the young lady of the house, even when she merely goes out to take the air, is preceded by the Escudeiro, or shield-bearer of the family; though he now no longer carries the shield, but only walks a few paces in advance of his charge, with a solemn and measured step, bareheaded, and holding his hat humbly in his hand. These shield-bearers, attached to noble families, were formerly, like our ancient esquires, gentlemen by birth, though for the most part greatly reduced in circumstances."—vol. i, pp. 89—91.

The author generally travelled in a manner that enabled him to deviate at pleasure from the high-roads, and to enter the most secluded paths and districts. He also often joined the peasantry, as well as every other class of the people, and thus collected, not without encountering, as we shall see, great hardships and imminent peril, much that is extremely interesting and novel as regards national habits and opinions. For example, when journeying between Oporto and Galicia, and in the neighbourhood of Ponte de Lima, he and his servant lost their way in a pass which was so narrow that two horsemen could not ride abreast, and where the darkness was such, on account of the impending rocks and the canopy of branches and foliage that grew upon them, as to become absolute. He connects the adventure with certain notices, which nothing but a diligent inquiry and particular intercourse could furnish.

"The beautiful fictions of the poets recurred to my mind, and I almost fancied myself descending into the infernal regions. Our progress was unsafe, as the ground was covered with huge stones, and pools of water everywhere abounded. When we at length emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves again in the midst of the deep forest, all indications of a track had vanished, and I was preparing to take my night's repose on the heath, when Antonio was attracted by a distant light. He reluctantly accompanied me to the spot whence it appeared to proceed; for I should here observe that a light seen at a late hour in the dark wood, or on the lonely moor, is regarded with superstitious fear by the inhabitants of these wild districts, as it is supposed to be kindled by weird women, known familiarly by the name of Bruchas, hags who maintain a direct intercourse with the great Author of evil, and hold conference with him at midnight on some dreary spot.

"As their dwellings are often distant from the scene of these impious assemblies, they acquire the power of transporting themselves to the accursed place of meeting by the most dreadful means, anointing themselves with a preparation strongly impregnated with the blood of children, and pronouncing the following potent spell—' *Por cima de vallado por baixo de telhado*—Over the eaves and under the roofs let us go to our fate.' It is believed that any mistake in the exact formula of words is a source of the greatest danger. A man who, in ignorance of her fearful nature, had married a Brucha, is said to have seen her leave the bridal bed at midnight, and, supposing him to be asleep, perform her mystic rites, and then, pronouncing the fated words, fly up the chimney. Prompted by some strange impulse, he endeavoured to follow her example, but trans-

posing the magic words, was dashed against the roofs of houses, and found on the following morning mutilated and in a dying state.

"When the sisterhood are assembled, the devil appears in the shape of an enormous goat, and receives the most degrading acts of homage; after which these women, whose personal appearance is described as very revolting, become transformed into beautiful girls, of whom the Prince of Darkness selects the fairest. A scene of frantic revelry ensues; and then the real business of the night begins, the arch-fiend enjoining them to tempt certain individuals, and instructing them in the mode best calculated to destroy their victims, body and soul. The meeting disperses before the break of day, but woe to the traveller who chances to meet the dreadful Bruchas returning to their dwellings: for by kindling false lights they allure him from his path into imminent peril, then leave him in total darkness, and appal him by their loud and fiendish laugh.

"In spite of Antonio's apprehensions we kept the light steadily in view, and at length reached a solitary cottage. We called beneath the casement, upon which two men appeared, one of whom engaged to show us the way to Ponte di Lima; but his manner was by no means satisfactory; he required payment before he performed his task: there was much consultation between him and his companion, and hurried whispers were exchanged. Unarmed, and thinking our situation insecure, I desired him to re-enter his cottage, or lead the way immediately. He then went on; but his conduct on the road only confirmed my suspicions: for at one time he wished to leave us, and requested me to remain stationary till he returned: a modest proposition on so cold a night. By his peculiar manner, and by his conversation, which was a tissue of personal boasts, I recognised the Valentoine."—vol. i, pp. 116—118.

This last paragraph serves very conveniently to introduce the subject of most of our remaining extracts, as these are to regard the stories of banditti, and still more, the author's personal adventures and dangers. Here is some account of the Bold James of Valentia, who was, like another Rob Roy, the terror and the admiration of his native district not many years ago.

"As the real history of the famous James, or Jaimè, is a curious illustration of the state of society and manners prevalent in one of the wildest and most remote districts of Spain, I will again for a moment digress, to inform my readers of the singular kind of government which he established, and for a long time maintained, in the district subject to his authority. When I was in Jaimè's territory, poor Jaimè was, for the moment, in a situation of great difficulty and distress. He had just declared for the Royal cause, and the government of the Cortes had in consequence dispatched a considerable force against him, had driven him into a mountain, and hemmed him in by a cordon of troops. The deepest anxiety prevailed in the villages which practically acknowledged his supremacy, and which for many years had considered their allegiance to the King of Spain as secondary to that which was owing to King Jaimè.

"In one respect, however, he stood in a very different position from that in which monarchs are generally placed with reference to their subjects. He paid their taxes for them, and they repaid him by secret co-operation, an arrangement which by no means diminished their zeal in

his cause. On arriving at a Posada in one of these villages, I asked a young lad, who acted as waiter, whether Jaimè was altogether as bad as he was represented to be. 'Senor,' said the boy, suddenly turning round with the greatest excitement; 'Jaimè is a man of spotless faith and honour.' 'Nay, José,' said his Father, a cautious man, and naturally alarmed lest his son's unguarded zeal should have betrayed his real prepossessions to an enemy, 'You speak warmly, as you are wont to do on subjects wholly indifferent to you. The Senor observes justly, that Jaimè is not so bad as he is said to be.'

"Jaimè escaped the perils which then environed him, and flourished for some time longer, the pride and terror of the district; but was finally taken and executed after a prosperous reign of nearly twenty years. He appears to have been a mixed character, possessing in a great measure the virtues and vices of a chieftain of the middle ages. He was liberal to his followers, and cruel to his enemies; but even towards them, he showed upon occasions a magnanimity worthy of the heroic age. He had a peculiar pride in protecting that portion of the population which adhered enthusiastically to his cause; he would enrich with his spoils the most devoted of his subjects; and it was said, that in some instances, where an attached couple, belonging to families friendly to his partisans, had been prevented from marrying by the want of a certain sum of money, he would remove that difficulty, bestow on the fair damsel a sufficient dowry, and suddenly appearing in his robber's dress on the evening of the marriage festival, would assist in the dance, lead down the blushing bride, imprint upon her cheek a salutation which, under the circumstances of the case, conjugal jealousy might well forgive, then resign her to the bridegroom, and disappear amid the loud applause of the delighted peasants.

"These dazzling acts, partly the sallies of a naturally generous, though ill-regulated mind, were perhaps, in a still greater degree, the result of calculating policy. By occasional acts of this kind, and by permanently, though not ostensibly, charging himself with the taxation of the neighbourhood, he established himself in the affections of the people, and became invested with a real power and security, which no mere superiority of his marauding force, either in numbers or discipline, could have long ensured. When danger drew near, he had the earliest intimation of its approach; and when it at length enveloped him in its toils, no means were left untried by his faithful subjects to facilitate his escape. He was several times hemmed in by the Government troops, who, despairing to secure their prey by any other means, formed, as they imagined, an uninterrupted circle around the place of his retreat, and determined to compel him to surrender by the slow, but sure, effects of famine. But even in these perilous circumstances he was always wonderfully assisted by the affection of his adherents, till at length, availing himself of some local and momentary negligence of the blockading troops, he broke through the line, and to the rage and surprise of the soldiers gave signs of unabated activity, by a sudden descent at the head of his men in another part of the district; seizing, perhaps, some obnoxious and amazed Alcalde, carrying him off to the mountains, and only restoring him to liberty upon the receipt of an enormous ransom.

"These frequent escapes, when all hopes of eluding the pursuit of the

troops seemed desperate, and his almost simultaneous appearance in a distant part of the district, gave rise at length to a belief that no material obstacles could impede his progress, and that he was gifted with a double presence of an inexplicable and fearful character; any poor Alcalde, who, intimidated or bought over by the Government troops, had swerved from his allegiance, was not reassured by circumstances that would have given confidence to a stranger; but as the accounts of Jaimè's situation became more hopeless, so, in proportion, he felt an increasing fear that the door of his dwelling might be suddenly forced, and the ubiquitous Chief appear at the head of his armed men."—vol. i, pp. 181—186.

Our author visited the Peninsula in 1821, and was introduced to Ferdinand and his then Queen. On referring in his present work to that period, he exclaims, with a full and deep apprehension of the miseries which have more lately desolated Spain, "Since my visit to the Escorial, how many changes have occurred! King Ferdinand and his youthful consort are no more; the brother, who then graced the court, is now an exile, struggling for his throne. The chivalrous Eroles, the life and soul, and leader of the royal cause, is numbered with the dead. The brave O'Donnel has been butchered in cold blood, and his body horribly mutilated by the unpunished adherents of Mina and the present Queen. Riego, then the idol of the Spanish populace, at whose approach the incessant shout was raised, and over whose triumphant march the choicest flowers of the year were strewed, has died upon a Spanish scaffold. The Empecinado, who shared his crimes or glories—which you will—has shared his fate; Torrijos has met the bloody death he so relentlessly administered; and Mina, a murderer upon system, though still alive, is sinking to the grave, oppressed with disease and infamy." What a tragedy does this catalogue point to! and, making some allowance for political partizanship, what a melancholy volume of modern history do these accumulated crimes and horrors not head in the outline of its index! But we promised to introduce some of the author's adventures; for, both in his latter and former travels in the Peninsula, he seems to have defied, or to have courted the dangers that must ever be ripe in countries distracted by civil war, with a degree of fearlessness, or rather recklessness of liberty and life, which, if not amounting to absolute madness, can only be accounted for, or excused, by the fact of his being at those periods a young man, whose love of excitement outran prudence.

At one time, while deviating in Gallicia from the route indicated in his passport, and asking imprudent questions, he was arrested and narrowly escaped a protracted imprisonment. At another, when in the south of Portugal in 1828, at a period when the country was much divided in reference to Don Miguel, it was next to a miracle that he was not torn to pieces; the mistakes which the jealousies and suspicions of opposite factions necessarily originated, being more than sufficient to compromise any distinguished traveller's

safety. But the account from which we are about to extract fragments and a summary, surpass any that precede, and almost, in point of peril and the intense interest belonging to the narrative, exceed the most absorbing tale of hair-breadth escapes we ever perused.

In 1822, while in the north of Spain, and when the Guerilla parties were not only numerous but ferocious, and whether royalist or liberal, unaccustomed to give quarter, either to enemies or suspected stragglers, the author and a companion, after sending their travelling equipage by a circuitous route, that they might the more conveniently visit the monastery of Montserrat, fell in with one of these unceremonious bands of warriors. Let it be understood also, that with a negligence or infatuation that appears to have been not the least remarkable circumstance in the adventure, our tourists left their passports in their carriage from which they had parted.

"As we proceeded on our journey the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, they came with their muskets to their breast and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in a course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages than the charge of an organized Guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trousers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, "You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!" They required us to give up our money; and in the first transport of rage dashed it upon the ground, saying, it was the gold of traitors! But when we assured them that we were strangers totally unconnected with the struggles of the times, that we belonged to that distant country whose sons had fought side by side with them for the rights of King Ferdinand and for Spain, against the people who dwelt beyond those Pyrenees that were them in sight, and to which we pointed as we spoke, they shook hands with us enthusiastically, and gave an unconditional promise that our lives should be respected."—vol. i, pp. 318—320.

The captain of the band and his lieutenant now arrived, who seemed of a superior class in language, manners, and reflection to the original group—less convinced of the guilt of our travellers at

one moment, of their innocence at another. They instituted an examination of their prisoners, both by questionings and searchings ; when, unfortunately, three pistol balls were found in one pocket, which instantly changed the face of affairs.

" After some discussion, the Captain turned to us and said we had informed him that our servants had instructions to join us with the carriage at a particular spot, on the opposite side of the mountain ; that he would ascertain the fact, and that we should be judged by our own words. If our story proved consistent, and the result of his inquiries satisfactory, we should depart in peace ; but if the first proved inconsistent, and the latter unsatisfactory, he had no alternative left in the critical state of their affairs, as no quarter was given to prisoners by either party.

" These words were spoken frankly, but not uncourteously ; nor was there any appearance of insult in his manner. This species of dictation was not agreeable from any individual ; still I felt, at that time, what my poor Catalan expressed in simple language, some hours afterwards, when we stood on the moor—' Senor, your lot has been unfortunate to-day ; but such are the chances of men who range over the world.' We now continued our journey, guarded by the band. A wild original, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Shocky, from his shock head of hair, attached himself to me, and kept near my horse's head ; though such a precaution was quite unnecessary, as any attempt to escape would have been impracticable. He was on terms of familiarity with the Captain, though he seemed to have little authority in the troop ; and was certainly more calculated to further an enterprise by his courage and exertions, than to plan and direct its execution. He differed totally in manners and character from the rest of the Guerilla, and was the only individual who uttered any offensive expressions ; and these, I have little doubt, originated more in a thoughtlessness and natural vehemence of temper, than in any malignant feeling."—vol. i, pp. 321—323,

After proceeding quietly for some distance, a rolling discharge of musketry from the valley below was heard, which intimated to the whole party, prisoners as well as their guards, that a long-expected engagement had commenced between the royalists and constitutionalists ; a circumstance which could not fail to act unfavourably to the two unwary Englishmen, as was immediately realized in the increasing irritation and change of conduct on the part of the Guerillas.

" Their countenances became sullen, and almost ferocious ; many scowling glances were bent upon us, many threats were uttered, and they spoke of our guilt as certain. At length we heard the tremendous roar of the cannon ; it was awfully reverberated among the rocks, and produced a strong sensation upon the mind of every man. For some minutes I had closely observed the Captain, who was walking near me, with the young Catalan, along the edge of the precipice. He neither paused nor turned his head towards the quarter whence those blasts proceeded. In spite of the exasperation of his men, and the indignant observations that were indirectly addressed to him, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and made no reply ; his consciousness of those sounds was alone manifested by the

determined slowness of his step, and the increasing gloom of his countenance. This peculiarity of manner was not the effect of indifference or inattention, but arose from a feeling of deep-rooted pride : hemmed in these fastnesses by the Constitutional troops who surrounded the mountain on all sides, separated from his companions in arms, unable to lend them any assistance in the hour of their greatest emergency ; compelled to hear inactive the sound of that musketry which was levelling their ranks, and would soon be directed against his own, he would not express an impotent desire of vengeance before two strangers, whom he regarded as secret enemies of his cause ; though, in default of better evidence, he had not yielded to the clamour of his band, and signed our death-warrant. That such were his reflections I have little doubt, from his manner, his subsequent conduct, and from casual expressions. At all events, he preserved silence while the musketry continued ; but when the loud roar of the cannon suddenly broke upon us, his countenance changed, and the passion that had long been gathering in his breast seemed at once to master his better judgment, as he turned to the young Catalan, and said that the Constitutionalists were at that moment exterminating his companions ; that no mercy had been shown to the Royalists who were taken in arms near Tarragon, and that the circumstances under which we were captured justified the retaliation which he would no longer delay."—vol. i, pp. 323—325.

The Catalan, who acted as guide to our travellers, vigorously interposed his conviction that they were unconnected with any party, and in some measure moderated the resolution of the captain. Here is a picture, but one, which we can very well believe, that the author at the time he scanned its subject, had no expectation of ever painting. Yet what poet or artist could finish it more exquisitely in the quietude of unalarmed study ? Indeed it may be supposed that the appalling situation of the writer imprinted upon his heart the recollection of features that could, in no other case, have been so vividly beheld or frequently reviewed by his imagination.

"About this time the Guerilla paused near a fountain, formed by a mountain torrent that came down a ravine in the rock. It is not easy to describe the sublimity of the scene that presented itself ;—it was a scene that Salvator Rosa should have sketched, and Walter Scott described. We stood amid one of the grandest landscapes of savage nature : above our heads the mountain was clothed to a considerable height with pine forests, that were surmounted by a range of tall gray crags ; beneath our feet, stretching as far as the Pyrenees that bounded the distance, lay Catalonia, the theatre of the civil war. The fountain was overhung by a rock, covered with wood, that overshadowed the road with its branches. Beneath this cliff the Guerilla had collected to enjoy a moment's rest in the shade ; still the beams of the sun broke at intervals through the foliage, and flashed upon their arms, their dark-red plaid, and scarlet bonnet. The individuals who composed the Guerilla seemed chosen men, in the vigour of youth, and possessed all the characteristic dignity of Spanish manners. Their dress was picturesque, and suited to the scene ; their figures were stately ; their countenances, for the most part handsome, were now lighted up by the various feelings of anxiety, deep thought, and gloomy resentment. These

passions prevailed, but were differently expressed; as they were more or less felt, according to the temper of each man; but on every countenance I read the same character of high determination. Some were kneeling by the fountain, and drinking with avidity; others reclined along the ground; and a few were leaning on their muskets. One man advanced to the edge of the precipice; and when he heard the heavy sound of the cannon, he clenched his fist and shook it, looking with an expression of determined hatred towards the position that he conceived to be occupied by the Constitutional troops.

"Perhaps there was no circumstance so striking as the courtesy with which we were treated, at a moment when their passions were exasperated, and our doom almost decided. While the Guerilla were reposing under the rock, the Captain asked me whether I were not fatigued, and would not like also to rest; and Shocky, who was my guard, when he paused to drink from the numerous streams that intersected the road, always invited me to follow his example. While the Captain and myself interchanged a few words, the young Catalan, who omitted no opportunity of interceding in our favour, again renewed his advice against intemperate measures; but the Captain turned aside, adding, 'No hay remedio'—'There is no alternative.'"—vol. i, pp. 326, 327.

No wonder that the ejaculations were now heard; "they are lost men, they are lost men!" What moments of suspense must these have been! But if possible the agony of the scene was carried to a still higher pitch, when, after the captain and lieutenant had held some private conversation, the latter selecting two men from the band, led the way to a narrow path that wound through the wood to the crags above; following up his significant measures, as thus described.

"He ascended the hill a step, turned, drew himself up with dignity, waved his hand, and addressing the Guerilla, said he should mount the heights, to learn if the Spaniards were approaching; for by this appellation they invariably designated the revolutionary forces, in opposition to the native Catalans. He added, that if he perceived them, he should fire as a signal, and then *dos tiros a los Senores* ('two volleys upon the Signors.')"—vol. i, p. 328.

Soon afterwards a musket was fired; but it was not the appointed signal; and the captain at length becoming convinced that the *senores* were "men of honour and good faith," the adventure ended, and the dreadful predicament was got over, as the trembling reader and enchained fancy desires that all such terrible things should end.

We might adduce a number of instances besides those already referred to, in which the author was in trouble, and the object of suspicion while travelling over the Peninsula. One of the most amusing of these passages of his eventful wanderings, occurs in his examination by Eguia, now the celebrated Carlist chief, and who was at that time captain general of Gallicia. This functionary is described to have not only looked like one of the old Inquisitors in

point of dress and state, but to have exerted that sort of ingenuity of examination that is calculated to entrap the simple or the timid, as well as to make the innocent criminate themselves. The author's manners and habits, which were said to be purely Spanish, the darkness of his complexion, and especially the breadth, length, and blackness of his whiskers were circumstances that were detailed, to his disadvantage, because such evidences were supposed to militate against his own account of himself, when he said that he travelled for the sake of pleasure, of antiquarian research, or the acquisition of the language, and a knowledge of the manners of the people in foreign parts.

It is our general rule to abstain from religious or political controversy, and only to express a cautious opinion upon all points of angry disputation, unless the nature of the work submitted to our review demand our marked notice. We have before intimated that our author's political sentiments admit of question, on certain matters of absorbing interest as regards the state of Spain and Portugal. They are expressed, however, in such a polite manner, with so much candour and sincerity, that even his opponents in doctrine and argument must respect his principles; certainly it is not our purpose to impugn or contradict them; neither shall we attempt to particularize them. It cannot but be acceptable to every one, however, to learn from him, what were some of the circumstances which he witnessed at the period when Don Miguel returned to Portugal.

"The Infantas proceeded to the royal frigate to receive their brother, but when he saw them approaching he sprang into a boat, and embraced them with tears of affection. As he landed, the soldiers cried out 'Long live the Infant!' the people replied with 'vivas' for the absolute King. At the Palace of Ajuda he was welcomed by his mother. Falling upon one knee he imprinted the most fervent kisses on her hand, and said, taking from his bosom an image of the Virgin of the rock, 'Behold this relic, your parting gift. Mother, you see before you the same child you lost in 1824.' From that moment the royal attendants knew that his political tendencies were unaltered, her influence over his mind unimpaired, and the fate of the Charter sealed. In the evening the palace was surrounded by people shouting for the absolute King. The officer on duty sent a message to the Infanta Regent requiring instructions, and offering to disperse the crowd; but her Royal Highness referred the messenger to the Infant, saying, 'Brother Miguel, you hear.' 'Let it pass,' replied the Infant, and the people, emboldened by his obvious approbation, reiterated their shouts.

"That night the city was brilliantly illuminated. On the following day Don Miguel repaired to the Cathedral; again he was treated with 'vivas' for the absolute King, more generally and vehemently expressed; and some soldiers who attempted to stifle those cries were severely reprov'd. I conversed with some Constitutionalists in the evening, and even then they were greatly dispirited, and predicted the overthrow of the Constitution. The Infant's ambiguous reply to the Portuguese deputation in London, his

actual encouragement of the rioters, and the absence of any proclamation, were justly considered as no slight indications of his real feelings. Don Miguel's intention of taking the oath to the Constitution was, however, known on the following morning, and revived the drooping hopes of the Imperial party.

"I repaired on the 26th of February to the great saloon of the Ajuda. The Peers, attired like Roman senators, occupied the front benches on the right hand; immediately above sat the Peeresses, among whom the Countess of Villa Flor and the Countess of Alva were undoubtedly the most distinguished by their personal attractions: the Deputies were ranged along the benches on the left hand, and the space above was reserved for strangers. At one o'clock Don Miguel entered the saloon, accompanied by his sisters. The Infanta Regent seated herself on the throne; the Prince at first stood by her side under the royal canopy; but taking him familiarly by the arm she forced him to occupy part of her seat, during the delivery of the speech. She expressed her sincere desire for the welfare of the Charter, and assured her hearers of the upright intentions which had uniformly actuated her conduct in the administration of the Government; and of the pleasure with which she now resigned it into her brother's hands. She was frequently interrupted by shouts proceeding from the court below, and her voice was at one time so completely lost in the clamour, that she was obliged to pause; upon which occasion Don Miguel's flashing eyes gave indications of that impatient temper which has characterized him from his earliest years. Having concluded her speech she arose, and retiring from the throne, which she appeared to resign with the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, she placed herself by her sister, an interesting young person, seated on the right hand bench immediately above the Peeresses.

"The written oath of adherence to the Charter was then presented to the Infant, who regarded it with apparent confusion, and seemed unable or unwilling to read it: at the same time the Duke de Cadaval drew near with a missal to administer the oath; but his Excellency's wide-spreading mantle so effectually concealed the Infant from the general observation, that it was impossible to see him kiss the Sacred Book, or hear him pronounce the solemn words. I was not far from the Royal party, but cannot give any decided opinion upon that much debated point, whether Don Miguel really went through, or evaded the forms prescribed. Many of his adherents declared then, and still assert, that he neither repeated the words nor kissed the book; and the Infant himself is said to have assured his favourite nurse, on the same day, that in subverting the Charter he should incur no moral guilt, as he had not bound himself by any oath to maintain it."—vol. i, pp. 280—283.

It can matter little, we think, whether the words of the oath were repeated, and the book kissed, or not. The hypocrite and the traitor's duplicity were in effect the same; and so long as the wickedness of a lie consists in the attempt and the success with which a person deliberately misleads those whose interest and desire it is to understand him precisely, Don Miguel's crime must be construed to be one of the most atrocious and cowardly that ever was perpetrated by a public man. But we must not forget, when

speaking of its turpitude, to denounce the defence set up for him, as referred to, in the concluding sentence of the last extract, and to declare that it is worthy of the abettors of the arch-criminal himself.

Well may our author add, that during the whole ceremony connected with the scene, he has just been describing, "Don Miguel's countenance was overcast." But we are glad to escape from this vile affair, and turn our notice to something less revolting, were it only belonging to that race of wild looking men, compounded of the beggar and marauder which the author has described as belonging to a particular province of Portugal.

"A curious superstition attaches to this rambling race in those parts of Alentejo, where the little landholders dwell in isolated houses upon their estates. When a child is born, crowds of wild-looking beggars assemble from different, and even remote parts of the great Alentejo wastes, and collect around the house; barefooted, and occasionally bareheaded, they frequently carry devotional pictures in their hands, and sometimes a charm or talisman in the bosom. If invited to partake of the good man's cheer, they heap innumerable blessings on his infant heir; but if the door is sternly closed against their intrusion, they successively approach the inhospitable threshold, denounce the guiltless object of the day's rejoicing, and consign their victim to an early grave, or to a lengthened life of sorrow. In some parts of the district, a christening concluded without their presence and approval, is considered by the superstitious inhabitants as fearfully incomplete, and even by strong minded men as wanting in a kind of moral sanction. The mother dreads the scowl of a rejected wanderer of the wild; his curses, sometimes defied but never disregarded, return in seasons of domestic grief with all the terror of their original impression. Years afterwards, the conscience stricken parent, seated by her drooping child, hears on the midnight blast the voice that warned her of her present woe, and sees again the evil eye that froze the current of his blood, and numbered his young days; and as the terrible remembrance wakes, her hopes decline; her care abates under the certainty of a predestined doom, and thus the prophecy works out its own fulfilment."—vol. ii, pp. 169, 170.

Salvator Rosa or Sir Walter Scott could have made a grand picture or story out of such a tribe; but the historian will find Don Miguel's career a blot on his pages, and a scar in warfare unredeemed by one trait of magnanimity.

One extract more and we have done; and it is such as one has pleasure in copying from these admirable volumes, because it speaks of the author's adventures, and because he is the writer.

"So terminated an expedition fraught with interest, full of varying incident, attended with difficulty and danger, and singularly disastrous towards its close. The most sumptuous and the most scantiest fare had been alternately my lot; the Republican and the Ultra-Royalist, the peasant, the priest, and the noble, successively my hosts; my race had been run through sunshine and through storm, amid the greatest warmth of apparent friendship, and the utmost violence of real hate; the heated room and the luxu-

rious couch, the hard plank and the cold night of heaven, the palace and the prison, I had alternately experienced in rapid revolution. In the morning I frequently knew not where I could rest my head at eve in safety, and I often lay down to rest without any certainty of passing the night uninterrupted by alarm."—vol. ii, p. 173.

ART. II.—*The Political History of England, during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries.* By F. VON RAUMER, Professor of History in the University of Berlin. Vols. I. and II. London: Ritcher and Co. 1837.

THERE is one manifest advantage which a foreign author possesses over any native writer upon the political history of this country—he approaches the subject without being necessarily connected or identified with any of the great parties which divide the mind of the nation. On the other hand there is a strong probability that he will be deficient in that knowledge of the peculiar and national traits of character in the people, without which it is impossible to give a faithful interpretation of their conduct, or to balance the relative force of opposing sentiments and opinions. Von Raumer, however, is well known to be deeply versed, not only in English but modern European history; and nothing can be clearer, than that in the present work, there are to be found the fruits of unwearied and extensive research. These volumes, indeed, contain numerous documents and materials which but few have access to; for he has not confined his examination to the archives of England alone, but has in those of France discovered many snatches of evidence, during his visits to Paris, and in the course of his various historical investigations.

And yet with all these habits and advantages, English readers, we fear, will discover that the work is not altogether satisfactory. There is a deficiency of clearness in the arrangement of its contents; there is a skipping from one point to another; a vaulting over important intervals; and a want of a sufficiently strong, leading, and recognised principle in the purpose and the conduct of the writer, and of compression in the details to entitle the work to a first-rate place upon what are confessedly the most stirring and important eras in our history. Labour in collecting, diligence in seeking for abundant materials, and exemplary impartiality in weighing the value of each, and anxiety to adjust every minute relation, characterize the author's efforts, rather than any considerable portion of that grasping and philosophic power, which deals with particulars with the ease and confidence of a master-genius, and which finds every event and discovery naturally assume an illustrative position, by taking its appropriate rank under some comprehensive doctrine. It would appear that Von Raumer contemplated, although we fear vaguely, and not very constantly, one general principle of conduct in the present instance, both as his guide and his end; for, it is said, that he rejects everything in general history that "does not indi-

cate the progress of human improvement, the predominance of ideas, and the distinguishing characteristics of eminent men." Now, we have felt that this principle is much more distinctly announced than experienced after a perusal of the work. At the same time there is a great deal in it, which will interest English readers, and which in future hands may be turned to important elucidation.

It is to be borne in mind that these two volumes only form a portion of the author's incompleted *History of Europe since the End of the Fifteenth Century*; and certainly a more diversified field and noble theme was never presented to the philosophic historian than the period in England's career that elapsed between the Reformation and the Revolution—a great proportion of which is traversed in the course of these volumes. Among the earliest remarkable events here discussed, the divorce of Henry VIII., and his renunciation of the authority of the Pope, properly take a prominent rank. And yet Von Raumer is of opinion that the King was in heart a Catholic, and that it was the Commons who were the real and efficient authors of the change in this country at that time—their servility, bribes, and urgency, obtaining that which was reluctantly given by his Majesty. The reader will find strong reasons for entertaining these views in the author's recorded facts and carefully collected documents. Connected with the reign of the bluff King we quote the sketch of Wolsey's character, and certain observations on the Parliament's treatment of the Cardinal.

"Wolsey was certainly not a man of the greatest elevation of mind and strength of character, nor superior to external influence and court favour; yet it cannot be denied, that after his fall everything went on much worse than before; and this fall was caused more by Henry's ingratitude and despotism than by any sufficient reasons. Nor does the conduct of the Parliament appear less free from blame; for while it accused the Cardinal of having ruined the kingdom, it extolled, in another bill, the happiness and prosperity of England; made a present to the King of all the money which he had borrowed from his subjects; and declared the pledges and securities given for it to be null and void."

In what regards the history of the suppression of the Monasteries by Wolsey's master, the means by which the surrender was brought about are not slightly characteristic of the times and the ruling power. The author is speaking of the title-deeds of the property of the establishment, and says—

"It was desired, in the first place, to preserve appearances, as if the surrender had everywhere been voluntary. But as promises as well as threatenings were for the most part unavailing, the Abbots were frequently imprisoned; and a few, who persisted in maintaining that the King was not justified in taking these measures, were hanged. Intimidated by such acts of violence, the rest signed a deed of surrender which was laid before them, and in which they accused themselves of the most scandalous transgressions, and were obliged to declare that it was the

greatest good fortune for their soul and body that they had been deprived of their abode, mode of life, and property; and with all this, the expelled Monks were prohibited, with equal inconsistency and cruelty, from marrying or availing themselves of any former hereditary right."

So much for the *inalienable* rights of an established church.

The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary do not call for any very particular discussion on the part of Von Raumer. It is not unimportant, however, to observe the motives which, he alleges, prevailed, to secure the safety of Elizabeth during the tyranny and persecutions by her sister; these are referred to Philip's jealousy of the French power, which, in the case of Mary of Scotland succeeding to the English throne, would become dangerous. But it is upon the Virgin Queen's history that he takes most delight to expatiate; and here, he certainly appears to great advantage. He stands up as her strenuous advocate—not merely as regards her moral purity in private life, but upon the gravest and most frequently repeated charges that have ever been levelled against her public conduct, viz., in her treatment of Mary Stuart. The character and education of these two princesses, we think, is happily set forth in the following paragraph:—

"The years of youth, which Mary Stuart spent in cheerfulness and pleasure, surrounded by admirers of all kinds, were passed by Elizabeth in solitude and silence. Instead of the royal diadems which adorned the brow of Mary, she saw the axe of the executioner suspended over her head, and the flames of the funeral piles arise, on which her friends and fellow-believers were cruelly sacrificed. A serious, learned education, and so hard a school of adversity, by which even ordinary men are elevated above their original nature, could not fail to have the greatest influence on a mind of such eminent powers—a character of such energy; and this is manifest in the whole history of the reign of Elizabeth."

Fate, he says, had opposed these two queens to each other "in almost inevitable hostility;" and yet, when an identity of interest prevailed between them, personal dislike and jealousy gave way.

"As soon as Elizabeth was informed of the rising of the confederated Nobles against Mary, she was extremely angry, and could not be prevailed upon to conceal these sentiments. Every Sovereign, she said, must oppose so dangerous an example; and an English army would probably have been sent to Mary's support, had it not been feared that France would interfere in the same manner, or even that Mary's death might be the consequence. Elizabeth advised her not to take any vengeance of her enemies; to punish Darnley's murderers; to avoid all offensive actions, and to send her son for safety to England. On the other hand, she seriously reprimanded the Barons for their rebellion, which was subversive of all public order, required that Mary should be set at liberty, and gave her opinion of the measures to be taken; which on the whole coincided with the first and most favourable of the above plans, a conditional restoration of Mary to power."

Our author argues, with apparent success, that Elizabeth's safety and the prosperity of England imposed upon her the painful duty of watching closely, and counteracting rigorously, the Scottish queen, who from the day that she ascended the throne was probably in league with the most relentless enemies of the former. He also adduces a number of strong grounds for believing Mary to have been an accomplice in the murder of her husband. With regard to Bothwell's share in the crime, there is little room for two opinions. The terms even of his acquittal indicate a great deal, and that some powerful influence procured such a flagrant act of injustice. They are thus given :—"That the production of further proofs could not be allowed, and that it was a sufficient reason for rejecting the application of Lennox, because he had said, in his accusation, that the murder had been committed on the 9th in the evening, whereas the deed was perpetrated on the 10th, two hours after midnight." But what is to be thought of the queen, who—

"Three months after the murder of Darnley, three weeks after the pretended rape, fourteen days after the divorce, Mary married Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, both according to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant rites. If any excuse or explanation can be found for this wretched weakness, this indifference to all warnings and facts, this dreadful indiscretion, it can only be in the insanity of passion, which was shown in the sequel in other ways : whereas it is contrary to all the facts, and absolutely absurd, when Mary's advocates say, that the notion of passion is not supported or confirmed by any historical testimony. These infatuated advocates forget that if that motive is reasoned away, there does not remain the remotest inducement for compassionate interest, but only an abyss of vices and crimes."

But Von Raumer does not rest contented with the strong presumptions of her guilt to be drawn from her infatuated conduct in the matter of her marriage with Bothwell ; for he endeavours to prove that the sonnets and letters, regarding which so much has been written, were genuine, and that Mary was fully convinced of their authenticity. Even at the present day there are many persons to be met with, who go warmly and almost passionately into the discussion which has been so much handled concerning these documents ; and, for the consideration of all such, we introduce a long extract from the work before us on the precise subject.

"The following questions deserve to be once more accurately examined ; are the letters and sonnets which were produced, genuine or forged ? What and how much do they prove ? Was Mary or Murray the author of the murder of the King ? On these points many bulky volumes have been written, both in former and in modern times, with such sophistry and acrimony, that they rather confuse than enlighten the judgment. Even a short extract from them would be out of its place here, and it may therefore suffice to annex to the preceding narrative a few observations.

"Thuanus, Robertson, and Hume, three of the most acute and eminent historians, are of the same opinion in all essential particulars, and we too, after repeated and scrupulous examination, even of the most recent works, are compelled entirely to agree with them. They considered the letters and sonnets to be genuine, Mary's participation proved, and Murray innocent of the murder of the King. When Camden (whose annals James I. corrected throughout in favour of his mother), wrote by the King's desire to Thuanus, requesting him to change his narrative, the latter gave a masterly view of the state of the case, (as Hume in a note and Robertson in a separate Essay), and concludes his refusal, by saying that he cannot and dare not change black to white for the benefit of anybody. And another passage of his history, which is wanting in most of the editions of his works, but is found in the original, is to the following effect :—' Those who write that Mary is innocent of the death of her husband, and compelled by her enemies to this shameful marriage with Bothwell, who veil her crimes under the pretext of piety, act, in my opinion, very injudiciously, as they endeavour to defend a good cause, (that is, the religion of their fathers, which is strong enough by its own truth,) by foreign aid, in this place by a barefaced falsehood, Buchanan, too, whom James desired to change his account, when he was on his death-bed refused, adding that he was on the point of going to a place where probably few Kings would come.' * * * *

"The contents and form of these letters agree with the sonnets, and the credibility of both is again confirmed by the depositions of those who, after the fall of Mary, were called to account, and executed for their participation in the King's murder, as well as by the whole course of the events. Some allusions, which are in themselves unintelligible, were explained a century afterwards by Mary's correspondence with her Ambassador in Paris. Forgers could not be acquainted with the subject of these allusions, they would certainly not have gone so much into detail on a number of things which were not connected with the main point, and must necessarily make the deception so much easier to be discovered; least of all would they have ventured into the domain of lyric poetry, and would have expressed the participation and guilt of Mary in much plainer and positive terms. Both the letters as well as the sonnets give evidence of a mind entirely under the dominion of the passion of love; they prove, not in plain words, but sufficiently for every impartial person, that Mary lived on a footing of improper intimacy with Bothwell, and was aware of his plans to murder her husband. Between her hatred of him and her wish to get rid of him, traces of fear, scruples of conscience, and remorse, do indeed intervene; but they were entirely overcome by the violence of that criminal passion; they never amounted to a resolution to save Darnley, though (as the letters do not conceal,) he sought a reconciliation in the most affecting manner, nay, implored his hypocritical consort to grant it. One thing only may remain doubtful: whether Mary gave her consent to Bothwell's plans generally, or whether she was personally made fully acquainted with the manner in which the murder was at length perpetrated.

"It is evident, from the preceding account, that Mary was fully convinced of the authenticity of the letters and sonnets, and greatly dreaded

their being produced ; and even Chalmers, the most passionate advocate of Mary, confesses that it was most injudicious not to answer to such an accusation as soon as possible, and it was still more foolish to refuse to make any reply, after Mary (to say nothing of the partiality of the mode of proceeding,) had assented to the investigation. Even the manner in which those papers disappeared in the time of James I. is a proof of their importance, whereas a pretended will of Bothwell, wholly acquitting Mary, is a forgery ; and, even were it genuine, would not weaken the force of the proofs on the other side. The fact that James, who resided for a long time in Denmark and Norway, published nothing in favour of his mother, is a tolerable proof that nothing could be found."

Still all that is quoted above and much more could never entitle Elizabeth to use deceit with the view of obtaining power over the person of Mary, and much less to imprison her for an indefinite time. But Von Raumer produces a curious document containing instructions from the Queen to her ambassador at the French court, to prove that she of Scotland hoped, by a marriage with the Duke of Norfolk, both to regain her former throne, and to drive Elizabeth from that of England. It is well known that many of the Catholics insisted on the justice of Mary's claim to the latter kingdom, and the author quotes a letter publicly produced at Trent, in May 1563, by Mary's uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, in which she recognized the Council, and promised all obedience to the Papal See, not only for Scotland, but for England, as soon as she should inherit that kingdom. But the document to which we first referred, is particularly curious, not merely as breathing the masculine spirit of Elizabeth, but on account of its appeal to Catherine de Medicis, who had been at one time Mary's jealous rival.

" ' And in this sort you may say, we have willed you briefly to declare her dealing to abuse us, and to aspire to that state from the which we, by God's goodness, doubt not during our life to keep her. And you may say to the Queen mother, because her experience by years serveth her to judge of such matters better than her son ; she can well enough think that in this, so long a practice, tending so high a matter, begun in October, and not to us known before August, being the space almost of ten months ; there were many particular devices, which now are to us sufficiently known, tending to the consummation of no small enterprise ; for we find that this device of marriage was, in the meaning of her and hers, but an entry to her greater designs ; and surely right sorry we are, yea, half ashamed, to have been thus *misused* by her whom we have so benefited by saving of her life ; to whom also we have shewed otherwise great favours, having been heretofore our mortal enemy, as is well known to the world. ' "

If the protracted imprisonment of Mary can be justified, perhaps her trial and execution may, by the same arguments, and for the same reasons, be regarded with less indignation and abhorrence than the world has hitherto done. Our author, however, does not exculpate his favourite queen from these enormities, though he palliates

her conduct. Mary's accession to Babington's conspiracy is brought home to her, by him, in a manner that perhaps cannot be gainsaid ; while he endeavours to make it equally manifest that Elizabeth never intended to go to the utmost extremity with her unfortunate and frail cousin, excepting in the case of a rebellion, or invasion for the purpose of dethroning herself, and establishing the other in her stead ; and he quotes a passage, in proof of this, from an important report containing the French ambassador Chateaufeuf's account of the Queen's discourse to him, soon after the termination of the sorrowful tragedy. The ambassador says—

“ I did not intend to write anything respecting the queen of Scotland, but queen Elizabeth took me by the hand, led me to a corner of the room, and said, ‘ since I last saw you, the greatest vexation and the greatest misfortune of my whole life has befallen me, I mean the death of my cousin.’ She swore by God, and with many oaths, that she was innocent of it. It was true the warrant had been signed by her, but only with a view to satisfy her subjects, and for the same reason, she had not listened to the intercessions of the French and Scotch ambassadors. But in truth, continued she, ‘ I never entertained the design of having her executed. Only if a foreign army had landed in England, or a great insurrection in favour of Mary had broken out, in such a case I confess, I might, perhaps, have ordered her death ; but never in any other. My counsellors, among whom are four now here present, played me a trick, for which I cannot yet console myself. As true as God lives, if they had not served me so long, if they had not acted on a conviction that it was for the good of their country and their Queen, they should have lost their heads. Do not think that I am so wicked as to throw the blame upon a petty secretary, if such were not the fact. But this death will, for many reasons, be a weight upon my heart as long as I live.’ ”

Still it is a hopeless task, we suspect, to attempt convincing the generality of readers that Elizabeth was not, in all such protestations on this melancholy subject, acting a duplicit part ; and, on the other hand, Mary's misfortunes, and even her errors, her beauty, and the romantic turns in her history, will ever preserve attached to her name, a species of tenderness and extenuating construction which the talents and the magnanimity of the English Queen will never command.

James the First of England cuts but a poor figure in Von Raumer's hands. His dread lest his mother should recover her throne, and, indeed, the callous nature of his filial piety, are here represented in colours that offer as little that is favourable to his private feelings as does the following picture of his public conduct ; and with this account of a trifling, vain, and useless character, we close these volumes. It is our pleasant duty to add, that Mr. Lloyd, as in the case of every translation from the German language which we have seen of his, has here acquitted himself in a superior manner. He certainly has few equals in this country for the performance of such a task.

"The splendour and decorum which prevailed at the court of Elizabeth vanished but too soon, with every thing that was noble, without James's understanding how to make himself beloved in any other way.

"Instead of being accessible, like Elizabeth, to all his subjects, the king was angry with every one that approached him; wherefore a person hung a remonstrance round the neck of one of his hounds, with the following petition:—'Dear Cæsar, we beg you to speak with the king on our affair, for he hears you every day, but us never.'

"Beaumont, the French ambassador, wrote to his court:—'I discover so many seeds of disease in England, so much is brooding in silence, and so many events seem inevitable, that I am inclined to affirm, that for a century from this time this kingdom will hardly abuse its prosperity, except to its own ruin. I can assure your majesty, that you have more reason to reflect on king James's absurd conduct and pity his subjects, than to dread his power. The courage of the English is buried in the tomb of Elizabeth. What must be the situation of a state and of a prince whom the clergy publicly abuse in the pulpit, whom the actors represent upon the stage, whose wife goes to these representations in order to laugh at him, who is defied and despised by his parliament, and universally hated by his whole people. His vices debilitate his mind, when he thinks to speak like a king, he proceeds like a tyrant; and when he condescends, he becomes vulgar. He endeavours to cover, under specious titles, disgraceful actions; and has the power to indulge in them abandons him, he feasts his eyes, when he can no longer gratify his other vices. In general, he concludes by resorting to drinking. Nothing is done here in a regular and reasonable manner, but according to the pleasure of Buckingham, an ignorant young man, blinded by court favour, and carried away by passion. The most important and urgent business cannot induce this king to devote a day or even an hour to it, or to interrupt his pleasures. He does not care what people think of him or what is to become of the kingdom after his death. I believe that the breaking of a bottle of wine or any such trifle, affects him more than the ruin of his son-in-law and the misery of his grand-children.'"

ART. III.—*The Adventures of Captain John Patterson: with Notices of the Officers, &c., of the 50th. or Queen's Own Regiment, from 1807 to 1821.* London: T. and W. Boone. 1836.

WE did not augur from the above title that such a pleasant and readable volume should belong to it as Captain Patterson has here given. We felt afraid lest he might have come a day too late—remembering some scores of regimental memoirs that have years ago been written, concerning every passage of the late continental war. Our suspicion was, that these "Adventures" would only amount to a feeble description of what was worn out, or consist of a poor selection from other men's biographies. But these anticipations have been agreeably contradicted; nor should we dislike to hear of a Captain Patterson being found in every British corps, relieving the ennui of his halfpay-days by writing a similarly cir-

cumstantial account of his adventures when on active service. If it be true that there is no man whose history, if faithfully and judiciously recorded, would not be entertaining and instructive, were it but a graphic sketch of his most ordinary feelings and thoughts, surely he, whose fate it has been to visit many countries, and to mingle recklessly in the most joyous and appalling scenes of life, must possess less than the ordinary share of human reflection and memory, if he cannot fill a volume with a striking and attractive narrative. The truth is, that in the case of such a biography as that of our author, the only danger is lest the writer be destitute of the taste and the art for happily selecting and dextrously disposing his superabundant materials. Our author, however, has displayed no small degree of tact in these respects, and without in any one instance fatiguing the reader, has contrived to compress a great deal that is humorous as well as sentimental and heart-rending into his unassuming volume. To be sure we have read many similar publications that were more ably and cleverly written, and several that excited more elevated emotions. Still there is an honesty of purpose, a matter-of-fact order of mind, a soldier-like frankness in these pages, which cannot escape the notice of the most superficial, and which inevitably recommends the author fully more as a man than a writer; and whenever this happens by means of a book, be assured that the work is good and useful. Captain Patterson has observed for himself and thinks for himself.

If the history of every regiment, during fourteen years of its existence, especially one which had in the course of that period seen a great deal of service, be necessarily varied and deeply interesting, certainly few or none will take precedence of the Fiftieth in these respects. By simply regarding the number of titles which it has borne—its nicknames, for example,—or the generals under whom it has served, or the fields where it has fought, an enlarged idea must be formed of its experience and exploits. About the year 1800, it was called the “West Kent;” when the Duchess of Clarence presented it with a stand of colours, it took the name of the “Duke of Clarence’s;” and naturally afterwards the “Queen’s Own.” Its sobriquets was not less numerous or descriptive. The “Blind Half Hundred,” spoke of Egypt; the “Old Black Cuffs,” the “Dirty Half Hundred,” and the “Mediterranean Greys,” bore allusions to the veteran locks, and tarnished appointments of the soldiers, indicative of long and hard service at different times. Then Abercrombie, and Moore, and Wellington, often relied upon the Fiftieth’s character. Egypt, Walcheren, Copenhagen, Vimeiro, Corunna, and indeed the whole of the Peninsula, can bear testimony to its value and sufferings—each of these places and every intermediate period furnishing copious materials for military gossip, and warlike description. We must not however tarry longer on the threshold, but introduce the captain to our readers, only

farther premising, that though his narrative presents frequent accounts of general matters, such as battles and marches—his chief purpose seems to have been to convey a faithful sketch of the lives and character of the officers and many of the men belonging to his regiment. These little snatches of biography are particularly well written, conveying not only a speaking picture of an anomalous mode of life, that can now a-days, be matter of past history merely in as far as Great Britain is concerned, but characteristic specimens of the human race. Our extracts shall be taken pretty much at random; presenting, however, first of all some general sketches; and secondly, fragments of individual biographies. The captain will be seen to advantage under the former head, in his portraiture of a regiment on a march.

“The life of a soldier on service, taking all things together, is the finest in the world. While he moves on, a roving adventurer, care, pain, and trouble, are banished from his mind; and though he is at times on short commons, and often driven to his wits’ end, he but seldom repines. His sufferings give him a greater relish for the enjoyment of any good things that may be forthcoming, or any windfall that Fortune may throw in his way. Once fairly on the road, it is astonishing how rapidly the hours glide away. The formalities of parade or drill marching are now at an end, and every one indulges in that mode of perambulation which best suits him. When the commanding officer is not one of your strict disciplinarians, the regimental juniors congregate together in groups, some in front, some in rear; while the men, though keeping their sections, travel in open ranks, filling the entire space of ground over which the route extends.

“At the head of the column is to be seen a host of seniors, or old hands, among whom the laugh and joke prevail; and there many a long-winded veteran inflicts upon the ears of his patient auditors a narrative as endless as the road. Ever and anon the second Major falls back, and, in order to show his consequence and zeal, especially if a General with his staff should chance to be passing, he calls out, in a most important tone, ‘Gentlemen, get into your places!’ ‘keep on the flanks!’ and other friendly admonitions. As soon as he is convinced, by the approving looks of the great man with the long feather and epaulettes, that his vigilance has been duly noticed, he gallops off to his old station, and the gentlemen betake themselves again to theirs, till another appearance of the chief, when the stray sheep are again called back to the flock. By the by, I know of nothing else that these second Majors have to do, unless it be to act the part of moveable pivots for dressing up the line, (in which they are generally very fussy,) or in whipping-in the young subalterns, whom they endeavour to keep in order.

“The surgeon, who is often a very hearty fellow, with better things than boluses and pill boxes in his panniers—together with the adjutant, and his brethren of the staff, attract around them, in the rear, a batch of thoroughly pleasant men, who keep up such a volley of jest and drollery, as frequently to beguile the weariness of the longest march. Thanks to their amusing powers, we have often found ourselves at the gates of

the town, or on the camp ground, without being aware that we had travelled any distance.

"At intervals of one or two hours, each day, the troops are halted for a few minutes' rest. Then all, as if by magic wand, are quickly squatted, and haversack being called for, the whole of them, like hungry cormorants at their prey, are soon engaged in one grand scene of mastication. Some perform a solo on the shank-bone of a well picked ham; others display their talents on the drumstick of a half-starved fowl; while the majority gnaw their way through the skinny junk of an old tough bullock. The vultures and other birds of evil omen are, meanwhile, hovering in mid air, ready to pounce upon the remnants of the feast when we are gone.

"At the well-known sound of pipes, or bugle, the warriors are again (to use a parliamentary phrase) on their legs, stretching them out with renewed vigour. Among the soldiers there is likewise much of drollery and mirth—nothing makes much difference with them—it matters not whether trumps turn up or not; whether the chance be a battle, or a good billet, they are still the same, and trudge along devoid of care. Give them their allowance, and a little rest, and they require no more. Day after day I have listened to their jokes and stories, and been highly entertained by their originality and humour."

The next picture which we extract, is that of a surrendered town.

"On the morning after its fall, Flushing presented a thoroughly ruinous and desolate appearance, from the terrible effects of shot, shells, and Congreve rockets. Almost every building had experienced their destructive power. Those which stood on ground a little raised, or high above the ramparts, together with the public edifices and towers of the churches, were completely demolished. A great portion of the town was reduced to ashes by the conflagrations arising from the flaming rockets, which, penetrating whatever they came in contact with, carried fire and ruin in their train. The wretched and despairing inhabitants, forced by the ceaseless cannonade to take refuge in their subterraneous chambers, were even there exposed to the falling shells; for these and other projectiles descending with amazing velocity and piercing every floor, finished their career by an explosion no less fatal to the building than to the unfortunate people it contained. It was a fearful and melancholy sight to contemplate the scene, and was well calculated to fill the mind with sentiments of a most depressing nature. The shattered and riddled dwellings, apparently reeling on their base and cast nearly off their perpendicular, seemed almost ready to come down with a tremendous crash.

"The half-burnt and dilapidated remains of the more important fabrics, scorched by the fire and blackened with smoke, lay heaped in dusky and spectral masses, truly monumental of their direful fate. The deserted and gloomy streets, lanes, and allies, were overspread with the fragments of the battered walls, accumulated rubbish, and dead bodies. The stagnant, foul, and muddy canals (by which the place is intersected), were covered with dark weeds; and on them floated the putrid remains of various animals, tainting with their pernicious odour the overheated and

oppressive atmosphere. At every step we encountered the haggard, woe-begone, and famished aspect of starving creatures, emerging from their dreary cells, or thinly scattered here and there, whose funereal countenances might have led one to fancy that they had lately escaped from the cold and cheerless tomb. These horrible sights, with many more such, enough to harrow up the soul, glared around us on all sides throughout the limits of this unhappy place, upon which misfortune may well be said to have set her seal."

Every thing, however, is not so gloomy in these Adventures. A sketch of a Spanish wedding—a carnival and many other subjects afford matter for being jocose and light-hearted. Take as a specimen of this cheerful kind of narrative the account given of the regiment in a new country, before the soldiers had acquired a knowledge of the language of the inhabitants of the place.

"Even when, by great good luck, there was something to be had, there was still an obstacle in the way. In those days we were often puzzled by the language; and, in trying to make ourselves understood, were forced to resort to a great variety of expedients. When our broken and disjointed phrases failed, we were driven to the uses of signs and hieroglyphics; suiting the action to the word, we explained our wants by distorting the limbs and body into strange figures, symbolical of the article required. Officers and men were alike in this dilemma; and fortunate was the lucky genius who could jabber, though in a most indifferent way, for he was sure to get to windward of his less-favoured comrades. The market-place was a stage upon which many a brainless youth, with much more gold upon his jacket than ever his pocket carried, showed off his slender stock of Portuguese, and palmed himself upon the natives as a person of the utmost consequence. Others expressed their wishes in a sort of gibberish, formed out of scraps of English, German, French, and Latin, but without a syllable of the language wanted. The soldiers used a most extraordinary dialect, compounded of Irish, Gaelic, and the mother tongue, interlarded with a good supply of oaths, by which to impress the subject on the head-piece of the patient countrymen, who underwent their curses, rage, and sometimes worse, when the cry of 'No intendes' was uttered by them.

"As to signs and gestures, they were as varied as the movements of a posture master or even Punchinello. When pork or any thing pertaining to the hog was wanted, grunting in imitation of that animal was the means employed. The desire for eggs was signified by cackling like a hen; was a mule or jackass required, the hands were stuck up on each side above the head, to denote the length of ears, or an awful braying was put forth, enough to call the brotherhood about the performer; tobacco or snuff was demanded by a sneeze, followed, in many cases, by a tweak upon the organ in which the filthy powder was to be deposited; and milk was procured by imitating the extraction of that useful fluid from the cow. In short, for every thing there was a corresponding signal, a code of which would have formed an excellent appendage to a soldier's kit."

We may inform our readers that the author was early, in his

military career, made acquainted with the service in Portugal ; and that until wounded in the battle of the Pyrenees, was constantly attached to the second battalion of his brave regiment from the time he joined it. He has also served in the West Indies. In Jamaica, he says, that more of their men and officers fell victims to a fever, than had been cut off in battle.

We now must cite a few paragraphs that describe particular incidents and personal characters. Alas ! these chiefly have to tell of the horrors of war.

" Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother officers and comrades, with their sashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform and a pair of bright silver epaulettes; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honourable tomb.

" While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honourable Captain Stanhope of the Guards, aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up, directed by the torch-light, to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief, he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene. * * * *

" On our march across this ground, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying ; and one of the latter was extended on his face among the heath and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the Seventieth, prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment. * * * *

" A party of the officers of the Fiftieth, who were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who, from behind the rocks, dispatched with deadly aim a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to ' that bourne from which no traveller returns,' and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieutenant Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill, he was in his bed at Elisonda when the battle commenced ; and hearing the noise of musketry, he thought that something was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind endued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigour that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the

field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain."

The military profession affords peculiar opportunities for ascertaining the eccentricities of individual characters. The exigencies of war call forth every latent singularity, as in the following case:—

"There was a company of the Sixtieth Rifles attached to our brigade, who were all Germans. They were commanded by Captain Philip Blassiere, a singularly active and zealous officer. Throughout the whole period of our warfare he never was absent from his station. With unwearied perseverance he braved the hardest weather and the roughest service; his athletic frame and iron constitution enabling him to withstand it all, holding out with stubborn tenacity while hundreds gave way around him. Undergoing all hardships in common with his men, he walked by their side, partook of the same fare, and shared not only with them the dangerous trade of fighting, but all the miseries of cold and famine, with their attendant train of horrors. He was foremost on all occasions where shot and shell abounded, and was at the rendezvous before a man of the brigade was assembled; and long before the march commenced, there was Blassiere ready with his Germans for any thing that might be wanted.

"The external appearance of this man was well calculated to excite surprise, and corresponded with his character for self-denial. His wardrobe was of the most scanty nature; the jacket and other parts of his attire, the original colour of which could not be distinguished by the most microscopic eye, were worn out, patched, and threadbare, and were pieced in various places; and the whole of his costume seemed at least for the last seven years to have retained its original situation on the person of its owner. Thus accoutred, he trudged along, indifferent about the elements; as fast as he got wet he got dry again, for he never changed his clothes. His muscular neck was enclosed by a hard leather-stock and brass clasp to match, and all his trappings were of the same coarse materials as those worn by his men. The haversack, manufactured of rough canvas, sometimes proved a treacherous friend; for, through many rents and breaches made by the hand of time, the mouldy and crumbling biscuit found its way, leaving but the fragments of his bare allowance. The blue canteen, well clasped with iron hoops, afforded him a source of comfort; its contents being to him a certain panacea for all evils.

"With habits somewhat eccentric, he was never known to indulge in any thing beyond the rations; and having no desire for the society of others, he discussed his frugal meal in solitude, avoiding even the luxury of a tent. His good-humoured though weather-beaten countenance was the index of his mind, which was cheerful and contented.

"After buffeting all the storms, roughing it through thick and thin, and standing out the pelting of many a shower of bullets, this gallant veteran fell at last in battle when the army entered France."

We have not met in this volume with a finer and more soldier-

like character than that of Major Charles Napier. It is in truth a character that chimes in admirably with the family name. He is said, on the most fatiguing marches, to have frequently given his charger to some poor fellow who could not well get on ; and that he might be seen walking before his regiment with a musket and sometimes a brace of them on his shoulder. But the manner in which he applied the power of music, was of still more extensive benefit, while it evinced the accuracy of his judgment, and the ingenuity of his taste. The author states, that in order to keep the men alive, the major would occasionally order some well-known national quick step to be played, when in a moment as if by magic, those who were almost worn out, would spring up, and seem endowed with additional life, giving the knapsack a cast upon the shoulder, and stepping out once more with spirit.

The extracts now selected, will afford a fair idea of Captain Patterson's Adventures. The strange and awful scenes which he witnessed, are, however, very various, and some of them highly dramatic. Did a tithe of our surviving half-pay officers turn their thoughts to the completion of a record of this description, much that is far more wonderful and instructive than the great mass of novels and romances deal in, would be laid before the public. As it is, our military literature, belonging to the last war, is abundant and rich, and the present volume adds considerably to the store. One extract more, and we close the book ; the anecdote is somewhat extravagant, but still it shows how strangely habit and peculiar temperament may affect even our physical sensibilities. We have heard of men who pretended to be fire-eaters, but few of these could compete with him whose *nonchalance* is thus described.

" While employed in some hot work upon the hill, I observed an instance of ' taking things coolly,' even in the midst of fire, which is worthy of noticing here.

" One of our captains, a brave, intrepid soldier from the other side of the Tweed, (who had been so often in the smoke that he seemed only in his proper element when the balls were whizzing past his grisly locks, and the music of great guns was sounding in his ears,) happened to get a crack in the arm, of so violent a nature as to fracture the bone. Regardless of the wound, while the blood was streaming fast, he looked down sorrowfully on the damage effected on his precious garment, the object of his tenderest care, which had so often been wheeled to the right about, that with respect to it, the old adage of ' one good turn deserves another' was virtually attended to, and, after eyeing wistfully the awful breach, with greater horror than he would the breach of Badajos, or any other he was about to storm, he cast an angry glance towards that quarter from whence the missile was sent, and exclaimed, in none of the softest tones, as though he wished the whole French army might hear his voice, ' Dom the fellows, they've spoil'd my cott !' "

ART. IV.—*Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.* Edited by Lord Wharncliffe. 3 Vols. 8vo. London: 1836. Bentley.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE is a name that every one has been accustomed to associate with the ideas of beauty, cleverness, wit, and talent. Scandal too, which either her imprudence or her misfortune exposed her to, has been busy with her name. In a word, she was the perfect Sappho of her day—the virulence of the “wicked wasp of Twickenham,” propagating some of the most offensive reports to her prejudice. We are led to presume from the present volumes, however, that she has been much abused; and that in many respects her’s has been an unlucky celebrity. All know that she was a remarkable benefactress to society, by having first introduced to civilized Europe the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, which was one of the direst scourges of mankind at that time. The literary works usually attributed to her contain, besides the finest specimens of sparkling vivacity, the first faithful pictures of the Turkish character, especially of the women and their harems. But the reports which attached to her virtual separation at one period from her husband, and her visit to the seraglio, have been the themes of far more frequent suspicion and injurious construction, than the power of her satire and epigrammatic songs, or her vast contribution to the interests of humanity. But, as we have already hinted, Lord Wharncliffe, has by the *Memoir* prefixed to the present edition of her letters, and the introduction of many anecdotes of her, as well as new matter from her pen, done much to revive her fame, and to rescue her history from uncharitable constructions. At any rate, we have not for a long time perused a work that is more engaging, or, in many respects more valuable than the one now before us; not merely because it throws a great deal of new light upon an extraordinary character, but because of its illustrative notices of persons and periods which are particularly interesting on account of the development thus afforded of a state of society that was distinct from that which is witnessed in our day, but with which we are closely connected. And while the reflecting reader cannot but perceive that humanity is the same at all times, in its great and characteristic lineaments, only diversified by the shades which custom lends—these volumes will also, we think, render it manifest that the period when Lady Mary flourished, (she was born in 1690,) cannot compete with the present time, either as regards refinement of manners, or purity and dignity of public principles.

Every reader of biography knows that Lady Mary was the daughter of the Earl, afterwards Duke of Kingston; that somehow or other she acquired a knowledge of the Latin tongue, and was deeply learned, that she married Mr. Wortley Montague, who

became ambassador at Constantinople ; that Pope's professed admiration of her at one time, was only surpassed by the bitterness of his subsequent abuse ; and that her letters and fugitive pieces were remarkable for their ease, liveliness, and wit. The present edition, however, gives us a great number of new anecdotes, notices of her ladyship's contemporaries, and a portion of a history of her own times, which the editor is of opinion she was in the habit of writing merely to please herself, and then to burn—the portion now published having somehow escaped the fire. If this account be true, the loss has been a serious one indeed, to judge by the fragment ; for, as we are about to see, there never was more life and entertainment thrust into any sketches, which accurate observation and a ready pen have bequeathed to posterity.

From Lord Wharncliffe's pleasant and communicative Introduction we shall first extract some miscellaneous notices. Here is an account of Lady Mary's first appearance as a toast :—

"Accordingly, a trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he, of course, belonged to the Kit-cat club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate ; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he ; and, in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern ; where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company, consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another—was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations ; they amounted to ecstasy : never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she ; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified : there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast."

We learn that in those days the mistress of a country mansion was not only, when presiding at table, to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat immoderately, but she had to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands ; and that the greater the lady the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up to her in its turn, to be operated upon by her alone ; nor would the

peers and knights on either side of her lend a helping hand. Nay, even the master of the house did not act as her croupier—his distinct and peculiar office being to push the bottle after dinner. There was then professed carving-masters employed to teach young ladies the art scientifically; and Lady Mary took lessons from one of them—her father having no wife to do the honours of the table—in order to enable her to assume the place of the mistress of the ceremonies. The consequence was, that she was obliged to eat her dinner alone, an hour or two before her guests.

We now give Lord Wharnccliffe's sketches of the husband of Lady Mary, and his father.

"Mrs. Wortley, the mother of the family, from whom it derived both estate and name, died before Lady Mary Pierrepont became acquainted with any branch of it; therefore all she could tell concerning her was, that she had been forced to demand a separation from her husband, and that her son always spoke of his father's conduct towards her with resentment and indignation. For Mr. Sidney Montagu had not breathed in the atmosphere of Charles the Second's reign during his best years without inhaling some of its poison. This old gentleman and the scene surrounding him, were distinctly recollected by his grand-daughter. She described him as a large rough-looking man with a huge flapped hat, seated magisterially in his elbow chair, talking very loud, and swearing boisterously at his servants. While beside him sat a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu, who every now and then fetched a deep sigh, and cast his eyes upwards, as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned, but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together.

"It is hard to divine why, or on what authority, Mr. Edward Wortley has been represented by late writers as a dull phlegmatic country gentleman—'of a tame genius and moderate capacity,' or 'of parts more solid than brilliant'—which in common parlance is a civil way of saying the same thing. He had, on the contrary, one of those strong characters that are little influenced by the world's opinion, and for that reason little understood by the unthinking part of it. All who really knew him while living held him a man distinguished for soundness of judgment and clearness of understanding, qualities nowise akin to dullness; they allowed him also to be a first-rate scholar; and as he had travelled more than most young men of his time, a proof will presently appear that he surpassed them in the knowledge of modern languages. Polite literature was his passion; and though our having a taste for wit and talents may not certainly imply that we are gifted with them ourselves, yet it would be strange if the alderman-like mortal depicted above had sought out such companions as Steele, Garth, Congreve, Mainwaring, &c., or chosen Addison for his bosom friend. The only picture of Mr. Wortley in existence belonged to Addison, from whose daughter Lady Bute obtained it through her (Miss Addison's) half-sister, Lady Charlotte Rich. It is now in the possession of Lord Wharnccliffe. The face seems very young, and, in

spite of wig, cravat, and other deforming appendages, very handsome."

The editor has furnished his readers with a number of exquisite sketches. His Lordship's characteristic as a writer is that sort of polished and familiar ease, which is the result of having associated from childhood with what is called the best society. He writes, in short, like an amiable and accomplished aristocrat of the old school, evincing careless elegance, rather than deep reflection or extensive views. But it is from Lady Mary's pen that we naturally expect the greatest treat, nor will the reader be disappointed. Here are some anecdotes relating to the First of the House of Brunswick and his Court.

"The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting: he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age for learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him; which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his own temper that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at threescore), without meddling in any affairs of the Electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business. But Madam Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well

of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the king, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her called his mistress—or at least so great a favourite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect."

There is a curious circumstance in the account given of the manner in which the mother of George the First received Lord Halifax and Lord Dorset, who were dispatched by the Whig administration to announce to her the act of Parliament that secured the Hanover succession, at the same time carrying the garter to the Electoral Prince, her grandson. At their first formal audience, they commenced a set speech, when she suddenly started, and almost ran to one corner of the room, where she fixed her back against the wall, and remained as if glued to it. Her behaviour, which in all other respects was dignified and decorous, was discovered to have been marred by this *move* to cover a picture of her cousin, the Pretender, which hung in that quarter of the room; for she was what was understood at the time by the phrase, *a rank Jacobite*.

The sketch of George the First may very appropriately be coupled with that of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation which they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by shewing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten."

Lady Mary's vivacity and sarcasm, we believe, are too frequently apt to outrun justice. But one can hardly suppose that any repre-

sentation can be too severe of courtiers and minions, like some of those mentioned in our next extract.

"Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour; and had so strong an appearance of that perfection, that it was called beauty by the generality of women; though in my opinion there was a coarseness in his face and shape that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman; and, if fortune had not interposed her almighty power, he might by his birth have appeared in that figure; his father being nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half-a-dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

"King James the Second had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the Queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the messenger between the King and the Duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; and did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which, by lower intrigues, happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed enemies, had a very uncommon genius, a head well turned for calculation, great industry, and [*was*] so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

"The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procuror both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master, and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the Duke's employing him. He had this only son, whom he looked on with the partiality of a parent; and resolved to spare nothing in his education that could add to his figure."

The younger Craggs, our readers may remember, was the associate of the wits of all parties in the reign of Queen Anne, and a Secretary of State.

Lady Mary's earlier letters, and before she visited foreign parts, contain nothing very striking besides the cleverness of a lively girl, who could retail trifling things with admirable ease and taste. But as soon as she had opportunities to observe new scenes, and of thinking for herself, the development of her mind, and the originality as well as vigour of her judgment, became apparent. But even with regard to these early specimens of her correspondence, and on the subject of love and courtship, no ordinary head and heart are displayed. Did any of our readers ever find an elopement so sensibly discussed as in the last letter, now to be cited, to her lover, before their marriage? Her father insisted, like all parental despots, upon

her marrying a man of his choice, but one whom she could not endure. And yet, after all, with the one she preferred, she did not lead a happy life, nor was it perhaps possible that a person of her temperament could be comfortably yoked with any man, unless he had been her superior in talent and vivacity. Still it is impossible not to admire the good sense and providential cast of reasoning which this our last extract exhibits, or, indeed, to cherish any other opinion of the work before us, than that it is singularly amusing, as well as calculated to throw valuable light upon the heroine's contemporaneous history.

"I writ you a letter last night in some passion. I begin to fear again ; I own myself a coward. You made no reply to one part of my letter concerning my fortune. I am afraid you flatter yourself that my father may be at length reconciled and brought to reasonable terms. I am convinced, by what I have often heard him say, speaking of other cases like this, that he never will. The fortune that he has engaged to give with me, was settled, on my brother's marriage, on my sister and on myself ; but in such a manner, that it was left in his power to give it all to either of us, or divide it as he thought fit. He has given it all to me. Nothing remains for my sister but the free bounty of my father from what he can save ; which, notwithstanding the greatness of his estate, may be very little. Possibly, after I have disobliged him so much, he may be glad to have her so easily provided for, with money already raised ; especially if he has a design to marry himself, as I hear. I do not speak this that you should not endeavour to come to terms with him, if you please ; but I am fully persuaded it will be to no purpose. He will have a very good answer to make ; that I suffered the match to proceed ; that I made him make a very silly figure in it ; that I have let him spend 400*l.* in wedding-clothes ; all which I saw without saying any thing. When I first pretended to oppose this match, he told me he was sure I had some other design in my head ; I denied it with truth. But you see how little appearance there is of this truth. He proceeded with telling me he would never enter into a treaty with another man, &c. and that I should be sent immediately into the North to stay there ; and, when he died, he would only leave me an annuity of 400*l.* I had not courage to stand this view, and I submitted to what he pleased. He will now object against me—why, since I intended to marry in this manner, I did not persist in my first resolution ; that it would have been as easy for me to run away from Thoresby as from hence ; and to what purpose did I put him, and the gentleman I was to marry, to expenses, &c. ? He will have a thousand plausible reasons for being irreconcilable, and 'tis only probable the world will be on his side. Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and a petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend, when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will ; if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of

England, if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spa. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world; but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road; you have nothing to do but stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like; but after all think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine every thing.

"You can show me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe, to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome. Remember you have promised it.

"'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect any thing; but after the way of my education I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear, if you love me. If you cannot, or think that I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely upon your honour, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at any thing you can tell me. Let it be sincere; do not impose upon a woman that leaves all things for you."

ART. V.—*An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, written in Egypt during the Years 1833, 34, and 35, partly from Notes made during a former Visit to that Country in the Years 1825, 26, 27, and 28.* By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, 2 Vols. London: Knight. 1836.

MR. LANE is manifestly a first-rate Arabic scholar. He also proves himself by these volumes to be a man minutely and familiarly acquainted with the manners and customs of the Moos'lims (as he writes the word) and other modern inhabitants of Egypt, in the various stages and relations of life, public, social, and domestic. This amount and accuracy of knowledge with regard to these people is of rare occurrence; and, indeed we believe, there never before has been published so full and plain an account of the subjects here discussed, as the one now upon our table. The work con-

tains an extraordinary mass of amusing, interesting, and valuable details ; nor need we marvel at the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, having urged and patronized its publication ; for assuredly it is calculated to serve their purpose in an eminent degree, and upon a great variety of matters.

Mr. Lane states, that while (and all the world knows the same holds true of Mohhammadans in general,) the Moos'lims (we abide by his mode of writing Arabic words for reasons afterwards to be explained) are extremely averse from giving information on subjects connected with their religion or superstition to persons whom they suspect of differing from them in creed, and observances—they are very ready to talk on such subjects with those who they think are acquainted with these topics. Now, his account of the means by which he persuaded the people in question that he was one of these enlightened persons is curious enough, and deserves to be noticed in our introductory observations.

He says, that after a year's residence in Egypt, he was able to converse with the inhabitants with tolerable ease. In the course of his extended sojourn amongst them, we may be satisfied therefore that his fluency of utterance, and habits of thinking in the Arabic language, in which he had made considerable progress even before visiting Egypt at all, had become a great deal more complete. He goes on to state that he associated almost constantly with Moos'lims of various ranks, his principal purpose seeming to have been to perfect himself in their native tongue, and in the knowledge of Egyptian manners and customs, before the innovations of their present ruler, and the introduction of European principles of sentiment and conduct have obliterated their mode of life, many persons, as it now appears, have erroneously deemed to be almost immutable. He continues :—

“ I have lived, as they live, conforming with their general habits ; and in order to make them familiar and unreserved towards me on every subject, have always avowed my agreement with them in opinion whenever my conscience would allow me, and in most other cases, refrained from the expression of my dissent, as well as from every action which might give them disgust ; abstaining from eating food forbidden by their religion, and drinking wine, &c. ; and even from habits merely disagreeable to them ; such as the use of knives and forks at meals. Having made myself acquainted with all their common religious ceremonies, I have been able to escape exciting, in strangers, any suspicion of my being a person who had no right to intrude among them, whenever it was necessary for me to witness any Mohhammadan rite or festival. While, from the dress which I have found most convenient to wear, I am generally mistaken, in public for a Turk, my acquaintances, of course, know me to be an Englishman ; but I constrain them to treat me as a Moos'lim, by my freely acknowledging the hand of Providence in the introduction and diffusion of the Mohhammadan religion, and, when interrogated, avowing my belief in the Messiah, in accordance with the *words* of the Ckoor-a'n, as the word of

God, infused into the womb of the Virgin Mary, and a spirit proceeding from Him."—vol. i, pp. vii, viii.

Having thus generally obtained a slight knowledge from some of the most lax of the *believers*, he has been enabled frequently to draw into conversation better informed persons upon the desired topics, by means of whom, besides salaried tutors, he has acquired, authenticated, or corrected many things. Since by these methods he has generally passed, without being taken for a Christian, the reader will readily conceive that he has enjoyed peculiar opportunities of judging of the people he describes. At the same time it occurs to us, from his own showing, that he must have laid himself open to the inference of one of the Moos'lims, who said, that by conforming with many of their ceremonies, he tacitly professed himself to belong to their faith. When our author, for instance, entered one of the most sacred mosques in the Egyptian metropolis, on one of the most distinguished of the Mohhammadan festivals, and probably as he hints, only escaped detection and violence by acquitting himself in the usual manner, that is—"by walking round the bronze screen which surrounds the monument over the spot where the head of the martyr (El-Hosey'n) is said to be buried, and then putting myself into the regular postures of prayer"—did he conduct himself as a sincere and consistent Christian? Though it is not for us to take the author or any one else to task concerning his faith, we have a right to let him show himself upon his own conditions; and if these are censurable, to say so, how curious or important soever may be the ends served. We fear that much intercourse with persons or nations, who do not acknowledge the authority and sanctions of our religion, has frequently, as in the case of amateur-travellers, a tendency to induce a latitudinarianism of feeling and conduct, that cannot be defended on any principle of consistency or enlightened liberality.

Whether right or wrong in our implied censure of Mr. Lane, one thing is certain—this is, as already announced, that he has brought to light so much of the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians as to enable the most ordinary reader to contemplate and survey these people with far more assured feelings of accuracy than can be experienced regarding many other nations, some of them nearer home, and which have been traversed and described by hundreds of book-making tourists. Every one must feel persuaded, after perusing these two volumes, that were he at home as respects the language, he might with confidence set himself down, without farther tuition, among any of the classes of the modern Egyptians to be found in Cairo. Former writers have told us a great deal of the Arab character, when describing the people who now dwell on the banks of the Nile; but their delineations have generally contained Turkish rather than Arab manners, or have not been sufficiently cognizant

of the peculiar circumstances that have modified and moulded the modern Egyptians, arising either from ignorance of their language, or the want of opportunities of becoming competent judges of their every-day habits and prevailing modes of thinking.

We have alluded above to the author's method of writing Arabic words, which is different from that of most other authors. The reason he alleges for doing so is that since he has been obliged, from the nature of his minute and novel information, to employ a great number of Arabic terms and phrases, many of which are not to be found in European characters in any other book, he thought it necessary to follow a uniform system, and to exhibit all such words in a form that any English reader, by observing a few plain directions, may pronounce them with tolerable correctness. In approval of the author's scheme, we may add, that in a work of the kind which is calculated to be so entertaining and instructive to the general reader, a farther and most important end is served, viz. that of being an excellent vocabulary and guide to all Arabic students, who make use of the English tongue; especially as he has introduced an immense number of the most commonly uttered and descriptive terms as they are pronounced and applied in Cairo, which deservedly maintains the honour of being the best school of Arabic literature, science, and art, in the Moos'lim world.

Before proceeding to select a few morsels from these volumes, it is necessary to state that there is an immense number of illustrative engravings interspersed throughout them; and that though these may not embellish the pages, they cleverly and with much force explain the text. The author sketched for himself, and manifestly with a close regard to fidelity; but still there has been so much that was tasteful, picturesque, or curious in his subjects, as to render it extremely pleasant to study them; dresses, specimens of architecture, domestic utensils, furniture, &c., succeeding one another in vast profusion.

While Cairo is the metropolis of Egypt, it is the great source, and almost the exclusive field whence Mr. Lane has drawn the materials of his present "Account." Its population he computes at 240,000, while that of Egypt at present he supposes to be less than two millions. Of these the two largest classes are the Moos'lims, who have descended from various Arab tribes, which have settled in Egypt at different periods, and the Copts, or Christian Egyptians, who are considered by many to be the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country. The former of these classes amounts probably to 1,750,000; latter to 150,000. The Moos'lims, therefore, obtain by far the greatest share of the author's notice, although the Turks, the Jews, the Greeks, &c. of Egypt do not escape him. It is clear, however, that the inhabitants of the country as a body have been, and are, as respects customs, manners, and character, very much influenced by the same peculiar physical

phenomena that prevail there : perhaps in no other regions have these influences been so visibly exemplified. But we need not here give any summary of them ; let us direct ourselves to some more special matters, as developed and explained by the author.

Passing over Mr. Lane's Introduction about the Country and Climate—Metropolis—Houses—and Population of Egypt, we have his first chapter concerning the Personal Characteristics and Dress of the Moos'lims. Under this head, we cite some particulars regarding the seal-ring which the men wear, and the beauty of the women.

" On the little finger of the right hand is worn a seal-ring (*kha'tim*), which is generally of silver, with a cornelian, or other stone, upon which is engraved the wearer's name : the name is accompanied by the words 'his servant' (signifying 'the servant, or worshipper of God'), and often by other words expressive of the person's trust in God, &c. The Prophet disapproved of gold ; therefore few Moos'lims wear gold rings ; but the women have various ornaments (rings, bracelets, &c.) of that precious metal. The seal-ring is used for signing letters and other writings ; and its impression is considered more valid than the sign-manual. A little ink is daubed upon it with one of the fingers, and it is pressed upon the paper—the person who uses it having first touched his tongue with another finger, and moistened the place in the paper which is to be stamped. Almost every person who can afford it, has a seal-ring, even though he be a servant. The regular scribes, literary men, and many others, wear a silver, brass, or copper *dawa'yeh*, which is a case with receptacles for ink and pens, stuck in the girdle. Some have, in the place of this, or in addition to it, a case-knife, or a dagger.

" The general form and features of the *women* must now be described. From the age of about fourteen to that of eighteen or twenty, they are generally models of beauty in body and limbs ; and in countenance most of them are pleasing, and many exceedingly lovely ; but soon after they have attained their perfect growth, they rapidly decline ; the bosom early loses all its beauty, acquiring, from the relaxing nature of the climate, an excessive length and flatness in its forms, even while the face retains its full charms ; and though, in most other respects, time does not commonly so soon nor so much deform them, at the age of forty it renders many who in earlier years possessed considerable attractions absolutely ugly. In the Egyptian females the forms of womanhood begin to develop themselves about the ninth or tenth year : at the age of fifteen or sixteen they generally attain their highest degree of perfection. With regard to their complexions, the same remarks apply to them as to the men, with only this difference, that their faces, being generally veiled when they go abroad, are not quite so much tanned as those of the men. They are characterized, like the men, by a fine oval countenance ; though, in some instances, it is rather broad. The eyes, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long almond-form, with long and beautiful lashes and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression : eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived : their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features (however pleasing the latter may be), and is rendered still more striking by

a practice universal among the females of the higher and middle classes, and very common among those of the lower orders, which is that of blackening the edge of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, with a black powder called *kohl*."—vol. i, pp. 35—41.

After explaining the nature of this powder, and the manner of its application to the eyelids, as well as giving drawings of the utensils and instruments used for such a substance and process, the author shows that the same method of ornamenting the eyes prevailed in very ancient times, as discovered from the remains of black powder, the vessels for holding it, and the paintings found in the ancient tombs. Other nations, in early times, observed the same practice. But we here notice the custom as one of the many instances which prove how distantly transmitted many of the observances of the present inhabitants of Egypt have been, and how immutable have been the manners of a people who dwell in one of the first abodes of civilized mankind after the Deluge.

The second chapter of the first volume treats of infancy and early education among the Moos'lims. There is much that is defective, and even positively bad under the latter particular. After informing his readers, that the father makes choice of the name of his children, often calling the boys after the prophet, or some of the members of Mohham'mad's family, his eminent companions, &c. ; and that girls are named after the wives or daughters of these worthies, &c., he adds—

"The dress of the children of the middle and higher classes is similar to that of the parents, but generally slovenly. The children of the poor are either clad in a shirt and a cotton skull-cap or a turboo'sh, or (as is mostly the case in the villages) are left quite naked until the age of six or seven years or more, unless a bit of rag can be easily obtained to serve them as a partial covering. Those little girls who have only a piece of ragged stuff not large enough to cover both the head and body, generally prefer wearing it upon the head, and sometimes have the coquetry to draw a part of it before the face, as a veil, while the whole body is exposed. Little ladies, four or five years of age, mostly wear the white face-veil, like their mothers. When a boy is two or three years old, or often earlier, his head is shaved; a tuft of hair only being left on the crown, and another over the forehead: the heads of female infants are seldom shaven. The young children, of both sexes, are usually carried by their mothers and nurses, not in the arms, but on the shoulder, seated astride, and sometimes, for a short distance, on the hip.

"In the treatment of their children, the women of the wealthier classes are remarkable for their excessive indulgence; and the poor, for the little attention they bestow, beyond supplying the absolute wants of nature. The mother is prohibited, by the Mohhammadan law, from weaning her child before the expiration of two years from the period of its birth, unless with the consent of her husband, which, I am told, is generally given after the first year or eighteen months. In the houses of the wealthy, the child, whether boy or girl, remains almost constantly confined in the *hharee'm*

(or the women's apartments), or, at least, in the house : sometimes the boy continues thus an effeminate prisoner until a master, hired to instruct him daily, has taught him to read and write. When the ladies go out to pay a visit, or to take an airing, mounted on asses, the children generally go with them, each carried by a female slave or servant, or seated between her knees upon the fore part of the saddle ; the female attendants, as well as the ladies, being usually borne by asses, and it being the custom of all the women to sit astride. But it is seldom that the children of the rich enjoy this slight diversion ; their health suffers from confinement and pampering, and they are often rendered capricious, proud, and selfish."—vol. i, pp. 57—59.

Diodorus Siculus mentions that the ancient Egyptians clothed and reared their children at a very trifling expense, and the same thing seems to hold true at the present day as regards their successors. Mr. Lane states—

" It is not uncommon to see, in the city in which I am writing, a lady shuffling along in her ample to'b and hhab'arah of new and glistening silks, and one who scents the whole street with the odour of musk or civet as she passes along, with all that appears of her person scrupulously clean and delicate, her eyes neatly bordered with kohhl applied in the most careful manner, and the tip of a finger or two showing the fresh dye of the hhen'na, and by her side a little boy or girl, her own child, with a face besmeared with dirt, and with clothes appearing as though they had been worn for months without being washed. Few things surprised me so much as sights of this kind on my first arrival in this country."—vol. i, p. 60.

But the cause assigned for the neglected appearance of the children is not less strange than the fact itself. There is a wonderful fear lest *the evil eye* should covet such a blessing as a clean and well-dressed cherub would certainly be, and therefore a besmeared face and a ragged garb is the sort of safeguard that seems to be consulted for the protection of the little things.

Education is cheap in Egypt, and the schools numerous. All who are learning to read recite their lessons aloud at the same time—this being thought to assist the memory, as it certainly does in the case of most persons, we believe, and for very plain reasons. But a school so conducted, must be a noisy establishment, as well as one in no small degree grotesque, since, for the sake also of aiding the recollective powers, the head and body of each of the squatted scholars are kept perpetually rocking backwards and forwards. Here is a more objectionable particular in their early training.

" The parents seldom devote much of their time or attention to the education of their children ; generally contenting themselves with instilling into their young minds a few principles of religion, and then submitting them, if they can afford to do so, to the instruction of a schoolmaster. As early as possible, the child is taught to say, ' I testify that there is no deity but God ; and I testify that Mohham'mad is God's Apostle.' He receives

also lessons of religious pride, and learns to hate the Christians, and all other sects but his own, as thoroughly as does the Moos'lim in advanced age. Most of the children of the higher and middle classes, and some of those of the lower orders, are taught by the schoolmaster to read, and to recite the whole or certain portions of the Ckoor-a'n by memory. They afterwards learn the most common rules of arithmetic."—vol. i, p. 63.

From what we stated in our preliminary observations, it may be expected that Mr. Lane has much to disclose upon the subject of religious ceremonies, and the services performed in the mosques. In these respects the reader of his work will not be disappointed. In describing the forms and prayers employed in Mohhammadan worship, for example, he shows that there have hitherto prevailed in Christian nations very imperfect and erroneous notions; denying that the Moos'lms ordinarily pray to their prophet as well as to God. He admits, however, that invocations for Mohhammad's *intercession* is frequently made, and intercession is assuredly one of the principal divine acts which prayer appeals to. From the specimens of the prayers presented in the pages before us, we must also observe, that there is a tiresome repetition of sacred names, words, and ideas, which strike the reader as partaking far more of the labour of the lips, than the affection of the heart, or the exercise of a meditative mind. Indeed, according to the author's account, the principal features of the Moos'lim character are religious pride, hypocrisy, and pharisaical ostentation. He has also observed of them, that they are remarkably inconsistent, in regard to profession and practice; for while they are every day breaking their law, they rely on the efficacy of two words, meaning, "I beg forgiveness of God," as a charm that will cancel every transgression. But to return to their houses of worship, their mosques.

"To form a proper conception of the ceremonials of the Friday-prayers, it is necessary to have some idea of the interior of a mosque. A mosque in which a congregation assembles to perform the Friday-prayers is called *ga'mē*. The mosques of Cairo are so numerous, that none of them is inconveniently crowded on the Friday; and some of them are so large as to occupy spaces three or four hundred feet square. They are mostly built of stone, the alternate courses of which are generally coloured externally red and white. Most commonly a large square mosque consists of porticoes surrounding a square open court, in the centre of which is a tank or a fountain for ablution. One side of the building faces the direction of Mek'kah, and the portico on this side, being the principal place of prayer, is more spacious than those on the three other sides of the court: it generally has two or more rows of columns, forming so many aisles, parallel with the exterior wall. In some cases, this portico, like the other three, is open to the court; in other cases, it is separated from the court by partitions of wood, connecting the front row of columns. In the centre of its exterior wall is the *mehhra'b* (or niche) which marks the direction of Mek'keh; and to the right of this is the *mim'bar* (or pulpit). Opposite the *mehhra'b*, in the fore part of the portico, or in its central part, there is generally a platform

(called *dik'keh*), surrounded by a parapet, and supported by small columns; and by it, or before it, are one or two seats, having a kind of desk to bear a volume of the Choor-a'n, from which a chapter is read to the congregation. The walls are generally quite plain, being simply white-washed; but in some mosques the lower part of the wall of the place of prayer is lined with coloured marbles, and the other part ornamented with various devices executed in stucco, but mostly with texts of the Choor-a'n (which form long friezes, having a pleasing effect), and never with the representation of anything that has life. The pavement is covered with matting, and the rich and poor pray side by side; the man of rank or wealth enjoying no peculiar distinction of comfort, unless (which is sometimes the case), he have a prayer-carpet brought by his servant, and spread for him.

"The Prophet did not forbid *women* to attend public prayers in a mosque, but pronounced it better for them to pray in private; but in Cairo neither females nor young boys are allowed to pray with the congregation in the mosque, nor even to be present in the mosque at any time of prayer: formerly women were permitted (and perhaps are still in some countries), but were obliged to place themselves apart from the men, and behind the latter; because, as Sale has remarked, the Moos'lims are of opinion that the presence of females inspires a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God. Very few women in Egypt even pray at home."—vol. i, pp. 93—95.

It may very reasonably be believed that among such worshippers, the presence of females would be apt to produce a diversion in the most solemn services, even in their mosques.

We must jump over a number of chapters in both volumes, without extracting from them a single paragraph, or bestowing upon them a single general remark; such as on the Laws, the Government, the Superstitions, the Bath, the Games, the Public Recitations of Romances, and many other classified subjects and national characteristics; all of which, however, are rendered, by the author's precise description and plain style, highly entertaining; at the same time that they present everywhere, matter for serious reflection. There are several chapters devoted solely to the consideration of the Domestic Life of the Moos'lims, and from one of them which treats of the condition of the females, we cite a portion that may well be taken as furnishing one of the strongest practical arguments in behalf of the Christian religion that the history of mankind can afford. The illustrative case which concludes our extract is not only detailed with a simplicity and force of words that cannot escape the most careless reader's notice, but it also, though as if unintentionally, brings to light many of the deplorable and mischievous enactments of the Moos'lim law, as well as many of the vile usages that have thence arisen—

"I believe that, in Egypt, the women are generally under less restraint than in any other country of the Turkish Empire; so that it is not uncommon to see females of the lower orders flirting and jesting with men in public, and men laying their hands upon them very freely. Still it might

be imagined, that the women of the higher and middle classes feel themselves severely oppressed, and are much discontented with the state of seclusion to which they are subjected : but this is not commonly the case ; on the contrary, an Egyptian wife who is attached to her husband is apt to think, if he allow her unusual liberty, that he neglects her, and does not sufficiently love her ; and to envy those wives who are kept and watched with greater strictness.

"It is not very common for an Egyptian to have more than one wife, or a concubine slave ; though the law allows him *four* wives (as I have before stated), and, according to the opinion of some, as many concubine slaves as he may choose. But, though a man restrict himself to a single wife, he may change as often as he desires ; and there are certainly not many persons in Cairo who have not divorced one wife, if they have been long married. The husband may, whenever he pleases, say to his wife 'Thou art divorced :' if it be his wish, whether reasonable or not, she must return to her parents or friends. This liability to an unmerited divorce is the source of more uneasiness to many wives than all the other troubles to which they are exposed ; as they may thereby be reduced to a state of great destitution : but to others, who hope to better their condition, it is, of course, exactly the reverse. I have mentioned, in a former chapter, that a man may divorce his wife twice, and each time receive her again without any ceremony ; but that he cannot legally take her again after a third divorce until she has been married and divorced by another man. The consequences of a triple divorce conveyed in one sentence are the same, unless the man and his wife agree to infringe the law, or the former deny his having pronounced the sentence ; in which latter case, the woman may have much difficulty to enforce his compliance with the law, if she be inclined to do so.

"In illustration of this subject, I may mention a case in which an acquaintance of mine was concerned as a witness of the sentence of divorce. He was sitting in a coffee-shop with two other men, one of whom had just been irritated by something that his wife had said or done. After a short conversation upon this affair, the angry husband sent for his wife, and, as soon as she came, said to her 'Thou art trebly divorced :' then, addressing his two companions, he added 'You, my brothers, are witnesses.' Shortly after, however, he repented of this act, and wished to take back his divorced wife ; but she refused to return to him, and appealed to the *Shar'a Al'lah* (or Law of God). The case was tried at the *Mahh'kem'eh*. The woman, who was the plaintiff, stated that the defendant was her husband ; that he had pronounced against her the sentence of a triple divorce ; and that he now wished her to return to him, and live with him as his wife, contrary to the law, and consequently in a state of sin. The defendant denied that he had divorced her. 'Have you witnesses ?' said the judge to the plaintiff. She answered, 'I have here two witnesses.' These were the men who were present in the coffee-shop when the sentence of divorce was pronounced. They were desired to give their evidence ; and stated that the defendant divorced his wife, by a triple sentence, in their presence. The defendant averred that she whom he divorced in the coffee-shop was another wife of his. The plaintiff declared that he had no other wife ; but the judge observed to her that it was impossible she could know that ; and

asked the witnesses what was the name of the woman whom the defendant divorced in their presence? They answered that they were ignorant of her name. They were then asked if they could swear that the plaintiff was the woman who was divorced before them? Their reply was, that they could not swear to a woman whom they had never seen unveiled. Under these circumstances, the judge thought it right to dismiss the case; and the woman was obliged to return to her husband. She might have demanded that he should produce the woman whom he professed to have divorced in the coffee-shop; but he would easily have found a woman to play the part he required; as it would not have been necessary for her to show a marriage certificate; marriages being almost always performed in Egypt without any written contract, and sometimes even without witnesses."—vol. i, pp. 225—227.

In the chapter that treats of the Character of the Moos'lims, Mr. Lane declares that the women are considered to be the most licentious in their principles of all who lay claim to the title of being civilized, this charge being freely bestowed upon them by their countrymen, even in their conversation with foreigners. Most of them are not considered safe, unless under lock and key; but to this restraint they are seldom subjected. It is added, that some of the "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights," present faithful pictures of occurrences not unfrequent in the metropolis of Egypt. Among the causes assigned for the licentiousness of these women, besides their want of proper instruction, and of innocent pastimes, recreations, and intercourse with the other sex in the ordinary style of virtuous life, the conduct of the husbands themselves is characterized as the principal incentive, who adopt every possible means of exciting the impure dispositions of their wives by the most voluptuous arts.

The mention of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" affords us a pleasing opportunity of referring to what the author says of these favourite studies of our advanced as well as early years, in a note to his preface. He there informs us, when characterizing the defects of certain publications concerning the Modern Egyptians, that if the English reader possessed a close translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," with sufficient illustrative notes, he might have spared himself the labour of the present undertaking.

From the chapter upon the Language, Literature and Science of the Modern Egyptians, we must make room for one or two passages.

"There is not so much difference between the *literary* and *popular* dialects of Arabic as some European Orientalists have supposed. The latter may be described as the literary dialect *simplified*, principally by the omission of final vowels and other terminations which distinguish the different cases of nouns and some of the persons of verbs. Nor is there so great a difference between the dialects of Arabic spoken in

different countries as some persons, who have not held intercourse with the inhabitants of such countries, have imagined: they resemble each other more than the dialects of some of the different counties in England. The Arabic language abounds with synonyms; and, of a number of words which are synonymous, one is in common use in one country and another elsewhere. Thus, the Egyptian calls milk *leb'en*; the Syrian calls it *hha'ee'b*: the word *leb'en* is used in Syria to denote a particular preparation of *sour* milk. Again, bread is called in Egypt *'eysh*; and in other Arab countries, *khoob'z*; and many examples of a similar kind might be adduced. The pronunciation of Egypt has more softness than that of Syria and most other countries in which Arabic is spoken.

"The literature of the Arabs is very comprehensive; but the number of their books is more remarkable than the variety. The relative number of the books which treat of religion and jurisprudence may be stated to be about one-fourth: next in number are works on grammar, rhetoric, and various branches of philology: the third in the scale of proportion are those on history (chiefly that of the Arab nation), and on geography: the fourth, poetical compositions. Works on medicine, chymistry, the mathematics, algebra, and various other sciences, &c., are comparatively very few.

"There are, in Cairo, many large libraries; most of which are attached to mosques, and consist, for the greater part, of works on theology and jurisprudence, and philology. Several rich merchants, and others, have also good libraries. The booksellers of Cairo are, I am informed, only eight in number; and their shops are but ill stocked. Whenever a valuable book comes into the possession of one of these persons, he goes round with it to his regular customers; and is almost sure of finding a purchaser."—vol. i, pp. 263—265.

The author remarks that there are many learned men in the present day in Cairo; and corrects a prevalent notion among the Christians of Europe, which holds that the Moos'lims are enemies to almost every branch of knowledge. He admits that their studies are confined within narrow limits. The medical and surgical men of Egypt are mostly barbers. Chymistry (which made some of its first advances among the Arabs) is replaced by Alchymy, and Astronomy by Astrology. A number of young men, however, are now receiving European instruction in the arts and sciences for the service of government; which, like other innovations, fostered by their ruler, will doubtless, in the course of time, shed a general and beneficent influence. But to return to the remark, that Cairo is not devoid of learned men, our readers may be curious to hear some account of one or two of them, and also of the literary acquirements of the generality of the inhabitants.

"One of the most celebrated of the modern 'Ool'ama of Cairo is the sheykh Hhas'an El-'Atta'r, who is the present sheykh of the Az'har. In theology and jurisprudence, he is not so deeply versed as some of his contemporaries, particularly the sheykh El-Ckoowey'sinee, whom I have before mentioned; but he is eminently accomplished in polite literature. He is the author of an 'In'sha,' or an excellent collection of Arabic let-

ters, on various subjects, which are intended as models of epistolary style. This work has been printed at Boo'la'ck. In mentioning its author, I fulfil a promise which he condescended to ask of me: supposing that I should publish, in my own country, some account of the people of Cairo, he desired me to state that I was acquainted with him, and to give ~~my~~ opinion of his acquirements.—The sheykh Mohham'mad Shiha'b is also deservedly celebrated as an accomplished Arabic scholar, and elegant poet. His affability and wit attract to his house, every evening a few friends, whose pleasures, on these occasions, I sometimes participate. We are received in a small, but very comfortable room: each of us takes his own pipe; and coffee alone is presented to us: the sheykh's conversation is the most delightful banquet that he can offer us.—I here are also several other persons in Cairo who enjoy considerable reputation as philologists and poets.—The sheykh 'Abd Er-Rahhma'n El-Gebur'tee, another modern author, and a native of Cairo, particularly deserves to be mentioned, as having written a very excellent history of the events which have taken place in Egypt since the commencement of the twelfth century of the Flight. He died in 1825, or 1826, soon after my first arrival in Cairo. His family was of El-Gebur't (also called Ez-Zey'la') a province of Abyssinia, bordering on the ocean. The Gebur'tees (or natives of that country) are Moos'lims. They have a riwa'ck (or apartment appropriated to such of them as wish to study) in the Az'har: and there is a similar provision for them at Mek'neh, and also at El-Medee'neh.

"The works of the ancient Arab poets were but imperfectly understood (in consequence of many words contained in them having become obsolete) between two and three centuries, only, after the introduction of the Mohhammadan faith: it must not therefore be inferred, from what has been said in the preceding paragraph, that persons able to explain the most difficult passages of the early Arab authors are now to be found in Cairo, or elsewhere. There are, however, many in Egypt who are deeply versed in Arabic grammar, rhetoric, and polite literature; though the sciences mostly pursued in this country are theology and jurisprudence. Few of the 'ool'ama of Egypt are well acquainted with the history of their own nation; much less with that of other people.

"The literary acquirements of those who do not belong to the classes who make literature their profession are of a very inferior kind. Many of the wealthy trades people are well instructed in the arts of reading and writing; but few of them devote much time to the pursuit of literature. Those who have committed to memory the whole, or considerable portions, of the Ckoor-a'n, and can recite two or three celebrated *chasee'dehs* (or short poems), or introduce, now and then, an apposite quotation in conversation, are considered accomplished persons. Many of the tradesmen of Cairo can neither read nor write, or can only read; and obliged to have recourse to a friend to write their accounts, letters, &c.: but these persons generally cast accounts, and make intricate calculations, mentally, with surprising rapidity and correctness."—vol. i. pp. 274—277.

In treating of the occupations of the Egyptians, it is to be expected that there are several branches of industry into which labour

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is divided that are not found in colder climates, or where a different religious faith prevails. Among the most picturesque of these are the carriers, or sellers of water drawn from the Nile; whether this be conveyed in skins on the back of camels and asses, or in jars upon the back of an Egyptian. Another singular order are pipe-cleaners, who go about with long wires for this purpose, kept in hollow canes, which are bound together, and slung to the shoulder. There is, however, one class which has its representatives in every quarter and nation of the globe, but which surely in no other country can be matched for their solemn appeals to God and man—we mean the beggars in Cairo. Among their most common cries and speeches these are to be found:—"O Exciter of compassion! O Lord!"—"For the sake of God! O ye charitable!"—"I am the guest of God and the Prophet!"—At the moment the author writes, he says, he hears a woman exclaiming—"My supper must be thy gift! O Lord! from the hand of a bountiful believer—a testifier of the unity of God! O masters!"—&c. &c.

But there is seldom anything more picturesque or imaginative in the character and observances of any distinct people, than what attaches to religious ceremonies and public festivals. Belonging to this latter class of subjects, many of the Egyptian forms of superstition are remarkably striking; but perhaps none so beautifully and poetically as those which are connected with the phenomena of the Nile.

"The night of the 17th of June, which corresponds with the 11th of the Coptic month of Ba-oo'neh, is called *Ley'let en-Noock'tah* (or the Night of the Drop) as it is believed that a miraculous drop then falls into the Nile, and causes it to rise. Astrologers calculate the precise moment when the drop is to fall; which is always in the course of this night. Many of the inhabitants of Cairo and its neighbourhood, and of other parts of Egypt, spend this night on the banks of the Nile; some, in houses of their friends; others, in the open air. Many also, and especially the women, observe a singular custom on the *Ley'let en-Noock'tah*; placing, upon the terrace house, after sunset, as many lumps of dough as there are inmates in the house, a lump for each person, who puts his, or her, mark upon it: at day-break, on the following morning, they look at each of these lumps; and if they find it cracked, they infer that the life of the person for whom it was placed will be long, or not terminate that year; but if they find it not cracked, they infer the reverse. Some say that this is also done to discover whether the Nile will rise high in the ensuing season.—Another absurd custom is observed on the fourth following night, *Ley'let es-Sarata'n*, when the sun enters the sign of Cancer: it is the writing a charm to exterminate or drive away bugs. This charm consists of the following words from the *C'koor-a'n*, written in separate letters—'Hast thou not considered those who left their habitation, and they were thousands, for fear of death? and God said unto them die: die: die.' The last word of the text is thus written three times. The above charm, it is said, should be written on three pieces of paper, which are to

be hung upon the walls of the room which is to be cleared of the bugs; one upon each wall excepting that at the end where is the entrance, or that in which is the entrance.

"The Nile, as I have mentioned in the introduction to this work, begins to rise about, or soon after, the period of the summer solstice. From, or about, the 27th of the Coptic month Ba-oo'neh (3rd of July) its rise is daily proclaimed in the streets of the metropolis. There are several criers to perform this office; each for a particular district of the town. The Crier of the Nile (*Moona'dee en-Neel*) generally goes about his district early in the morning; but sometimes later; accompanied by a boy. On the day immediately preceding that on which he commences his daily announcement of the rise of the Nile, he proclaims—'God hath been propitious to the lands! The day of good news! To-morrow, the announcement, with good fortune!'"—vol. ii, pp. 254, 255.

Mr. Lane then gives a long list of the phrases and speeches which the crier and the boy daily use as they perambulate the streets until a short time before that in which the dam that closes the mouth of the canal of Cairo is cut.

"In the afternoon of the day preceding that on which the dam is cut, numerous boats, hired for private parties, for pleasure, repair to the neighbourhood of the entrance of the Canal. Among these is a very large boat, called the '*Ack'abah*'; one of the largest of those which navigate the Nile, and which are called '*ack'abs*'. It is painted for the occasion, in a gaudy, but rude, manner, and has two or more small cannons on board, and numerous lamps attached to the ropes, forming various devices, such as a large star, &c.: it has also, over the cabin, a large kind of close awning, composed of pieces of silk, and other stuffs: and is adorned with two penants. It is vulgarly believed that this boat represents a magnificent vessel, in which the Egyptians used, before the conquest of their country by the Arabs, to convey the virgin whom, it is said they threw into the Nile. It sails from Boo'la'ck about three hours after noon: taking passengers for hire; men and women; the latter being usually placed, if they prefer it, in the large awning above mentioned. It is made fast to the bank of the isle of Er-Ro'dah, immediately opposite the entrance of the Canal. Most of the other boats also remain near it during the night, along the bank of the island; but some, all the evening and night, are constantly sailing up, or rowing down the river. In many boats, the crews amuse themselves and their passengers by singing, often accompanied by the darabook'keh and zoomma'rah; and some private parties hire professional musicians to add to their diversion on the river."—vol. ii, pp. 262, 263.

The Copts, who are the generally supposed descendants of the ancient Egyptians, amount to about one-fourteenth of the population of the country; ten thousand of them being found in Cairo. They are a very peculiar race. They profess the Christian religion; although every year many embrace the Mohhammadan faith, and become intermixed by marriage with Moos'lims. Mr. Lane says—

"The fame of that great nation from which the Copts derive their origin renders this people objects of much interest, especially to one who

has examined the wonderful monuments of Ancient Egypt: but so great is the aversion with which, like their illustrious ancestors, they regard all persons who are not of their own race, and so reluctant are they to admit such persons to any familiar intercourse with them, that I had almost despaired of gaining an insight into their religious, moral, and social state. At length, however, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a character of which I had doubted the existence—a Copt of a liberal as well as an intelligent mind; and to his kindness I am indebted for the knowledge of most of the facts related in the following brief memoir.”—vol. ii, pp. 306.

The account from the source mentioned, which our author gives of these people, is extremely unfavourable, exhibiting them as ignorant, deceitful, faithless, and abandoned to the pursuit of worldly gain, or to the indulgence of sensual pleasure. The following is among their forbidding characteristics, as here described:—

“One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the Copts is their bigotry. They bear a bitter hatred to all other Christians; even exceeding that with which the Moos’lims regard the unbelievers in el-Isla’m. Yet they are considered, by the Moos’lims, as much more inclined than any other Christian sect to the Mohhammadan faith; and this opinion has not been formed without reason; for vast numbers of them have, from time to time, and not always in consequence of persecution, become proselytes to this religion. They are, generally speaking, of a sullen temper, extremely avaricious, and abominable dissemblers; cringing or domineering according to circumstances.”—vol. ii, pp. 333, 334.

On the subject of the innovations which have lately found their way into Egypt, Mr. Lane declares that the reports which have reached Europe are exaggerations. He denies that civilization has advanced to the extent supposed. But he conceives it to be probable that the time is not distant when these desirable attainments will be realized. He says—

“The account which I have given of the present state of the government of this country shows how absurd is the assertion, that Egypt possesses a legislative assembly that can, with any degree of propriety, be called representative of the people. The will of the Ba’sha is still absolute; but he has certainly effected a great reform, by the introduction of European military and naval tactics, the results of which have already been considerable, and will be yet more extensive, and, in most respects, desirable. Already it has removed a great portion of that weight of prejudice which has held down the Turks so low in the scale of humanity: by convincing them that one of our branches of science and practice is so far superior to that to which they were accustomed, it has made them in general willing, if not desirous, to learn what more we are able to teach them. One of its effects already manifest might be regarded by an unreflecting mind as of no importance; but is considered by the philosophical Moos’lim as awfully portentous, and hailed by the Christian as an omen of the brightest promise. The Turks have been led to imitate us in our luxuries: several of the more wealthy began by adopting the use of the knife and fork: the habit of openly drinking wine immediately

followed; and has become common among a great number of the higher officers of the government. That a remarkable indifference to religion is indicated by this innovation is evident; and the principles of the dominant class will doubtless spread (though they have not yet done so) among the inferior members of the community. The former have begun to undermine the foundations of el-Islam: the latter as yet seem to look on with apathy, or at least with resignation to the decrees of Providence; but they will probably soon assist in the work; and the overthrow of the whole fabric may reasonably be expected to ensue at a period not very remote.

"The acquisition of a powerful empire, independent of the Porte, appears to have been the grand, and, almost, the sole object of the present Ba'sha of Egypt. He has introduced many European sciences, arts, and manufactures; but all in furtherance of this project; for his new manufactures have impoverished his people. He has established a printing-office; but the works which have issued from it are almost solely intended for the instruction of his military, naval, and civil servants. A newspaper is printed at another press, in the Citadel; its paragraphs, however, are seldom on any other subject than the affairs of the government. It is in Turkish and Arabic. Sometimes, three numbers of it appear in a week: at other times, only one is published in a month."—vol. ii, pp. 349—351.

But Mr. Lane also declares that since his first intercourse with the people of Egypt, he finds them much changed for the worse, especially with respect to their humanity to their fellow men. The same sort of degeneration may be evidenced by their greater cruelty to dumb animals; not only the foul dogs, but the enslaved asses, and the domesticated cats, which were once favourites, feeling the effects of the change. The increased severity of those who govern is alleged to have been greatly instrumental in depraving the people's common humanity. But we must leave off, and refrain from farther observation upon these volumes, satisfied that we have done enough to make good our opinion of them, that, in point of variety and novelty of matter, or of plainness and simplicity of description, they surpass any that have yet appeared concerning Modern Egypt.

ART. VI.—*Crichton*. By the Author of "*Rookwood*." 3 Vols. Macrone. 1836.

PROBABLY the first remark that every critical reader of this admirable romantic novel makes, refers to the learning which it displays; and the second observation ought to regard the success, the bold freedom, the perfect ease with which the author embodies in his work the spirit of the times, and personates the characters represented. It is impossible, we think, to peruse these volumes without frequently being so strongly carried back into the sixteenth century, and so deeply convinced of the reality of the events described, as to believe that Mr. Ainsworth must have been an immediate

witness of what he details, and a hearty actor in many of the incidents; so completely has he identified his representative characters with all that history has bequeathed us concerning one of the most stirring epochs in the annals of nations, and concerning some of the most celebrated names on record; and so firmly does he seem to stand, as it were, in the shoes of all the illustrious personages introduced.

To have accomplished all this in the case of such characters, and of such a period as he has chosen, required no ordinary skill and attainments. Of late years there have been hundreds of novels and romances, which have usurped a claim to the dignity and authority of *historical*, without possessing one shred of a title to the character, farther than might consist in the adoption of certain proper names, the assumption of a particular era, and the arbitrary use of a few obsolete forms of speech, without the betrayal of one idea, or circumstance of action that can point to the genius of the characters or the periods supposed. But whoever bestows an hour's attention upon "Crichton," or glances at the few specimens from the work that appear in our pages, cannot fail to perceive that the author is not only gifted with a lively fancy, and a creative imagination, so as both to paint faithfully and invent with a master's confidence, but that he has studied with an antiquarian's care and relish every thing pertaining to his theme. To all this is added great scholarship, as we have already intimated, a highly polished taste and style, and that *con amore* relationship to his subject which enables him to be the accomplished, the spirited, and enthusiastic artist that he is. In short, "Crichton" will become one of our standard novels, because it combines deep learning, accurate representation, and beautiful writing, in the production of a splendid, and an arresting story. It must be added, that the reader cannot rise from its perusal as from a display of merely gorgeous pictures, but will experience something like those valuable and gratifying results which partake of mental enlargement and moral instruction.

We think it will not escape the reflections of any one who turns his attention to the number and variety of English novels and romances belonging to the modern school, that no small degree of ingenuity must have been exerted, and no small share of anxious theme or subject-hunting encountered by the authors of many of them. Is it not strange, that, in such a dilemma, toil of research, and occasion for squeamishness of taste, no one should have forestalled Mr. Ainsworth in reference to his present hero? This neglect, we may presume, however, did not arise so much from oversight, as from a conviction that must have been entertained by every modest writer, of *mediocre* powers and acquirements, viz., that nothing but surpassing ability and rare attainments could deal with a hero, who, from a few recorded achievements, and a tradi-

tional renown had obtained the highest possible honour and glory which the imagination can accord to humanity. He who was proverbially "admirable," how could he acquire a higher fame or a more affectionate wonder? But we deem it fortunate that he has been so long neglected, that he might at last fall into the hands of Mr. Ainsworth; for, however graceful and exalted, "Crichton" may formerly have appeared to the wholesale and indiscriminate admirer, he is here made to stand out above all others, the greatest among the great, with a distinct personality, and to take a prominent share in some of the most interesting, stirring, and dazzling scenes recorded in history, so as to become decked with new and more extraordinary attributes; and to have possessed not only more astonishing, but more diversified gifts than we had ever dreamt of, even in his case. This, the author has legitimately done, by overstepping that confined boundary, which would merely represent his hero as an unparalleled scholar, or the *beau idéal* of all that is graceful in personal appearance and elegant accomplishments. He has, accordingly made his "Crichton" a courtier, and the observed of all observers, amongst the gayest and most exalted of the age in which he lived. His gallantry, his honour, his intuitive royalty of thought and action, are altogether matchless.

It has not once been our thought, delighted as we are with these volumes, to treat either them or our readers so unjustly, as any attempt at a summary outline of the narrative before us would deserve to be pronounced. It is not the story, or the quantity of good things in it that we wish to exhibit, but the quality of the matter; and this, it requires little labour of research, satisfactorily to offer. But before doing so, let us refer to Mr. Ainsworth's preface. In this he enters upon an able and critical inquiry regarding the life of his hero, and the authenticity of the accounts delivered concerning him; and shows that the current story of Crichton's death, at least, as to its date, that being usually held as occurring on the 5th of July, 1583, is erroneous; and for this reason, that more than a twelvemonth afterwards, the said "admirable" wrote an Epicedion on the Cardinal Borromeo, which is here printed, for the first time, and translated. After this poem, indeed, no farther literary documents have been discovered, to mark the character of Crichton's genius. But that fame has not greatly exaggerated the truth as regards his unexampled powers and accomplishments, may be fairly inferred from what our author has suggested on the subject of his intellectual efforts as found in his poems.

"It is not, however, from what remains to us of his writings—but from the effect produced upon his contemporaries (and *such* contemporaries), that we can form a just estimate of the extent of Crichton's powers. By them he was esteemed a miracle of learning—*divinum plane juvenem*; and we have an instance in our own times of a great poet and philosopher, whose published works scarcely bear out the wondrous reputation he

enjoyed for colloquial ability. The idolised friend of Aldus Manutius, of Lorenzo Massa, Giovanni Donati, and Sperone Speroni, amongst the most accomplished scholars of their age; the antagonist of the redoubted Arcangelus Mercenarius and Giacomo Mazzoni, (whose memory was so remarkable that he could recite entire books of Dante, Ariosto, Virgil, and Lucretius, and who had sounded all the depths of philosophy)—could not have been other than a very extraordinary person; and we may come to the conclusion respecting him, arrived at by Dr. Johnson, that ‘whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestable authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.’”

But to the story, which opens with a description of Paris in 1579. There seems to have been a *Young France* (for Paris is France) in those days, as well as there is, and not unresembling what there is in our own.

“Notwithstanding its shabby appearance in detail, the general effect of this scholastic rabble was striking and picturesque. The thick moustaches and clipped and pointed beards with which the lips and chins of most of them were decorated gave to their physiognomies a manly and determined air, fully borne out by their unrestrained carriage and deportment.

“To a man, almost all were armed with a tough vine-wood bludgeon, called in their language the *estoc volant*, tipped and shod with steel; a weapon fully understood by them, and rendered, by their dexterity in the use of it, formidable to their adversaries. Not a few carried at their girdles the short rapier, so celebrated in their duels and brawls, or concealed within their bosom a poniard or two-edged knife.

“The scholars of Paris have ever been a turbulent and ungovernable race; and at the period of which this narrative treats, and, indeed, long antecedently, were little better than a licensed horde of robbers, consisting of a pack of idle and wayward youth drafted from all parts of Europe, as well as from the remoter provinces of their own nation. There was little in common between the mass of students and their brethren excepting the fellowship resulting from the universal licence in which all indulged. Hence their thousand combats among themselves—combats almost invariably attended with fatal consequences—and which the heads of the university found it impossible to check.

“Their own scanty resources, eked out by what little they could derive from beggary or robbery, formed their chief subsistence; for many of them were positive mendicants, and were so denominated; and, being possessed of a sanctuary within their own quarters, to which they could at convenience retire, they submitted to the constraint of no laws, except those enforced within the jurisdiction of the university, and hesitated at no means of enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbours. Hence the frequent warfare waged between them and the monks of St. Germain de Pré, whose monastic domains adjoined their territories, and whose meadows were the constant *champ clos* of their skirmishes; according to Duluare—*presque tous jours un théâtre de tumulte, de galanterie, de combats, de duels, de débauches, et de sédition*. Hence their sanguinary conflicts with the good citizens of Paris, to whom they were wholly obnoxious, and who occasionally paid their aggressions with interest.”

There has been a disputation, in which, as we are told in every account of Crichton's life, he was often, and, at these times, always triumphantly engaged; and then comes a description of him,

"Crichton—for the reader will no doubt have surmised that he was the 'load-star of all eyes'—possessed an exterior so striking, and a manner so eminently prepossessing, that his mere appearance seemed to act like a spell on the beholders. The strongest sympathy was instantly and universally excited in his favour. Youth is ever interesting; but youth so richly graced as Crichton's could not fail to produce an extraordinary impression. At the sight of him the whole aspect of things was changed. Enthusiasm, amounting almost to devotion, usurped the place of animosity, and all vindictive feelings resulting from wounded pride, or other petty annoyances, were obliterated or forgotten. Even discomfiture wore the aspect of victory.

"But in the demeanour of the victor no external sign of self-elation was perceptible. He might not be insensible to the distinction of his achievement, but he plumed himself not upon it; or, rather, with the modesty ever inherent in true greatness, appeared to underrate his own success. His cheek was slightly flushed, and a smile of tempered satisfaction played upon his countenance as he acknowledged the stunning applauses of the concourse before him. No traces of over-exertion or excitement were visible in his features or deportment. He would seem, to judge from his composed and collected manner, to have quitted a debate in which he had taken no further part than that of an auditor. His brow was unclouded, his look serene, his step buoyant; and, as his bright eye wandered over the multitude, there was not an individual upon whom his gaze momentarily rested but felt his heart leap within his breast.

"The countenance of Crichton was one that Phidias might have portrayed, so nearly did its elevated and ennobled character of beauty approach to the ideal standard of perfection erected by the great Athenian sculptor. Chiselled like those of some ancient head of the Delphic God, the features were wrought with the utmost fineness and precision—the contour of the face was classical and harmonious—the *mens divini* breathed from every lineament—the lips were firm, full, and fraught with sensibility, yet giving token of the most dauntless resolution—the chin was proudly curved—the nose Grecian—the nostril thin and haughty as that of an undriven barb of the desert—the brow was ample and majestical, shaded by dark brown hair, disposed in thick ringlets after the manner of the antique. There was a brilliancy of colour and a sparkling freshness in Crichton's complexion, the more surprising, as the pallid hue and debilitated look of the toil-worn student might more naturally be expected in his features than the rosy bloom of health. In compliance with the fashion of the day, a slight moustache feathered his upper lip, and a short, pointed beard clothed his chin, and added to the grave manliness of his aspect."

But we must get among kings and queens, after stating that when Crichton is presented with a purse by the rector of the university for his matchless scholastic display, he throws its contents among the scholars, which leads to other incidents that we pass over, although they introduce persons who make no small figure in

the narrative. Here is Mr. Ainsworth's portraiture of that oft delineated character Catherine de Medicis.

"The position which Louise de Vaudemont should have occupied was assumed by the Queen Mother, who amply supplied whatever might be wanting in her daughter-in-law. In her hands her sons were mere puppets; they filled thrones, while she wielded their sceptres. Hers was truly what it has been described—'a soul of bronze or of iron.' Subtle, secret, Machiavelian—the Prince of the plotting Florentine was her constant study—her policy worked in the dark: none could detect her movements till they were disclosed by their results. Inheriting many of the nobler qualities of the Medicis, her hatred was implacable as that of the Borgias; and, like that dread race, her schemes were not suffered to be restrained by any ties of affinity. Rumour attributed to her agency the mysterious removal of her two elder sons from the path of the third, who was unquestionably her favourite; and she was afterwards accused of being accessory to the sudden death of another, the Duke D'Alençon, who perished at Chateau-Thierry, from smelling a bouquet of poisoned flowers.

"The court of Catherine de Medicis, in effect that of her son, numbered three hundred of the loveliest and most illustrious damsels of the land.

"Surrounded by this fair phalanx, Catherine felt herself irresistible. As in the case of the unfortunate Demoiselle de Limeuil, she only punished their indiscretions when concealment was impossible. An accurate judge of human nature, she knew that the most inflexible bosom was no proof against female blandishment, and armed with this '*petite bande des dames de la cour*,' as they were called, she made use of their agency to counteract the plans of her enemies, and by their unsuspected influence, which extended over all the court, became acquainted with the most guarded secrets of all parties. The profound dissimulation which enveloped her conduct has left the character of Catherine a problem which the historian would in vain attempt to solve; and equally futile would be his endeavours to trace to their hidden sources the springs of all her actions. Blindly superstitious, bigoted, yet sceptical, and, if her enemies are at all to be believed, addicted to the idolatrous worship of false gods; proud, yet never guilty of meanness; a fond wife—an Italian woman, yet exhibiting no jealousy of an inconstant husband; a tender mother, yet accused of sacrificing three of her sons to her ambitious views: a rigid observer of etiquette, yet not unfrequently overlooking its neglect; fiery and vindictive, yet never roused to betray her emotions by any gesture of impatience, but veiling her indignation under a mask of calmness, her supposititious character and actions were a perpetual contradiction to each other.

* * * * *

"Catherine's, however, was a genius of a high order. No portion of her time was left unoccupied. She was a lover of letters, and of men of letters—

Pour ne dégénérer de ses premiers ayeux
Soigneuse a fait chercher les livres les plus vieux
Hebreux, Grecs, et Latins, traduits et à traduire—

a cultivator of the arts, and the most perfect horsewoman of her time. To her the ladies are indebted for the introduction of the pommel in the saddle (female equitation being, up to that period, conducted *à la planchette*); a mode which, according to Brantôme, she introduced for the better display of her unequalled symmetry of person.

"If Catherine was a paradox, not less so was her son, Henri III., whose youth held forth a brilliant promise not destined to be realised in his riper years. The victor of Jarnac and Moncontour—the envy of the warlike youth of his time—the idol of those whose swords had been fleshed in many battles—the chosen monarch of Poland—a well-judging statesman—a fluent and felicitous orator, endowed with courage, natural grace, a fine person, universally accomplished in all the exercises of the tilting-yard, the manège, and the hall-of-arms—this chivalrous and courageous prince, as soon as he ascended the throne of France, sank into a voluptuous lethargy, from which, except upon extraordinary occasions, he was never afterwards aroused; his powers of mind—his resolution—his courage, moral and physical, faded beneath the enervating life of sensuality in which he indulged."

Now for a highly-finished picture of the exterior of Henri III.

"One amongst their number was treated with marked deference and respect by the others; and it would appear that it was for his amusement that all these witticisms were uttered, as, whenever a successful *hit* was made, he bestowed upon it his applause. He was a man of middle height, slender figure, and had a slight stoop in the shoulders. His countenance was charged with an undefinable but sinister expression, something between a sneer and a smile. His features were not handsome, the nose being heavy and clubbed, and the lips coarse and thick; but his complexion was remarkable for its delicacy and freshness of tint; neither were his eyes deficient in lustre, though their glances were shifting, suspicious, and equivocal. He wore short moustaches curled upwards from the lips, and a beard *à la royale* tufted his chin. From either ear depended long pearl drops, adding to his effeminate appearance; while, in lieu of plumes, his black toquet, placed upon the summit of his head, and so adjusted as not to disturb the arrangement of his well-curled hair, was adorned with a brilliant aigrette of many-coloured gems. Around his neck he wore a superb necklace of pearls, together with a chain of medallions intermingled with ciphers, from which was suspended the lesser order of the Saint-Esprit, radiant with diamonds of inestimable value. In fact, the jewels flaming from his belt, the buckles, and the various fastenings of his magnificent attire, were almost beyond computation. On the one hand, this girdle sustained a pouch filled with small silver flacons of perfume, together with a sword with rich hilt and velvet scabbard; and on the other, a chaplet of death's heads, which, ever mindful of a vow to that effect, he constantly carried about his person, and which indicated the strange mixture of religion or hypocrisy, that, together with depravity, went to the composition of the wearer's character. Adorned with the grand order of the Saint-Esprit, and edged with silver lace, his chestnut coloured velvet mantle, cut in the extremity of the mode, was a full inch shorter than that of his companions. His ruff was of ampler circumference, and enjoyed the happiest and most becoming *don*

de la rotonde. Fitting as close to the figure as loops and buttons could make it, his exquisitely worked and slashed pourpoint sat to a miracle; nor less studied was the appointment of the balloon-like *hauts de chausses*, swelling over his reins, and which, together with the doublet, were of yellow satin.

"Far be it from us to attempt to portray the exuberant splendour of his sleeve; the nice investiture of the graceful limb, with the hose of purple silk, or the sharp point of the satin shoe. No part of his attire was left unstudied; and the *élégant* of the nineteenth century may aspire in vain to emulate the finished decorative taste of the royal exquisite of the sixteenth."

By this time, we think, that our readers must find that he who can thus boldly and freely introduce his actors, and the figure of the times, will have no difficulty in rising with the dramatic development of his subject. But we ought not to be so ungallant as to leave our fair readers without a sample of his female figures and of his millinery; and therefore we first of all offer his Marguerite de Valois.

"Marguerite's eyes—the eyes of a lovely woman are what we always look at first—were large and dark, liquid, impassioned, voluptuous, with the fire of France and the tenderness of Italy in their beams. An ancho-rite could scarce have resisted their witchery. And then her features! How shall we give you a notion of their fascination? It was not their majesty—yet they were majestic as those of her mother—(grace, in fact, is more majestic than majesty's self, and Marguerite was eminently graceful)—it was not their regularity, yet they were regular as the severest judgment might exact—it was not their tint, though Marguerite's skin was dazzlingly fair; but it was that expression which resides not in form, but which, emanating from the soul, imparts, like the sun to the landscape, light, life, and loveliness. This it was that constituted the charm of Marguerite's features.

"The Queen of Navarre's figure was full and faultless; or, if it had a fault (*which, however, would have been none with us*), it might be deemed, by those who think *embonpoint* incompatible with beauty, a little too redundant. But, then, if you complained of the Hebe-like proportion of her swelling shoulders, surely the slender waist from which those shoulders sprang would content you. The cestus of Venus would have spanned that waist—and *did* span it, for aught we know: Marguerite's fascination, indeed, would almost warrant such a conclusion. Her throat was rounded, and whiter than drifted snow: 'Jamas n'en fut venue,' says her historian 'une si belle, ny si blanche, si pleine, ny si charnue.' Her hands—the true Medicis hand—(Ronsard did well to liken them to the fingers of the young Aurora—rose-dyed, dew-steeped)—were the snowiest and smallest ever beheld; and we need scarcely inform the discriminating reader what sort of feet are sure to accompany such hands—nor of what sort of beauties such tiny feet give unerring evidence. Marguerite's feet, therefore, we need scarcely say, were those of a fairy, and the ankles that sustained them fine and fairy-like as the feet.

"Of her attire, which was gorgeous as her beauty, we dare scarcely

hazard a description—we shrink beneath the perilous weight of its magnificence. Briliants flamed like stars, thick set amidst her dusky tresses. Besprent with pearls, her stomacher resembled a silvery coat of mail. Cloth of gold constituted her dress, the fashion of which was peculiar to herself; for it was remarked of her that she never appeared in the same garb twice, and that the costume in which she was seen the last was that in which she appeared to the greatest advantage. Be this as it may, upon the present occasion she had studied to please; and she who pleased without study, could scarce fail to charm when it was her aim to do so. Around her fair throat hung a necklace of cameos; while in one hand, *minnonnement engantelé*, as Rabelais hath it, she held a kerchief fringed with golden lace, and in the other a fan of no inconsiderable power of expansion."

Nothing in our estimation tries the taste and powers of a novelist so perfectly as female beauty. Mr. Ainsworth has certainly acquitted himself well in the instance last cited, but we can afford a farther test of his talent in this respect. If it were necessary to the appreciation of the elegance and freedom of his delineations, we might inform our readers that Marguerite has fallen desperately in love with the "Admirable," while he is no less enamoured of Lady Esclairmonde, who must now appear. But our disjointed extracts require little or no prefacing.

"Alas! how inadequate are mere *words* to convey a notion of the beauty we would wish to portray. The creation of the poet's fancy fades in the evanescent colouring he is compelled to employ. The pen cannot trace what the pencil is enabled so vividly to depict: it cannot accurately define the exquisite contour of the face, neither can it supply the breathing hues of the cheek—the kindling lustre of the eye—the dewy gloss of the lip—or the sheen of the hair—be it black as the raven's wing, or glowing as a sunbeam, or fleecy as a summer cloud. The imagination alone can furnish these details; and to the reader's imagination we would gladly intrust the portraiture of Esclairmonde, venturing, however, to offer a few further hints for his guidance.

"Imagine, then, features moulded in the most harmonious form of beauty, and chiselled with a taste, at once softened and severe. The eyes are of a dark, deep blue, swimming with a chastened tenderness. An inexpressible charm reigns about the lips; and a slight dimple, in which a thousand Cupids might bask, softly indents the smooth and rounded chin. Raised from the brow, so as completely to display its snowy expanse, the rich auburn hair is gathered in plaits at the top of the head—crisped with light curls at the sides—ornamented with a string of pearls, and secured at the back with a knot of ribands; a style of head-dress introduced by the unfortunate Mary Stuart, from whom it derived its name, and then universally adopted in the French court. The swan-like throat is encircled by a flat collar of starched muslin, edged with pointed lace. Rich purple velvet of Florence constitutes the material of the dress—the long and sharp boddice of which attracted Henri's attention to the slender shape and distinctly-defined bosom of the lovely demoiselle."

Unfortunately the voluptuous Henri is resolved to make this

angel his own, and the plot necessarily thickens. But without attempting to unravel its intricacies and sustained interest, we shall give one or two passages where action and dialogue, as well as description, have a place. Catherine de Medicis is for certain causes determined on having the life of "Crichton" sacrificed, and Marguerite, whose jealous rage against him has been unbounded, is chosen for this murderous office; from which, however, her deep-rooted affection would fain recoil. But Catherine declares it must be as she has determined. At a banquet, Crichton has just sung a song, and by his consummate tact having previously become aware of the plot laid for his life, alludes to the poisoning of an Othman prince by Borgia, when he is thus addressed:—

"Must now, perforce, pledge us, mon Ecossois, or we shall think you hold our feasts in the same horror as those of Borgia. A cup of Cyprus! You will not refuse us?"

"He will not refuse *me*," said Marguerite de Valois. "Give me a goblet, Loisel."

"A page approached with a flagon of gold.

"Fill for me," said the queen.

"And the wine was poured out.

"To our re-union," whispered she, drinking. "La forza d'amore non riguarda al delitto."

"I pledge you, madame," answered Crichton, raising the goblet.

"Marguerite's eyes were fixed upon him, All trace of colour had deserted her cheeks.

"How is this?" exclaimed Crichton, laying down the goblet untasted. "Poison!—Do Borgia's drugs find entrance here?"

"Poison!" echoed all, rising in astonishment and dismay.

"Ay—poison!" reiterated Crichton. "See the ruddy bezoar in this ring has become pale as opal. This wine is poisoned."

"I have drunk of it," said Marguerite, with a withering look. "Your own faint heart misgives you."

"Some poisons have their antidotes, madame," observed Crichton, sternly. "The knife of Parysades was anointed on one side only."

"Bring Venetian glass," cried Henri; "that will remove or confirm your suspicions. Sangdiu! Chevalier Crichton, if this interruption be groundless, you shall bitterly repent it."

"Give me the Venice glass," said Crichton; "I will abide the issue."

"A glass was brought, bell-shaped—light—clear as crystal. Crichton took it, and poured within it the contents of his own goblet.

"For a second no change was observed. The wine then suddenly hissed and foamed. The glass shattered into a thousand pieces.

"All eyes were now turned on the Queen of Navarre. She had fainted.

"Let her be cared for," said Henri, affecting indifference; "Miron must attend her. He will understand—" and the king whispered a few words to Du Halde. "Fair dames, and you, messeigneurs," added he to the guests, who looked on aghast, "this incident must not interrupt our revel. Samson, we appoint thee our taster. Wine—wine!"

We now present a more homely but not less effective sketch than

any of the preceding, that another celebrated name may be forthcoming.

"On the day succeeding the events we have related, and about two hours before noon, the interior of the Falcon (a small but greatly frequented cabaret in the Rue Pelican, to which we have before alluded, and which was famed alike for the excellence of its wines and the charms of its hostess) presented a scene of much bustle and animation. The tables were covered with viands; the benches with guests: the former consisting of every variety of refecton, liquid and solid, proper to a substantial Parisian breakfast of the sixteenth century, from the well-smoked ham of Bayonne, and savoury sausage of Bologna, to the mild *potage de levrier*, and unctuous *soupe de prime*; the latter exhibiting every shade of character, from the roystering student (your scholars have always been great tavern hunters) and sottish clerk of the Baosche to the buff-jerkined musqueteer and strapping sergeant of the Swiss Guard. The walls resounded with the mingled clatter of the trencher, the flagon, and the dice-box—with the shouts of laughter and vociferations of the company, and with the rapid responses of the servitors. The air reeked with the fumes of tobacco, or, as it was then called, *herbe à la Reine*, pimento, and garlic. Pots of hydromel, hippocras, and claret, served to allay the thirst which the salt meats we have mentioned (*compulsoires de beuvettes*, according to the Rabelasian synonyme) very naturally provoked; and many a deep draught was that morning drained to the health of Dame Fredegonde, the presiding divinity of the Falcon.

"When we said that the wines of Dame Fredegonde were generally approved, we merely repeated the opinion of every member of the University of Paris, whose pockets were not utterly exhausted of the necessary *métal ferruginé*—and when we averred that her charms were the universal theme of admiration, we reiterated the sentiments of every jolly lansquenet, or Gascon captain of D'Epernon's '*Quarante Cinq*,' whose pike had at any time been deposited at her threshold, or whose spurs jingled upon her hearth.

"Attracted by the report of her comeliness, half the drinking world of Paris flocked to the Falcon. It was the haunt of all lovers of good cheer, and a buxom hostess.

Ah ! comme on entrain
Boire à son cabaret.

"Some women there are who look old in their youth, and grow young again as they advance in life; and of these was Dame Fredegonde. Like her wine, she improved by keeping. At eighteen she did not appear so young, or so inviting as at eight-and-thirty. Her person might be somewhat enlarged—What of that? Many of her admirers thought her very *embonpoint* an improvement. Her sleek black tresses, gathered in a knot at the back of her head—her smooth brow, which set care and time, and their furrows at defiance—her soft dimpled chin—her dark laughing eyes—and her teeth, white as a casket of pearls, left nothing to be desired. You could hardly distinguish between the ring of your silver real upon her board and the laughter with which she received it. She might have sat to

Béranger for his portrait of Madame Crégoire, so well do his racy lines describe her :—

‘ Je crois voir encor
Son gros rire aller jusqu’ aux larmes,
Et sous sa croix d’or
L’ampleur de ses pudiques charmes.’

“To sum up her perfections in a word—she was a widow. As Dame Fredegonde, notwithstanding her plumpness, had a very small waist, and particularly neat ankles she wore an extremely tight boddice, and an extremely short vertugardin; and as she was more than suspected of favouring the persecuted Huguenot party, she endeavoured to remove the impression by wearing at her girdle a long rosary of beads, terminated by the white double cross of the League.

“Among her guests, upon the morning in question, Dame Fredegonde numbered the Sorbonist, the Bernardin, the disciples of Harcourt and Montaign, and one or two more of the brawling and disputatious fraternity, whose companionship we have for some time abandoned. These students were regaling themselves upon a Gargantuan gammon of ham and a flask of malvoisie. At some distance from this party sat Blount, together with his faithful attendant Druid, who, with his enormous paws placed upon his master’s knees, and his nose familiarly thrust upon the board, received no small portion of the huge chine of beef destined for the Englishman’s repast. Next to Blount appeared Ogilvy, and next to the Scot, but as far removed from his propinquity as the limits of the bench would permit, sat a youth whose features were concealed from view by a broad hat, and who seemed, from his general restlessness and impatience of manner, to be ill at ease in the society in which accident, rather than his own free choice, must have thrown him.

“We shall pass over the remainder of the company, and come at once to a man-at-arms of very prepossessing exterior, who had established himself in close juxta-position with our buxom hostess, with whom he seemed to be upon terms of sufficiently good understanding. There was nothing very remarkable in the costume of this hero. He had a stout buff jerkin, a coarse brown serge cloak, a pointed felt hat with a single green feather, a long estoc by his side, and great spurs in his yellow boots. But there was an ease and grace in his deportment, a fire in his eye, and a tone in his voice that seemed scarcely to belong to the mere common soldier, whose garb he wore. His limbs were well-proportioned—his figure was tall and manly—his complexion ruddy and sunburnt—his bearing easy and unrestrained, and his look of one more accustomed to command than to serve. He had immense moustaches—a pointed beard—a large nose slightly hooked, and eyes of a very amorous expression; and, taken altogether, he had the air of a person born for conquest, whether of the fair sex or of kingdoms. His way of making love was of that hearty, straightforward kind which seems to carry all before it. Assured of success, he was, as a matter of course, assuredly successful. Dame Fredegonde found him perfectly irresistible. Her last lover, the strapping Swiss sergeant, who saw himself thus suddenly supplanted, was half frantic with jealousy, and twisting his fingers in the long black beard that descended to his belt,

appeared to meditate with his falchion the destruction of his fortunate rival."

And who is this but another royal rival of Crichton, Henri of Navarre? Who sings at the request of the scholars the following song:—

" THE CHRONICLE OF GARGANTUA,

Showing how he took away the Great Bells of Notre Dame.

Grandgousier was a toper boon, as Rabelais will tell ye,
Who, once upon a time, got drunk with his old wife Gargamelly;
Right royally the bout began (no queen was more punctilious
Than Gargamelle) on chitterlings, botargos, godebillios!
Sing, Caramari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!
They licked their lips, they cut their quips—a flask then each selected;
And with good Greek, as satin sleek, their gullets they humected.
Rang stave and jest, the flask they pressed—but ere away the wine went,
Occurred most unexpectedly Queen Gargamelle's confinement!

Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!
No sooner was Gargantua born, than from his infant throttle,
Arose a most melodious cry to his nurse to bring the bottle!
Whereat Grandgousier much rejoiced—as it seemed, unto his thinking,
A certain sign of a humour fine for most immoderate drinking!

Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!
Gargantua shot up, like a tower some city looking over!
His full-moon visage in the clouds, leagues off, ye might discover!
His gracious person he arrayed—I do not mean to laugh at ye—
With a suit of clothes, and great trunk hose, of a thousand ells of taffaty!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!

Around his waist Gargantua braced a belt of silk bespangled;
And from his hat, as a platter flat, a long blue feather dangled;
And down his hip, like the mast of a ship, a rapier huge descended,
With a dagger keen, stuck his sash between, all for ornament intended!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!

So learned did Gargantua grow, that he talked like one whose turn is
For logic, with a sophist, hight Tubal Holofernes.
In Latin, too, he lessons took from a tutor old and seedy,
Who taught the '*Quid Est*' and the '*Pars*' one Joblin de Bridé!

Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!
A monstrous mare Gargantua rode—a black Numidian courser—
A beast so droll, of filly or foal, was never seen before, sir!
Great elephants looked small as ants by her side—her hoofs were cloven
Her tail was like the spire at Langes—her mane like goat-beards woven!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!

Upon this mare Gargantua rode until he came to Paris,
Which from Utopia's capital, as we all know, rather far is:
The thundering bells of Notre Dame he took from out the steeple;
And he hung them round his great mare's neck in the sight of all the people!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndly, golyndlo!

Now what Gargantua did beside, I shall pass by without notice,
 As well as the absurd harangue of that wiseacre Janotus :
 But the legend tells that the thundering bells Bragmardo brought away, sir,
 And that in the towers of Notre Dame they are swinging to this day sir !

Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !

Now the great deeds of Gargantua—how his father's foes he followed—
 How pilgrims six, with their staves and scrips, in a lettuce leaf he swallowed
 How he got blind drunk with a worthy monk, Friar Johnny of the Funnels,
 And made huge cheer, till the wine and beer flew about his camp in runnels

Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !

How he took to wife, to cheer his life, fat Badebec the moper,
 And by her begat a lusty brat, Pantagruel the toper—
 And did other things, as the story sings, too long to find a place here—
 Are they not writ, with matchless wit, by Alcofribas Nasier ?*

Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !"

Mr. Ainsworth has, perhaps, not shown his powers to greater advantage than in the translations and the lyrics with which he has strewn and gemmed these volumes. Here is a curious piece, which exhibits great readiness of fancy and command of rhythm.

" The Thirty Requisites.

" Thirty points of perfection each judge understands,
 The standard of feminine beauty demands.
 Three white :—and, without further prelude, we know
 That the skin, hands, and teeth, should be pearly as snow.
 Three black :—and our standard departure forbids
 From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-fringed lids.
 Three red :—and the lover of someliness seeks
 For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.
 Three long :—and of this you, no doubt, are aware ?
 Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.
 Three short :—and herein nicest beauty appears—
 Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.
 Three large :—and remember, this rule, as to size,
 Embraces the shoulder, the forehead, the eyes.
 Three narrow :—a maxim to every man's taste—
 Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.
 Three round :—and in this I see infinite charms—
 Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.
 Three fine :—and can aught the enchantment eclipse,
 Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips ?
 Three small :—and my thirty essentials are told—
 Small head, nose, and bosom compact in its mould.
 Now, the dame who comprises attractions like these,
 Will need not the cestus of Venus to please :
 While he who has met with a union so rare,
 Has had better luck than has fallen to my share."

* " The anagram of François Rabelais."

The action and the excitement of the story gather importance and more densely crowd every page as we proceed in the third volume. Our last extract affords a considerable portion of one scene, in which a dialogue is sustained that cannot, perhaps, be surpassed in point of absorbing interest and dramatic power, in the whole range of English fiction. Catherine discloses to the Scottish cavalier her purpose of elevating the Duke of Anjou to the throne, and solicits his co-operation for the fulfilment of her project. He exclaims ;—

“ ‘ So soon ! ’ ‘ Ay, so soon, ’ reiterated Catherine, triumphantly, ‘ Nos-
tradamus foretold that all our sons should be kings. To-morrow his
prediction will be verified. ’ ‘ And Henri ? ’ Catherine grew pale as death,
and trembled so violently that she was compelled to lay her hand for
support upon Crichton’s armed shoulder. ‘ What of the king, your son,
madame ? ’ continued the Scot, sternly. ‘ Of all our sons, ’ exclaimed the
queen, with a look of deep agony, and, it might be, compunction,—‘ Henri
hath ever been the most dear to us. The sickly François, the rugged
Charles, found no place in our heart. But Henri, the fond, the pliant, the
winning ; Henri, ever devoted, ever deferential to our will ; Henri, the
graceful, the polished, the beautiful, whom nature intended for a king, and
for whom we have seconded nature’s intentions—he hath ever been our
favourite. ’ ‘ And you will now destroy your own work ; you will sacrifice
your favourite son. ’ ‘ Our safety requires it, ’ returned Catherine, sighing
deeply ; ‘ Henri hath of late grown wayward and capricious. He re-
fuses to follow our counsels—to acknowledge our sway. His minions have
supplanted us in his esteem. Saint-Luc, Joyeuse, and D’Epernon, rule
where we were wont to govern. The Salic law prevents the exercise of
sovereign authority in our own person. We reign through our sons : if
not through Henri, we must reign through François. ’ ‘ Weighed against
love of power, a mother’s love is nothing, ’ said Crichton. ‘ Against high
resolves it should be nothing, ’ returned Catherine ; ‘ against Fate it is
nothing. Of what avail is our tenderness for Henri ; of what avail are
our regrets for his defection ; of what avail is this hesitation to pronounce
his doom ? ’ ‘ Chevalier Crichton, ’ continued she, in a voice that froze the
Scot’s blood within his veins, ‘ he must die ! ’ There was a terrible pause,
during which each regarded the other fixedly. ‘ Horror ! ’ exclaimed
Crichton, at length recovering his speech, ‘ can a mother say this ? ’ ‘ Hear
me ! ’ cried Catherine, ‘ learn with whom thou hast to deal—learn and
tremble ! By blood, my own blood, was my power obtained ; by blood,
my own blood, must it be maintained. Henri must die. ’ ‘ By the hand that
reared him ? ’ ‘ No ! mine might falter. I will find a surer arm to deal the
blow. ’ ‘ Listen, ’ continued she, becoming perfectly calm, ‘ by midnight all
will be in readiness. Under various pretexts, and in various disguises, the
leaders of Anjou’s faction will ere that hour arrives, have been introduced
into the Louvre. Bussy D’Amboise hath his own quarrel to avenge upon
the king’s favourites. His sword hath seldom failed him. He will deal
with Joyeuse, D’Epernon, and Saint-Luc. The Duc de Nevers is ours
already. Villequier and D’O. are vane that will shift with the wind.
Henri alone remains—and he—’ ‘ Well, madame ? ’ ‘ Is reserved for

your hand.' 'For mine!' 'We have prevailed upon him to defer the grand chivalrous emprise, in which he takes part, till midnight. Amid the conflict his lance will seek yours. Couch then your sharpened spear—cry, 'Live Francois III.'—and strike! We know too well the force of your arm to doubt the fatal issue of the blow. That cry, that deadly stroke, will be the signal to Anjou, and to our party. They will respond to it. Henri's adherents will be exterminated; his crown will be his brother's.' 'From the scene of carnage you depict, madame,' said Crichton, 'my mind flies back to days gone by—to the fair month of June, 1559. Before the palace of the Tournelles, a splendid tournament is set forth to celebrate the nuptials of Elizabeth of France with Philip of Spain. A chivalrous monarch maintains the passage of arms against all comers. That monarch is your husband. That monarch is Henri II.' 'No more, no more!' 'That monarch demands a favour from his queen. Her scarf is sent him. He places it upon his corslet. He call to the Earl of Montgomery to place his lance in rest. The Earl obeys him. The combatants rush upon each other. The lance of Montgomery is broken—' 'Hold, we command you, messire!' 'But a splinter hath pierced the brain of the ill-fated king,' continued Crichton, heedless of Catherine's frown's; 'he falls, mortally wounded. You witnessed this fearful catastrophe, madame. You saw your husband hurled bleeding to the earth—and to a like fate you would now condemn your son—his son!'

The noble-minded Scot puts it to her majesty:—

"Think you I am an assassin, madame, that you propose to me a deed from which even the ruthless bravo of your native Italy would shrink aghast?"

"If we propose a deed dark and terrible, we offer a proportionate reward," returned Catherine. 'Stay!' continued she, drawing from her escarcelle a small roll of parchment, to which a broad seal was appended—'here is your appointment.'

"It bears date to-morrow."

"It will be ratified to night, monseigneur," rejoined the queen, placing the document upon a table which stood beside them. 'Behold the royal signet—behold your title as marshal of France! Your answer?'

"Is this," replied Crichton, suddenly drawing his poinard, and striking through the parchment in the exact spot where his name appeared, all trace of which it effectually obliterated."

Before exhausting her efforts to gain over the hero of the tale to her murderous plot, this intriguing woman prefers a still stronger motive than wealth or dignity of rank. She says;—

"One word more ere we part. In Henri you have a rival; he loves the Princess Esclairmonde."

"I know it, madame—"

"To night she is his, or yours—"

"His she shall never be."

"Then you consent—"

"At this moment the loud blast of a bugle was heard sounding from the further end of the tilt-yard."

“ ‘ A knightly challenge ! ’ exclaimed Crichton, listening for a repetition of the notes.

“ ‘ That challenge is from Henri of Navarre, ’ rejoined Catherine.

“ ‘ Henri of Navarre ! ’ repeated Crichton, in astonishment ; he, then, is the leader whom fate hath delivered into your hands. ’

“ ‘ He is ’ replied Catherine ; but we waste time—your answer ? ’

“ ‘ Shall be given after the jousts. ’ ”

We are sure that though we were to exhaust the whole vocabulary of eulogistic language, a stronger or happier recommendation could not be composed in behalf of this novel, than the dialogue from which these passages are taken. The whole work, however, deserves careful study, were it for nothing else than the successful manner in which the author has fathomed and developed the character of Catherine, dramatised the passions, the pleasure, and the hate that distinguished the court of Henri III., and painted the complexion of the times, when chivalry though about to expire, presented many of its most picturesque features. It was the period when every thing that confers on life its chief blessings and most enduring embellishments—such as learning, commerce, science, and freedom of thought—was about to elevate the nations of Europe ; so that, whether we consider the era, the scene, or the actors in the story, Mr. Ainsworth has been remarkably felicitous in his choice and execution. We shall soon have it turned to good account for our theatres.

ART. VII.—*A Narrative of the Sufferings and Detention among the Ice of the Crews of Two Vessels employed in the Whale Fishery.*
Hull. 1836.

THE numerous disasters that has of late befallen our commerce with the northern regions, appears to have excited in the public mind, an anxiety to be better acquainted with the business that draws so many of our countrymen to encounter the perils of an arctic climate. In the northern portions of the globe, when the season for the whale fishery returns, an interest is manifested in the enterprise, as though existence itself depended on the issue. At this we need not wonder. The flesh of this monster, which resembles coarse beef, is a necessary article of food. It affords a thin transparent substance, which answers the purpose of window glass, and the sinews, when properly separated, are used for thread. The common bones are employed in building the hut, the whale-bone in finishing canoes and rude instruments, and the remainder is no despicable material for fuel. Besides, train oil and oleaginous matter of all kinds, are more grateful to the taste of the natives of these regions, than the choicest delicacies to a refined people. The reindeer is no greater blessing to the Laplander—nor does the palm supply to the native of the tropical clime, a greater variety or

his comfort and support, than does the whale to these northern tribes. When, after being immured in the depths of winter for nine or ten months in the year, they at length emerge from the tombs of the living, the utmost activity is often displayed in preparation for a fishing voyage; and when all is ready, mothers and children, and old men, gather on the shore at the parting. When the seamen return, after an interval of many days, laden with the fruits of their successful but desperate exertion, transport is visible in the actions and visages of all, no less heartfelt and expressive, than that which was demonstrated by the bells of Lerwick, when Parry returned in safety from one of his perilous but brilliant voyages.

The Biscayans appear to have been the first Europeans, who systematically and extensively pursued the whale fishery. The Northmen, who, after a long career of ravage and plunder, at length settled along the western shores of Europe, are said to have introduced it. The same descriptions of whale gear and instruments are now used, that were employed by the Biscayans in the fifteenth century, and the same methods of capture are practised. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, they became bold and adventurous, and straying as far as the coast of Iceland, they found there a Norwegian colony, disposed to unite in their enterprises. Their fleet soon numbered fifty or sixty sail of vessels.

Before the enthusiasm first roused by the brilliant successes of Columbus had subsided, the Dutch and English made many most calamitous attempts to reach the Indies by a north-east passage. In penetrating those icy regions, they met with vast numbers of whales—undisturbed for centuries in their peculiar and exclusive seas, tame, sluggish, and disposed to yield as ready captives to the intruder. The navigators determined to unite profit with adventure, and although they might fail in obtaining, by their imagined passage, the spices of India, to bring home at least in their vessels the products of the bear, the walrus, the seal, and the whale. From being only the incidental, these soon became the principal objects of these hazardous voyages, and the high hopes of men, panting for the lofty names of discoverers, were merged in the arduous toils of catching whales for profit.

The subject does not seem to have assumed any great commercial importance, till the seventeenth century. The first voyage, made for the sole purpose of whale fishing by the English, was about the year 1610. An Amsterdam and a London company soon sent out numerous fleets to Spitzbergen. Other nations of Europe commenced also at the same time. As each nation claimed the right to the whale grounds, frequent contests for sole possession rendered the voyages profitless and disastrous. The ships went out in small squadrons, and had all the necessary naval preparations for plunder or defence. The English especially assumed quite a piratical

character, and relied more upon the plunder of the interlopers, as they called the rest, than on their own honest and watchful exertions. After many years of silly and obstinate contention, an arrangement was made, by which the most eligible seas along the coast of Spitzbergen were divided among the English, Dutch, Hamburgers, French, and Spaniards.

Subsequently to this division, the English Muscovy Company pursued the business successfully for a few years; but after a time their fleets gradually disappeared, and they finally deserted the northern oceans. A spell seems to have been cast upon all their operations; for while they were unfortunate year after year successively, the economical and calculating Dutch were annually rewarded with rich cargoes. They were obliged to renounce the business to these formidable rivals, who carried it forward with the same vigour and perseverance which they had displayed in all other commercial enterprises. At first, on their portion of the shores, the Dutch found the whales inert, passive, and abundant. They formed a summer colony on the shore, for the purpose of extracting and preparing the oil from the blubber which the vessels brought in. Here, on the snowy waste, the little village of Smeerenberg relieved the dull monotony of death. A sight unseen before, the curling of smoke and the ringing of bells announced that man had taken possession, where nature had seemed to threaten a total extinction of animal existence. During the whole of the seventeenth century, the business gradually extended, and two hundred vessels, of various kinds and sizes, were frequently floating in the harbour of Smeerenberg. At length the whales became shy and intractable, and it was found necessary to push out into the open sea, and there engage in the fearful encounter. As they advanced into the open ocean, the scene of their toil became nearly as distant from their colony as from home, and they at length deemed it expedient to relinquish the intermediate station, and return with their cargoes directly to Holland. Not a vestige of this village is now to be seen.

It would be tedious and uninteresting, to follow in slow detail, the fluctuations of this precarious business. Suffice it to say, that for more than a hundred years, the English hardly maintained a whale ship, while the Dutch and Hamburgers annually, down to 1778, were employing a fleet of more than 200 vessels. During a part of the intermediate time, they employed as many as 300 vessels, and 18,000 men. The pride of our government was at length aroused, and stimulated by high bounties and high hopes, the English again became competitors. The attempts, under the name of the Greenland Company and the South Sea Company, had proved abortive and ruinous. Between 1732 and 1749, the bounty had risen to 40*s.* per ton, at which it remained permanent for the remainder of the century. This was a new era in British

fishery. Up to 1758, the average number of British whalers frequenting Greenland and Davis's Straits was about sixty. During the four following years it received an unprecedented increase, for in 1788, 253 vessels were employed. The whale fleets of Holland were swallowed in the tremendous vortex of the French revolution, leaving England to maintain more vessels in the Greenland seas than all the other nations of Europe besides. It should be observed, that previously to this time, nearly all the maritime states of Europe had been at different periods engaged in the business, to a greater or less extent.

The trade was at first prosecuted from the metropolis, but more eligible ports having been selected, from time to time, we find the whale squadrons now chiefly sailing from Hull and Whitby, in England, and Peterhead, Aberdeen, Dundee and Leith, in Scotland. The active and eager pursuit has driven the monsters from their old haunts, across the Atlantic. Vigilantly pursued among the Greenland channels, they have taken refuge in Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, and these are now the exclusive fields of the Greenland Fishery. In this fishery, for the eight years previous to 1818, one hundred and thirty ships were employed, but the fleet is now diminished to about ninety.

In following the history of this perilous and desperate mode of hardy industry, our attention is so enchained by dangers, storms, and misery endured, as well as by the exhibition of the grandest spectacles with which nature gratifies the vision of man, that our curiosity is hardly aroused to a consideration of it as a source of national wealth. Here let us pause, to consider for a moment the perils of cold, of famine, of tempest, and shipwreck, that are incident to these exhibitions. We must recollect, that the cruise is generally beyond the 70th parallel of latitude. Exposed as these hardy mariners are to cold and danger and every imaginable hardship, success seems no flattering incentive. Obligated to sail among islands and mountains of ice, it requires all their watchfulness and dexterity to elude the besetting dangers. The masts and shrouds are often glazed with ice—their cables of hemp or iron are snapped asunder like pipe stems, and benumbed as they must continually be, they thus navigate the ocean for months. We can imagine the common dangers that beset them; but who can picture their situation, when darkness makes the storm more awful, and their emotions more intense? The ship rises upon a mountain wave, and plunges into a chasm, perhaps to strike upon a mass of ice. After a disruption of those immense icy fields, which cover the arctic regions, it requires all the seamen's skill to thread the passages. Sometimes, detained late in the season, they get imbedded in the shoals of ice, and have been thus compelled to endure the long northern winter. They perhaps drift onward far towards the pole. The days gradually shorten, the sun makes a short segment above

the horizon, finally a small portion of his disk appears, and the next day he is gone, to leave the world "orbless, treeless, lifeless" Without any of those comforts, those furnaces, and preparations for mental excitement, which made the winterings of Ross and Parry more tolerable, they have patiently waited, month after month, till the breaking up of the following season. Perhaps they go out for game, and one of the crew finds himself in the embrace of a huge bear, and the mangled corpse only of a comrade is rescued after a desperate engagement, rendered more fierce, as the bear is more raging and ravenous from a month of fasting.

Sometimes, vessel after vessel has been dashed to atoms, and the few remnants of many crews that have gone down to the fathomless abysses are obliged to crowd into a single ship, already perhaps short of provisions, or into a few small boats, and push for a northern shore. And what awaits them there? If too late to reach the ship, or the settlement of more civilized man, divided among a savage tribe, they may possibly survive till spring in filthy huts, where the condensed moisture falls in flakes of snow, upon the admission of cold by an aperture. Happily they often experience a hospitality, among those rude people, which they have looked for in vain among a more cultivated race. If not so fortunate as to land where they see the vestiges of man, they must erect as competent a hovel as their slender means will admit, and make use of every expedient to sustain the vital energies. Sometimes they survive and are rescued; and the almost incredible tale is told of four Russian sailors, who were preserved through six of these dreary winters, three of whom finally returned to their homes. Some of them are taken off, but how many perish in convulsions, before the extremity of cold is set in! How many fall a prey to the famished wolf! How many suffer miseries untold, because unseen! These are not the suggestions of fancy. The Dutch endeavoured, in the early days of the fishery, to establish a settlement on one of these bleak coasts, if practicable. They left several men to try the experiment of wintering. In the following summer a boat landed on the coast, and found the hut strongly closed. They forced it open. It was a tomb. All had perished—four men were found frozen, and on the last page of their journal was written, "We are all four stretched on our beds, and are still alive, and would eat willingly, if any one of us were able to rise and light a fire. We implore the Almighty, with folded hands, to deliver us from this life, which it is impossible for us to prolong without food, or any thing to warm our frozen limbs. None of us can help the other—each must support their own misery." We can only realize the extremity of their situation by recurring to a horrible description of the poet.

"They lifted up their eyes, and then beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked and died.

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend."

We have testimony enough that such calamities have befallen our fellow-creatures in these regions. Many must have suffered and perished, whose sufferings and end there were no survivors to relate. It is but just to say, however, that for the period of a century, previous to 1778, the number of ships, entirely lost, did not amount to four in a hundred. The fishing was mostly pursued in the Greenland seas; and pursued with more certainty and safety, than it has been since the whalers have ventured into the depths of Baffin's Bay. Every autumn, the papers teem again with accounts of remarkable casualties and distresses. For the three seasons previous to the present, one fifth of the fleet have never returned. When we look back upon the whole history of the fishery, and reflect upon the thousands that have been swallowed up once, and for ever, how strictly and peculiarly applicable is the language of Irving! "They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion—like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers have been offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento remains for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more."

The icebergs are causes of great peril to the Greenland whalers. They are congelations of fresh water. It is supposed, that as the water pours down from the hills along the coasts, it is frozen in some hollow, and the base of the iceberg first formed. Successive years raise it. The snows fall and melt, and are frozen on the summit. It rises higher and higher for the greater part of a century, till it emulates in height the tops of the surrounding mountains. Its base, gradually encroaching upon the ocean, is undermined by the current and dashing of the waves. At last it falls with a stupendous plunge into the abyss, and floats triumphantly on the bosom of the Atlantic, till it melts and dissolves away in a milder latitude, after floating for months, a terror to the unhappy mariner who crosses its path. They often rise three hundred feet above the surface; and since experiment shows that only about one seventh of these masses is out of water, some of them must penetrate two thousand feet below. Several whalers are frequently moored at once under the protection of one of these mountains: it is necessary, however, to keep at a respectful distance, for large pieces are frequently detached,

and dart upwards with great force. Sometimes the lower portion is dissolved by the warmer temperature of the water, and the mammoth, as if disposed to enjoy his repose more voluptuously, turns slowly and heavily over. Floating on the ocean, no resistance, short of the adamantine shores with which they are familiar, can oppose them. Instances are not unknown of two of these mighty masses coming together with a tremendous crash, and shivering to a thousand atoms the rude bark of the mariner.

The more common kind of drifting field-ice is congealed from ocean water, and is rendered stronger and thicker by the addition of snows and rains. Broken to fragments by storms, the pieces are frequently driven together and piled one upon another. Strong as the most intense cold can rivet and connect it, the iceberg rolls along with apparently no resistance; and dismal is the fate of that crew whose vessel, as if bound by iron in the ice, perceives one of these bearing down and threatening certain destruction.

The fogs and dense atmosphere in these regions make the refracting power so great, that the sun always appears above the horizon long before his due time of return. The moisture, frozen in little *spiculae* as it falls, reflects a thousand ever-varying tints, and exhibits a brilliancy unknown to those who live in a milder zone. Here also is seen the unaccustomed optical illusion, *the mirage*—a vessel often appearing with her masts downward, and her hull upturned and high raised in air. The *aurora borealis* is seen also with a splendour, which the richest fancy can hardly depict. It flashes over the expanse, till the whole heavens are resplendent with a blaze of light. The bright clouds, wafted hither and thither by every change of the fitful breeze, are said to resemble the evolutions of contending armies, and are looked upon by the rude natives with awe, as foreboding dreadful disasters.

The whale fishery was very early looked upon as an excellent nursery for seamen; and, with an eye to this object, the government made it necessary for each ship to carry a certain number of "green men and apprentices," before it could be entitled to the bounty. They encouraged it for the sake of promoting a love of adventure, to inure seamen to toil and peril, to compel them to become skilful, watchful, and hardy. Accordingly we find, that many of those heroes, who have carried the British trident triumphantly over the globe, and eclipsed the naval glories of Carthage, Venice, and Holland, were conversant with the scenes and toils of a Polar winter. The veteran who, with one arm and eye, carried consternation into the combined fleets of Europe at Trafalgar, first signalized his decision and prowess under the same arctic sky to which the British whaler was exposed. If the longest voyages, that are made over the ocean—if the navigation of every sea on the globe, serene or boisterous—if the strictest discipline and subordination of large crews, constitute a nursery for seamen, the whale fishery is above all others eminent in these requisites.

ART. VIII.

1. *Cain and Abel; or the Morning of the World. A Poem in four Parts.* By the REV. C. J. YORKE, A.M., Rector of Shenfield, Essex. London: Crofts. 1837.
2. *The Solace of Song. Short poems, suggested by Scenes visited on a Continental Tour, chiefly in Italy.* London: Seeley and Burnside. 1837.
3. *Hood's Comic Annual for 1837.* Bailey and Co.
4. *Lays of Poland.* By the Author of the "Sea-wolf." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
5. *A Voice from the Factories. In serious Verse.* London: Murray.

WE never take up any collection of the works of the British poets, without experiencing the painful reflection, that of those who in their day were considered the masters of song, and regarded as deserving of a place in the classical literature of the nation, how few are now thought of by the great majority of the readers of the comparative minority. Even of those who make use of the name of many of these neglected authors, there is, perhaps, not one in ten who is conversant with more than a few fragments of their works, as found in popular selections or short extracts, where they are used to adorn a sentiment, or, it may be, to give an air of learning to the productions of some laborious pedant! One cannot but be led to fear lest some of the most celebrated poets of the present day, or rather, belonging to our youthful years, should meet with a similar fate ere the commencement of the next century. If sterling merit be sometimes doomed to waste its virtue in obscurity, there is, on the other hand, a tendency to overlay with flattery any one who has caught the admiration of the world by some happy effort, which, however, may only be happy as regards its adaptation to a transient fashion and a false standard. Accordingly, how many of the voluminous works of Scott, Byron, Southey, &c., are to be the household poetry, so to speak, of future generations—how far these now renowned writings are hereafter to embody or be identified with the feelings of posterity, is a question that the kindness of human nature is desirous of avoiding.

Now, if all this be true, must we not regard such productions, as the *Five* that head this paper, with feelings that go a considerable way in neutralizing the pleasure which their contents may be capable of exciting? There is not one of these works which have not engaged the efforts of superior minds—a superiority, too, which exhibits an interesting theme of contemplation, were their variety alone to be regarded. But, in point of purpose and execution, there is also displayed more than enough to make an Englishman proud

of his country ; and yet, who, ten years hence, is to remember that ever such things were ?

These views are certainly disheartening ; but is there no relief from such forebodings, and would we have counselled the writers of our *List* to have refrained from the labours of which we have the present proofs ? The questions now put ought to be answered, and in a manner consolatory both to readers and the respective authors of these volumes ; for their contributions to the mental fare of the public, are not only calculated to meet a certain demand and the current consumption—but to increase and enlarge certain tastes that are worthy of culture—contributions, which, whether as ministering to amusement or instruction, will assuredly elevate the national character.

The nature of the first upon our *List* will at once be understood from its title. The poem is in blank verse ; and, from the manner, the *animus*, and the thoughts that pervade the author's efforts, they will convey both pleasure and profit. We must add, however, that there is a ruggedness in the verse, besides frequently a prosaic tameness, both in point of language and sentiment, that detracts from the pathos and loftiness which the theme should have inspired. Our extracts are taken from parts where the author has expended his utmost power, and therefore are favourable specimens. The first belongs to that portion of the poem called Scepticism, in which Cain is made to personate the Atheist, and to give intimations of his ruthless temper. The dialogue is with his father, to whom he does not certainly exhibit that filial reverence, which a well-disposed son should have cherished. Indeed, Cain's character is represented throughout the poem in most unlovely colours. He is a dark criminal from beginning to end, but, perhaps, not more repulsive than a fratricide deserves to have been pictured. At the same time, we could have desired some loftier and more intelligible motives to have been attributed to his nature, than are here bestowed. Adam thus instructs his son—

“ Last, man was made, undying, rational,
Heaven's link with earth. To his own image spoke,
Then God, how lovingly ! On the human soul
His own reflected face he saw, and blessed,
Blessed us, my son, and what before was ‘ good,’
With all a father's love called ‘ very good.’
Oh ! Cain, *my* first resemblance ! Of that hour,
When by such music quickened, from the turf
Springing I knew myself, and knew my God
Nor grief nor death the sweetness can destroy.
With me then nature found both eye and voice ;
Then all I saw and all I heard replied
Thou God art *good*, yea, thou art *very good*.”

“ Cain paused awhile, but soon a blackness swept
Tempestuously his forehead : he rejoined,

'Twas a short summer, father ; the dark breeze
Of fierce displeasure soon o'erclouded it ;
And man, poor man, above all creatures blessed,
Joy of the world, and Lord of Paradise,
Found that his elevation, through the will
Of one soon angered, never satisfied,
Was but a mock. For is not man now pressed
With pain, and labour, and the curse of God
'Neath vilest storms, that live and die in clay ?
A slight transgression his, but heaviest doom !'

"The eyes of Cain, that with no certain mark
Had strayed, while Adam spoke ; more fixed and keen
Now on the moment glistened ; and his hand
Made a slight motion the discourse to check.
Urged by a ruthless bird of prey, that clung
Between its horns, with buffets blinding it,
An agile deer had fallen from a rock,
Low in the valley. Many a ravenous bird
And smaller beast there gathered to the spoil ;
But shortly Cain saw these withdraw in fear ;
And knew by that, and by the seedy grass
That *from* the thickets bent, some lordlier foe
Approached. Nor long ; creeping with velvet foot,
A tiger, like a sling-shot, reached the prize
And o'er his brawny shoulders jerking it,
As quick and light leaped back, and disappeared.

"Cain watched the achievement with a well-pleased smile,
Then with an effort gave his ear once more ;
His sire continuing thus, 'Methinks, my son,
Of our rough world you cannot well complain ;
Such spectacles as this, on which your eyes
Have feasted, Eden never saw. You love,
It seems, to witness them ; you love the range
Of wild and wood ; you love to walk abroad
And fear no visits from that luminous cloud,
Which Eden lighted up, when God drew near.
If so, you must not murmur at our doom :
And much less I, for had our passions awayed
Jehovah, why did not the avenging bolt
Strike dead both me and Eve, within our hands
The fruit yet held ? Why, when this threatened death
We had sought out so madly, died we not ?'

" 'May be, his threat,' Cain answered, 'God forgot,
Or found what in his image once he raised
Could not be crushed and trodden into dust :
I question not he did (for if not so,
How stands it with his truth ?) all that he could.'

" 'Far, far from it was this,' rejoined his sire,
'The word stood fast, yet I in my mere self
Died not, because divine Omniscience saw
A way more glorious justice to exalt.'"—pp. 16—19.

Cain's taste for wanton cruelty is thus evidenced :—

“ When liat ! out from the branches of a tree,
His path which spanned, with quickly rustling wing
And frequent cooings flew a dove ; its plumes,
Powdered with gold, rejoiced to meet the day ;
Which borrowed, where it gave fresh brilliancy.
The leaves, it scattered, fell before his feet ;
Yet nought he heeded, till with circling flight
It nearer drew, and nestled on his breast.
It feared not man. It had been saved and nursed
When young and weak, by Eve ; the lover stern
Of rocks and cataracts, with distended beak
And eye more fierce, pursued it to her arms
Which, filled already with an infant charge,
Received and fensed the trembling fugitive.
True to the impulse, by that kind act given,
It ever loved the human face, untaught
As yet what in the human heart lay hid
Of dark, perfidious, volcanic ill.
Oft had it lighted upon Abel's hand,
Stripping with gladsome aim the russet ear
Of corn he held ; while he would Rizpah call
To mark the dance of lustres from its neck ;
Divers, yet in its place each adding charms,
Like all the rainbow graces formed of love.
And thus it trusted Cain, and its smooth beak
Applied with gentle billings to his lip,
E'en like a child, for so it had been wont.
But Cain's was not the hour for such caress :
He grasped it unsuspecting ; flared his eye ;
And while the heated blood flushed from his heart
In crimson o'er his cheek, he cried aloud,
'Thou too, fair bird, art more beloved than I ;
I'm shunned and hated, thou art sought and prized ;
But now I'll end thy summer-day of pride,
And mar at once thy preening : ' on a rock,
With strength gigantic and demoniac rage,
He dashed it ; then again, as to his feet
It feebly moaning fluttered, seized its wings,
(His whole form shaken by the tide within)
Again and dashed it down. Then motionless
It lay in its own gore : turned inwardly
Its meek eye's pupil. It was dead. He smiled,
Gazing contemptuously ; until he heard
Plainly, these words, ' Let such be Abel's doom ;
So let him die ; ' he started ; raised his head ;
But none was near : he scanned the earth and sky ;
The earth as undisturbed as Abel's face,
The sky a mirror for the Almighty's seemed.
The wild fowl with its breast bend down the flag,

Slow as before ; no creature but himself
 Had heard aught strange : he turned, and looking round
 His own unmoving shadow he perceived
 Lined on the sunburnt sward ; while from deep woods
 Bright plains, and cooling streams, came every note
 Of animal enjoyment : but who spoke ?
 He knew not ; yet with repetition full,
 ' So let him die,' pealed once more on his ear.

" Onward he went ; at first with effort faint,
 Shunning the whispers which at intervals
 Chimed heavily within him : but resist
 To purpose how could he, who would not pray ?
 The Tempter saw the advantage, and poured through
 The breach unholy fancies o'er his brain ;
 Whence of the source unheedful, so he mused :
 ' Of spirits unseen my sire will sometimes tell,
 Both bad and good ; and one supreme in guilt,
 Though subjugate in power, who, hating God,
 Seeks to efface his works, and lost himself
 To drag the world in ruin after him.
 May be, 'twas he who spoke to me but now ;
 If so, I must be on my guard from harm !
 But, how can Adam know his crime or pain ?
 If there is such an one, still why not say
 He has been mocked as I have, and asserts
 His right in justice ; that he is more weak
 Than him he copes with, argues nobleness.
 The others prate indeed that gratitude,
 Due in proportion to his heighth who gives,
 Is of God's fountain-love, from us the blessed
 Resilience of its drops ! Soft, pretty words !
 But without toil what has by me been gained ?
 I'm my own debtor. And thus Satan, too,
 May be his own ; and but strive against
 Unwarrantable claims. Should he prevail,
 Then they, who aid him, will his triumph share.' "—pp. 56—59.

" *The Solace of Song*" fills a very charming volume ; and in various respects is equal to the best of the *Annuals*. The literary matter consists of serious verse, which has chiefly been suggested by Italian scenes connected with Scripture history at the moment when the author visited them. Though that land is far fuller of classical than sacred subjects, yet the latter are considerable in point of number and extremely interesting in character, and to a pious mind, like the writer's, capable of affording not merely themes of deep religious emotion, but of becoming the subject of song. Indeed the title of the work has been very happily chosen, and not less happily illustrated. It is impossible to peruse it without entering into the spirit of devotion and the soothing characteristics of the author's hopes and joys, even when a melancholy tinge belongs to his manner. The outward garb of his feelings is suitable, displaying much ease and variety of versification as well as the proofs of a mind, and

habits of thinking that are gentle and touching rather than arousing or commanding. But while we speak thus favourably of the poetry, the Wood-cut Illustrations from Drawings by William Harvey, engraved by O. Smith, and others, deserve more particular mention, in respect of the departments to which they belong. Did our readers but behold the beauty and depth of sentiment, which the Picture called "The Solace of Song" contains, no other recommendation would be necessary to insure the purchase of the work by them. What, do they think, is the device employed for this illustration? It consists of The Cross, planted in a rugged wilderness, but whither a few pilgrims or worshippers have found their way. Then there are "Elba," "The Arch of Titus," "The Coliseum," &c. &c., that have even astonished ourselves, who are much accustomed to behold what may be done on an octavo page of paper, with nothing more than black tints and strokes.

But as we cannot transfer these lovely efforts of art to our pages, the verses must afford a specimen which cannot but speak strongly in support of our favourable opinion of the volume. The poem has for its title "S. Maria in Via Lata, Paul's Hired House;" and the motto is from the twenty-eighth chapter of "The Acts of the Apostles," where these words are found—"Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house," the author taking the tradition that this spot is the same as the dark cellar-looking rooms, under the church of S. Maria in Via Lata.

"There is a pleasure which the curious find,

When yielding to the fancy's secret spell,

Endowing stones with attributes of mind,

And voice, to murmur tidings from their shell

Of ages floating down the stream of Time—

Tales of their inert being's earliest prime.

Thus they cry out—they live to tell of war,

Of human violence the crushing arm,

Of deeds of lowering hate, and fell despair,

Of a home's blessings, love's delicious charm—

They blab, where Murder's bloody step hath trod;

Echoing the martyr's groans, for vengeance from his God.

Two ling'ring years, these rude and rough-hewn stones

The Prisoner harbour'd—so the legends say—

His inward conflicts noted, heard his moans,

The gleam reflected of each heav'n-sent ray;—

Then list their voice, they may awhile unfold

Lessons of wisdom from the days of old.

They tell of *woe*—wrought by his fretting chain,

And inward canker of unbidden sin;

Hardness of those, who dared the cross disdain,

Yet vainly hoped the proffered crown to win;

They saw him gird his armour to the fight,

And prayerful wrestling seek celestial might.

Poetry of the Month.

They tell of *labour*—noon, and night, and morn,
 Faint heart to cheer, the stubborn will subdue;
 Repelling Jewish hate and Gentile scorn;
 Pointing a Saviour to the sinner's view;
 His Master's cross they saw him meekly bear—
 A day of labour, and a night of prayer.

They tell of *comfort*—when of love the glance
 Pierced, like a sword, within the heart's recess,
 Causing the faint and sinking spirits dance
 With a quick sense of inborn happiness—
 The summer sun, that gilds a stormy sky,
 Beams not so welcome to the wand'rer's eye!

They tell of *joy*—when, 'fore the Spirit's power,
 The shattered arms of vanquished Nature lay,
 And fitful burst upon the midnight-hour
 Bright dawns of an everlasting day;
 When Jew and Gentile in the dust adored,
 By heavenly might bowed down to own Messiah Lord.

They tell of *rapture*—when a vision bright
 Beamed as his guerdon from the throne above—
 A crown of glory, and a robe of light,
 Seal'd with the cov'nant-seal of cov'nant-love;—
 When sounds of angel-harps and voices flowed
 O'er the full soul, waft from the throne of God.

Who would not linger in this silent cell,
 The hum of centuries rolling on his ear—
 With Paul in fettered loneliness to dwell,
 Joy in his smile, and sorrow in his tear;
 With him at Jesus' footstool sweetly learn,
 Lessons of heav'nly love, and feel the kindlings burn!

Who would not linger, where the Saviour came
 And went an ever-loved and frequent guest,
 As speeds the eagle, with a mother's flame,
 To guard and feed the inmates of her nest;
 And, fluttering o'er the life she holds so dear,
 Each want supplies, and soothes each throbbing fear!

Lo! thro' the gloom celestial glories stream,
 Opening a vista to th' enraptured eye,
 While these rude stones the bright reflection gleam,
 And point the gaze to yonder scenes on high,
 Where burns the throne amid the angelic seven!
 —It is the House of God—It is the Gate of Heav'n."

Now comes a very different sort of writer from either of the foregoing, but one whose genius can serve a good cause, though pleasantries and drollery be his principal weapons. Mr. Hood, in his "*Comic Annual*," furnishes a treat in poetry as well as prose; but whatever may be his theme, or his medium, his caustic wit is sure to be redundant. The "*Comic*" is also in full fashion among

its yearly compeers as regards illustrations ; for it contains some of the most expressive wood-cuts that ever were designed, which, while they must produce lots of laughter, though examined every hour in the day, have yet a moral in them or a sentiment that is not unworthy of the admiration of the grave or the meditative. Take, for example, his "Drinking Song," as sung by a member of a Temperance Society, called Mr. Spring, at Waterman's Hall.

"Come, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
 Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
 Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
 The Turncock for ever ! that opens the plugs ;
 Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket.
 Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim !
 Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
 With plenty of room for a sink or a swim !

Let Toppers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
 But let us just whisper a word to the elves
 We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
 Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves ?
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's
 The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps ;
 But water's the spring of all civilized dances,
 We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps* !
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
 Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard
 We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
 Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard !
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
 Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast ;
 'Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
 But may not the animal turn out a beast ?
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
 He saved us by water—but as for the wine,
 We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
 He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
 Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel,
 And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft ;
 But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
 And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.

Poetry of the Month.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,
 But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam ;
 Whilst temperate swains, are enabled to *brook* it
 By help of a little meandering stream.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
 Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
 Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
 There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
 Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits ;
 But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
 Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straights*,

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
 A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
 But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
 The drinker that verily 'drinks like a fish !'

Then hey for a bucket, &c."

The "Lays of Poland" are worthy of an enthusiastic advocate of freedom, and betoken abilities which none but true-born poets possess. So long as poor ill-fated Poland has friends who can write and feel like the author of these "Lays," her cause is not lost. The unpretending appearance of the work is another symptom of talent, which it is pleasant to perceive in connection with a theme so arousing, simple, and direct, as the story of a noble and gallant people, whose most sacred rights have been violated, and who cherish a quenchless patriotism worthy of a nation descended from a long and glorious line of ancestry.

These "Lays" consist of "The Last Battle," "The Hunter of the North," "The Revelry of Kings," "The Pyramid of Bayonets," "The Polish Widow," "Remona," "Constantine," and "The Home of the Eagle ;" each of which form the subject and source of poetic inspiration. As a specimen, we quote the "Pyramid of Bayonets," which our readers may remember attaches as a never-to-be-obliterated stain in the life of the Grand-Duke Constantine, and memorable anecdote in the records of cruelty and tyranny.

"THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.

Now hearken to the festive drum !
 With stately steps the warriors come,
 Stately and slow ;
 And Constantine, the prince, is there :
 Bright gleam his lances in the air,
 And wave his banners, rich and rare,
 A goodly show !

Gleaming with steel, the guards advance ;
See how their snorting chargers dance,
And paw the ground ;
The Polish lancers, the hussars,
The veterans glorying in their scars,
The heroes of the Turkish wars,
Are forming round.

Yet stay ! the drum has ceased to beat,
Hushed is the measured tramp of feet,
So loud before ;
Half Warsaw does the scene behold,
And bright with gleams of starry gold,
Each regal banner is uprolled
To wave no more.

" Form ! " cried the prince, outstretched his hand ;
Promptly they form to his command,
For slaves must bow ;
The Grand Duke fiercely grasped his sword :
He seemed to speak—the mocking word
Died on his lip—the tempest stirred
Upon his brow.

And yet more fatal than his frown,
A wing each rising murmur down,
Appeared his smile !
Then Warsaw ! wildly rose thy fears—
Lo ! fenced on either side by spears,
A pyramid of bayonets rears
Its glittering pile.

Where is the victim ? Hark ! a drum
Beats, and the populace are dumb :
A Pole draws near ;
Pacing a gallant steed beside,
With unbowed mien, and look of pride,
As, musing how his father died,
He scoffs at fear.

" Mount ! " cried the Prince, " mount, daring Pole,
Your's is a will above control,
For ill or good ;
Rebellious, headstrong, like your steed,
You both of discipline have need,
So try your charger's strength at speed,
And cool your blood ! "

And hark ! again the bugles sound,—
The warrior mounts, and takes his ground
To win his meed ;
Full on his eyes the bayonets shone,
Then thought he on his horse alone,
He could not bear to hear him moan,
And see him bleed.

O gentle horse ! O glorious creature !
 Shall man subdue thy gallant nature
 By curb or steel ?
 And plotting vengeance, shall he seek
 Thee, from thy desert, for to wreak
 His will ? O would that thou couldst *speak,*
 As well as *feel !*

But hark ! a bugle sounds,—awhile,
 Yet that young Pole with stately smile
 The danger braved ;
 He flies—he leaps—the feat is done !
 The bayonets glitter in the sun
 Untouched ! the noble horse has won,
 And both are saved !

Loud rose the shouts of joyful men ;
 And other thoughts did Warsaw then
 Than wrongs inspire ;
 The tyrant scanned each look ; his brow
 Scowled with a blacker storm ; a vow
 Wreathed his thick lips, his dark eyes glow.
 Then flash with fire.

‘ Over again ! ye cleared not well,
 As yonder streaming bayonets tell !’
 He cried, ‘ Again !’
 A Russian knelt to intercede—
 ‘ O spare at least the gallant steed,
 For he is not of Polish breed !’
 It was in vain.

Pale was the victim’s cheek, his brow
 A menace dark did half avow,
 And half conceal ;
 His hand above his head he rears,
 ‘ Freedom is found ’mid hostile spears !’
 He shouted, and again he clears
 The tower of steel.

The Grand Duke smiled, the Grand Duke bowed
 In bitter mockery, shouting loud,
 ‘ The leap ! once more !’
 Then breathed the murmurs low, but deep,
 Like waves ere tempests o’er them sweep,
 Or Ocean stir him in his sleep,
 On some wild shore.

The signal sounds—ah ! looks he pale ?
 Not thus shall he if fear prevail
 Achieve renown.
 On ! on ! again the war-horse flies,
 Though death is glittering in his eyes ;
 The bayonets clash—what mean those cries ?
 The horse is down !

Aye, he is down to rise no more,
Triumph and toil alike are o'er;
Unscathed his lord
Leap'd from his seat at one fierce bound,
Shook his clenched hand—gazed wildly round,
Then proffered, kneeling on the ground,
The Duke, his sword.

' There is rebellion in thine eyes,
Menace and guilt,' the Duke replies,
In murmurs low;
' Ha ! hurl ye thus my sword away,
My kindness thus would ye repay ?
Beware—who scorns a friend to-day
Shall find a foe.'

The bugles breathe a merry strain,
Thunders the stormy drum again,
The sport is o'er !
But where is he who braved the power
Of Russian lords ? From that same hour
Was he in camp, or field, or bower,
Seen, never more !"—pp. 26—32.

In a note to these verses the writer reminds us of the facts, that the offence of this victim of cold-blooded despotism consisted in his inability to suddenly wheel a high-spirited horse ; that, at the second leap a Russian general interceded for the offender, but in vain ; that, at the fourth leap the horse fell ; and that the rider, who arose and immediately resigned his sword to the Duke, was sent to the guard-house, and never afterwards heard of.

The last of these " Poems of the Month" is the best, whether as regards polished execution in the rhyming art, or the influence which its lessons and appeals will have on society and in behalf of the interests of humanity. The title sufficiently indicates the nature of the work, and directs the feelings at once to those defenceless and fragile members of the community, in christianized and enlightened Britain—the infant victims of the " Factories."

The writer of this poem is said to be Mrs. Norton ; and though the production would not detract from the fame of the brightest muse that England can produce, the subject and the manner in which it is treated, eminently accords with all that mankind hold most beautiful, sensitive, or adorning in woman. The most striking features of the piece, as a literary effort, is its artistic accuracy and grace ; although the whole seems to be the natural and spontaneous outpouring of a heart intensely alive to the great rights of humanity, and wrung to the core by the violations which man practises against his kind, under the sanction of legislative enactments.

The poem is judiciously dedicated to Lord Ashley ; but we predict

that it will find in the case of every reader either a strenuous friend, or an unreserved convert to the cause it pleads, who will exclaim with the writer, "I earnestly hope I shall live to see this evil abolished." We could willingly transcribe every one of these verses, and point out many exquisite beauties in them, but this may not be; for though strong and repeated attestations of the writer's finely cultured genius would thus be furnished, it is the moral purpose of the work which we chiefly regard; and this will be best exemplified by a complete picture of domestic but humble life, as seen in England.

"The happy homes of England!" they have been
A source of triumph, and a theme for song;
And surely if there be a hope serene
And beautiful, which may to earth belong,
'Tis when (shut out the world's associate throng,
And closed the busy day's fatiguing hum)
Still waited for with expectation strong,
Welcomed with joy, and overjoyed to come
The good man goes to seek the twilight rest of home.

"There sits his gentle wife, who with him knelt
Long years ago at God's pure altar-place;
Still beautiful—though all that she hath felt
Hath calmed the glory of her radiant face,
And given her brow a holier, calmer grace.
Mother of souls immortal, she doth feel
A glow from Heaven her earthly love replace;
Prayer to her lip more often now doth steal,
And meditative hope her serious eyes reveal."

We pass over some lines, that we may give a few portraits that are not more graceful than faithful, and sketched with a feeling not more earnest than touching—forming a fine conclusion to our "Poetry of the Month."

"Scattered like flowers, the rosy children play—
Or round her chair a busy crowd they press;
But at the FATHER'S coming start away,
With playful struggle for his loved caress,
And jealous of the one he first may bless.
To each, a welcoming word is fondly said;
He bends and kisses some; lifts up the less;
Admires the little cheek, so round and red,
Or smooths with tender hand the curled and shining head.

"Oh! let us pause, and gaze upon them now,
Is there not one—beloved and lovely boy?
With mirth's bright seal upon his open brow,
And sweet fond eyes, brimful of love and joy?
He, whom no measure of delight can cloy,
The daring and the darling of the set;
He who, though pleased with every passing toy,
Thoughtless and buoyant to excess, could yet
Never a gentle word or kindly deed forget?

"And one, more fragile than the rest, for whom
As for the weak bird in a crowded nest—
Are needed all the fostering care of home,
And the soft comfort of the brooding breast:

One, who hath oft the couch of sickness pressed !
On whom the mother looks, as it goes by,
With tenderness intense, and fear suppress'd,
While the soft patience of her anxious eye
Blends with 'God's will be done,'—'God grant thou mayst not die !'

"And is there not the elder of the band ?
She with the gentle smile, and smooth bright hair,
Waiting, some paces back—content to stand
Till those of Love's caresses have their share ;
Knowing how soon his fond paternal care
Shall seek his violet in her shady nook—
Patient she stands—demure, and brightly fair—
Copying the meekness of her mother's look.
And clasping in her hands her favourite story-book.

"Wake, dreamer !—Choose :—to labour life away
Which of these little precious ones shall go
(Debarred of summer light and cheerful play)
To that receptacle for dreary woe,
The Factory Mill ? Shall he, in whom the flow
Of life shines bright, whose free limbs' vigorous tread
Warns us how much of beauty that we know
Would fade, when *he* became dispirited,
And pined with sickened heart, and bowed his fainting head ?

"Or shall the little quiet one, whose voice
So rarely mingles in their sounds of glee,
Whose life can bid no living thing rejoice,
But rather is a long anxiety ;—
Shall he go forth to toil ? and keep the free
Frank boy, whose merry shouts and restless grace
Would leave all eyes that used his face to see
Wistfully gazing on that vacant space
Which makes their fireside seem a lone and dreary place ?

"Or, sparing these, send her whose simplest words
Have power to charm—whose warbled, childish song,
Fluent and clear and bird-like, strikes the chords
Of sympathy among the listening throng,
Whose spirits light, and steps that dance along,
Instinctive modesty and grace restrain :
The fair young innocent who knows no wrong—
Whose slender wrists scarce hold the silken skein
Which the glad mother winds ;—shall *she* endure this pain ?

"Away ! the thought—the *thought* alone brings tears !
THEY labour—*they* the darlings of our lives !
The flowers and sunbeams of our fleeting years ;
From whom alone our happiness derives
A lasting strength, which every shock survives ;
The green young trees beneath whose arching boughs
(When falling energy no longer strives),
Our wearied age shall find a cool repose ;—
THEY toil in torture !—No—the painful picture close."

ART. IX.—*Discourses by the Rev. John B. Patterson, A.M., Minister of Falkirk ; to which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, and Select Literary and Religious Remains.* 2 vols. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1836.

Not many months ago we had occasion to review Lord Teignmouth's "Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland ;" a work

in which, among other things, he professed to give a faithful and fuller account of the state of education, and of the social as well as the religious and moral condition of the people inhabiting these regions, than had before been made public. It was impossible, however, not to detect many proofs of ignorance and illiberality which disfigured his statements ; and also to discover his conviction to be, that unless in the ancient Universities of England, and within the pale of the English Establishment, there is no adequate provision made for superior learning, or most exemplary piety. In short, his desire and attempt were to show, that academical and ecclesiastical education, as enforced by the Presbyterian Establishment of Scotland, was miserably deficient, when compared with the same thing under Episcopacy in England ; that in the former country the teachers, whether in the school-room or in the pulpit, were comparatively incompetent men ; that their morals, their motives, and their station in society, were inferior to what prevailed in the latter country ; and that therefore corresponding standards of character, manners, and feeling existed in the sister kingdoms ;—and all this for want of Bishops of Oxford and Cambridge.

Now, we recommend it to his Lordship, if he is anxious about being correctly informed on these matters, and if conviction be not more dreadful to him than reproof, to peruse the two volumes now before us. Nay, if he, or any one who may entertain the same prejudices, take delight in what is lovely and rich in genius, graceful in refined humanity, beautiful and triumphant in classical learning—especially when adorning modest youth—and captivating in polished writing, let him make the *Life*, the *Literary*, and *Religious Remains* of the Rev. J. B. Patterson, his repeated study. Or if the records of fervent and pure devotion, of unobtrusive piety, and the memory of a minister of the Gospel, who though his sojourn on earth was brief, yet will live in the annals of theological literature, let the subject of these volumes be regarded ; and then it will be seen, that though great have been his achievements, there was that within him that promised much more.

It is a delightful occupation to trace such a career as is delineated in these volumes ; for while Mr. Patterson was an ornament to society in his own day, he was furnishing materials that will be a blessing and a treasure to posterity ; since, in one who was his companion in boyhood, and a dear friend till death severed them, he has found a competent biographer ; one, indeed, whose judgment, affection, and tastes, as disclosed in the Memoir which occupies the greatest portion of the first volume, show that the deceased had, among his earliest associates, one of a congenial spirit with his own. It is true, that in his Letters and other writings here produced, Mr. Patterson has become to a great extent his own historian. But had it not been for the anxious arrangement of these materials, and the connecting notices that accompany this sort of autobiography, it

would have been impossible for the world to understand or estimate, in any thing like an adequate manner, the rare genius and the lovely character that we now find depicted in it. The second volume consists exclusively of Ministerial Discourses, delivered in the capacity of a parish pastor. To the former we confine ourselves.

The Memoir furnishes much that is rich and striking, with regard to academical instruction, and classical and elegant literature; but more interesting still, it abounds in tokens of the method, the rapidity, and the character of development which distinguished the mental history of an extraordinary man—extraordinary, whether loveliness of disposition, variety of powers, or the conquests which these powers secured in a marvellously short space of time be considered. These are matters eminently deserving of the marked attention of other journals, than those which are of an exclusively religious character. To the latter, however, we leave the particular consideration of what, in reality, constituted the highest charm in Mr. Patterson's life—the Christian gifts that adorned and exalted the man.

J. B. Patterson was born in Alnwick, in Northumberland, on the 29th of January, 1804. His father, who was a gentleman of distinguished integrity and piety, died while his son was yet a child. His mother, who, for any thing we know, still survives, seems to have been worthy of such a husband and such a son; nor could less be predicted of her, when it is stated, that her father was the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, whose Self-interpreting Bible and many other works are known throughout the religious world, and whose life and character were truly apostolical. In 1810 Mrs. Patterson removed to Edinburgh with her family, consisting of a daughter and two sons, John being the elder. He was now placed at the classical academy of Mr. Benjamin Mackay, afterwards one of the masters of the celebrated High School of that city. Under this gentleman's tuition he remained until 1814. In the course of the following year, Mrs. Patterson took up her residence in her native town; and here her son was sent to a school, where his attention was not only directed to the Latin classics, but to French and Elementary mathematics. It was also here that the Editor of the present work became acquainted with the subject of its narrative, and formed an intimacy that never was broken but by death. The survivor of the twin-companions, so to speak, says—

"Some trivial circumstance introduced them to each other's notice, and their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy and attachment. Their intercourse, once begun, was as free and mirthful as that of boys at their age generally is. John, however, none of his early comrades can have failed to remark, was uniformly much less volatile than most of his companions, and exhibited fewer of the caprices of boyhood. His pastimes were usually of 'such mirth as after no repenting draws.' In rastic excursions his sedateness sometimes gave way to a considerable

extent; but he never joined in any of those little acts of wanton mischief that boys will occasionally perpetrate in the mere exuberance of animal spirits. He was soon distinguished at school as the leading scholar; but he was so amiable and gentle, and bore his honours so meekly, that his attainments and the partiality shown towards him provoked no envy among his class-fellows. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to look back upon these days with 'the eyes of youth,' and to see them arrayed still in the soft and many-coloured hues of boyhood, without falsifying some of one's remembrances of their scenes and actors, their sports and affections; yet the author of these pages is sure that he practises very little deception, either upon himself or others, in describing the juvenile character and habits of his departed friend as altogether lovely and graceful. Many of John's earliest companions—probably all of them without one exception—will join in affirming, that to see him was to admire him, to know him was to love him. None admired him more than he whose hand traces these words; but his love for the gifted and amiable boy—as afterwards for the fully accomplished man—was still greater than his admiration of him. It was not so much the rich gifts and lofty tenor of his mind, as the gentleness of his temper, and the uniform modesty of his demeanour, that attached his acquaintances to him. This mixture of liking and esteem—attachment and admiration—but uniform preponderance of the affectionate, in their feelings towards him, will be acknowledged by all his intimate friends."—vol. i, pp. 10, 11.

In the summer of 1818, Mrs Patterson and family returned to Edinburgh; and towards the close of that year John entered the rector's class in the High School, then under the charge of Mr. Pillans, and for many years past the not uncelebrated professor of humanity in the University. To this eminent teacher the rising scholar seems to have been chiefly indebted for his rapid advances in classical literature, and in a great measure for future direction and encouragement. The warmth with which the pupil continued to the end of his days to regard Mr. Pillans, is one of the fine traits in his biography; and there can be no doubt the affection was reciprocal. If there be any rewards belonging to a tutor's profession supremely worthy of a noble and polished mind, these must consist in marking the enlargement of knowledge and the elevation of sentiment which he is the instrument of communicating to ingenuous youth, and in tracing their future virtue and fame. There must be to such a man a conscious participation in every triumph which any one of his scholars may through life obtain; and therefore, Professor Pillans, has good grounds for thus congratulating himself upon the appearance of the present work, independently of the secret delight which he must long have cherished in reference to its hero.

The writer of the memoir says that John joined the rector's class under some disadvantages, something having been lost on his education while at Haddington. There was, besides, the superior attainments and skill in teaching on the part of Mr. Pillans, and a

remarkably strict style of discipline exercised at the High School. We shall soon have an opportunity of seeing, not only how rapidly and decidedly John Patterson surpassed all his competitors, even in the trying circumstances of his new situation, but how warmly he advocated the superior and wholesome discipline of a large public seminary, terming the system as practised at the High School, a "most beautiful and powerful mechanism of instruction," which, the editor adds, "owes its existence and success to the observation, genius, and taste of Mr. Pillans."

"It was a fortunate circumstance however for John, that the class into which he now entered was under infinitely better control than that 'mob of boys' who compelled poor Cowper to live a martyr's life at school. He might have proved too gentle to make head against any thing like persecution and tyranny; but, once admitted fairly into their society, he had sufficient enterprise and buoyancy of spirits, in addition to his never-failing suavity of temper, to conciliate the good-will of his new school-fellows. If others were more active, vivacious, and versatile, he was never too wise nor too great to join them in any innocent sport; and he soon convinced them that, though he dreaded shame, he neither declined fatigue nor even danger, when once engaged in any boyish exploit. His truly amiable character and unmingled goodness of heart endeared him to all; while the superior merit of his exercises, and especially of his Latin verses, obtained for him a high place in the estimation of his teacher and the class generally. He speedily rose to a leading place in the first form; and, at the Examination in 1819, stood second both in the Latin and the Greek class.

"In the following year he was dux of the Greek, Latin, and Geography classes; and it speaks volumes for his character, that his success was regarded by all his class-mates with honest and hearty exultation. He had, from the first day of his joining the class, been winning for himself 'golden opinions' from all; and by the brilliance of his talents, the gentleness and purity of his manners, and the kindliness of his dispositions, had ultimately created a feeling of enthusiasm for his character, which manifested itself on many occasions in a manner perfectly overpowering to his innate modesty and sensitiveness."—vol. i, pp. 13, 14.

By this time the ease with which he produced, and the success which attended his school exercises, were extraordinary. Whether these were original pieces in Latin or Greek, in English, or translations from one language to another, he seems to have been gifted with a copiousness and activity of mind that have seldom been equalled by precocious prodigies. In one of his juvenile letters, he says to an intimate acquaintance, that "all I perform, *you* must know well, is done by one effort, which is generally postponed till the eleventh hour." He adds, in reference to some other scholar, who composed one line of these School-exercises every night, that "I cannot conceive a more disagreeable way of making verses than this, compared with my way of proceeding—smile at my vanity!—which often has its moments of high enthusiasm that sometimes

makes me half believe that all the dreams of inspiration and the muse are true." It is not to be so much wondered at, after these notices concerning his familiarity with the classical languages, and his copious facility, that his School-exercises in no one instance, as the editor believes, failed to carry off the palm.

We might copy into our pages some of these juvenile efforts in verse; or, had we room, we might adduce from the continuous current of such pieces and familiar letters, an extremely interesting view of his gradual improvement, and the rapidly accumulating stores of his mind. But for such minute delineation the reader must have recourse to the pages before us. It is not unimportant to learn, however, that while at the High School, his favourite English authors were Milton, Shakspeare, Collins, Akenside, and Campbell; though during this period, he could not have much time to go deeply into our literature; especially since one of Scott's romances, a new poem, or a number of the *Edinburgh Review* had attractions in his eye which longer established writings could not obscure. If it had been otherwise, the order of human feelings would have been reversed, and although we might have looked upon the scholar as a prodigy of learning, we could not have loved him as a true representative of nature.

Though we pass over the specimens of School-exercise that are introduced, we must not deal so summarily with some of his youthful prose efforts, in which there will be found a charm of style, an elevation of thought, and a purity of sentiment which characterise all his productions. And here we shall present, not merely part of a youthful essay, but an essay on a subject which our Lord Teignmouths will do well to glance at, when hesitating to what seminary to send their sprigs of aristocracy. The subject is the High School of Edinburgh, regarding which John Patterson drew up some "Recollections," which seem to have been written in 1820, or perhaps 1821, when he had completed his schooling.

"My attendance at the Rector's Class in the High School of Edinburgh is endeared to me by many a delightful recollection. It was there that I first had my ambition roused, and my mind cultivated to any good purpose. It was there that I first found myself of importance among my fellow-creatures. It was there that I formed and enjoyed many pleasant companionships; and it was there that I obtained the notice and kindness of one who has never ceased to load me with favour, and to whom, I trust, I shall never cease to entertain sentiments of mingled esteem and gratitude. I cannot, then, better employ this leisure hour than in noting down a few remembrances of its admirable mechanism—in tracing the outlines of a picture which none of the changes and chances of this mortal life shall ever blot from my memory.

"The High School of Edinburgh may be regarded as the National School of Scotland, its fame attracting pupils to it from every part of the kingdom. It is an establishment for classical learning, consisting of a rector and four teachers. Each of the latter receives a class of beginners

quadrennially, who proceed under his direction till they have gone through the fourth class, that is, accomplished their fourth year of study. The master then hands them over to the rector, and takes a first class, who, in their turn, are conducted through the same course. The fourth class, when received by the rector, is generally met by a number of pupils from seminaries in other parts of the city and country, desirous to complete their course of elementary classical study under his wing.

"When the class was fully collected, exercises were prescribed to the boys, according to the respective merits of which they should be arranged. To prevent fraud in their execution, they were written in school. Ah! how important was that day to each individual of the youthful multitude! Many a question was put that morning to their fellows, 'Do you think we shall write to-day?' Many an anxious group assembled round the janitor to inquire his instructions for the day, and half in pleasure, half in fear, received the answer that confirmed their suspicions. The bell rings—the murmuring tide of boys pour into the schoolroom—the master enters—the lesson proceeds—but, ere it close, they are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to write in the afternoon."—vol. i, pp. 29—31.

He then goes on to record the feelings which a boy experiences when, for the first time, he gains the *dux's* seat; and to assert that the spirit of emulation, though it burned more intensely in proportion as that throne of honour is approached, it is not in a seminary conducted like that of the High School of Edinburgh, entirely unfelt in any part of the class. To this he adds—

"This principle derived an increase of efficacy from the private habits of life of the scholars. They are not, as in England, bestowed in large boarding-houses attached to the school, under the charge of *duennas* who know little and care less about their progress. They are generally under the eye of their parents and friends, whose first question on their return from school used to regard their success there. This indeed was seldom necessary, as a boy's face, on his appearance at the dinner-table, was generally a sufficient index of his fate. The ardour of emulation seldom needed to be encouraged than repressed by the master. Many a one I knew who would rather throw away his health than lose his place."—vol. i, p. 32.

We know not if ever we beheld anything more beautiful and gratifying than what is to be seen when standing upon the Calton Hill, and looking down upon one of these numerous classes issuing from the classic mass of architecture below, where of late years the High School has been established. The sprightly, well, and almost uniformly-dressed boys of the junior classes, and the elegant, genteel, and scholar-like youths who are on the confines of manhood, and who in more sedate groups step forth to renew their private studies, or in inseparable pairs to take their rural walk, to speculate about future prospects, and to interchange all the brilliant visions of oracular youth, form one of the most exciting and affecting scenes that a contemplative mind can regard. How often must John Patterson have been one of these philosophic and unstained bands—

he who was such an inestimable companion, such a faithful and affectionate friend, such a passionate admirer of rural nature ! But we must return to *his* Recollections of the High School.

After stating that in a class of two or three hundred, a certain number of monitors are set apart, under one general functionary of the same character and name, who assist the master, and giving an outlined account of their duties and modes of conduct, we are told—

“ Thus the monitor's place was one not less of danger than of honour; both monitor and division were kept on the alert; every one was called upon by the monitor or master, or both, to say a part of the lesson of each day; and those to whom the head of the class was an inaccessible height, were excited to exert themselves to attain at least the duxship of their own division, where if they continued for two days, they were elevated into that next above. The monitors exchanged their divisions every fortnight, after presenting to the master, in addition to the daily particular returns required of them, general reports containing an account of the history of their presidencies, and especially a course of remarks on the proficiency and behaviour of each boy under their superintendence, which were occasionally read in public.

“ The general monitor was an officer whose duty it was to preserve order in the class, and to be the organ of all written communication between the master and the boys; such as the returns of the monitors, the written appeals of the divisions, the versions of the class, &c. For the better discharge of the first and most important of his duties, the preservation of order, his seat was elevated above the rest of the class, so that he had a complete view of all those under his authority. When from his eminence he observed any of his fellow-pupils noisy or trifling, he pronounced his name aloud; if the accused were conscious of guilt, he sat still; if he had any excuse to offer, he stood up and presented it. When no excuse was given, the offender's name was enrolled in the *pœna*-book, by which he was obliged to write out in a fair hand the whole lesson of the day, in addition to the business of the rest of the class. This was the plan of punishment uniformly adopted in the Rector's class while I attended it, in lieu of the odious system of flagellation, a system formed to alienate the affections of the pupil from his master, and to frustrate the very end of punishment, by making the sufferer the object of pity to his schoolfellows, and, if he bear the infliction well, of admiration. By the new system, the culprit is subjected to a penalty much severer than a given measure of corporal pain, in having the scanty hours of recreation abridged, while unpitied he labours at the superadded task, the performance of which may lay him open to be dispossessed of his place; for it was part of the office of general monitor, not only to announce and receive these *pœnas*, but also to correct them, and take care that for every error they contained the writer should lose a place. The punishment was varied in proportion to the magnitude of the offence; a slight delinquent writing out one day's lesson, a greater, those of two days, a week, or even a month; and it has been found, in the experience of the High School, as much more effectual as it is more manly. In addition to the names of those who had offended by being too late, disturbing the class, or neglecting their duty, and so

subjected themselves to punishment, the *pœna-book* contained the names of absentees (from whom an excuse, signed by one of their friends, was required on re-appearance in the class room), an account of the parts of various authors read, and the *dux*, second, and third, of every day. To these were sometimes added a few general remarks on the business and occurrences of the class. This book was in the charge of the general monitor, whose power was vested successively in each of the highest twenty boys for the period of a fortnight, during which he was exempted, if he chose, from all other scholastic duty."—vol. i, pp. 33—36.

We have next an account of the exercises that have to be written—some being done in school, others at home; and also of the various lessons and subjects of study that occupy the boys—the Rector's Class being particularly intended. The conclusion of his "Recollections" contains the following ardent thoughts:—

"Such is a meagre outline of the picture which yet lives in all its freshness in mind. But how shall I transfer to paper the rainbow-hues of delight, and the active and vigorous spirit with which the original was clothed and animated, and which made the hours of school and of study—usually the most irksome of a boy's existence—those which I enjoyed most when present, and looked back upon with most complacency when past? Shall I attempt to describe the companions who made what was delightful in school and on Arthur's Seat more pleasant, and what was laborious and mortifying more tolerable? Shall I sketch the creator and genius of the whole admirable mechanism, of which I have drawn the greater wheels and springs, moulding and directing it all to its destined end? Shall I tell how he added new grace to the breathing thoughts and burning words of inspired antiquity, by accumulating on them the selected beauties of succeeding ages, and the native flowers of his own exquisite and cultivated taste? How his words would take fire at some of those

—'Starry lights of genius, that diffuse
Through the dark depths of their vivid flame,'

and kindle into eloquence in the cause of the muses and of virtue? How he lighted up a portion of his own enthusiasm in the breasts of his pupils? How he united with his reverence for his antiquity due sentiments of honour to the present? How he could soar on Mæonian wing, and yet grapple patiently and successfully with the elemental difficulties of the humblest intellect committed to his care? How he maintained such absolute self-command, that I never saw him discomposed in temper? How his universal kindness softened the repelling lustre of his talents and his learning? No! the pen cannot describe them; but they are treasured up in my heart's core. Would that they may produce their legitimate effect, in leading me to pay my master, patron, and friend, the best homage I can yield him—the homage of a life regulated according to his desires,

"The just fame which the class acquired attracted to view it most of the natives and foreigners of distinction who spent any time in Edinburgh during its session. In the beginning of every quarter there was an examination of the class in the presence of the friends of the master and the pupils, in which the usual routine of the class was as much as possible

observed, where it was our master's pride to exhibit our trifling feats of intellect, and ours to justify his praise, and not disgrace the fame of our school. Last came 'the great, the important day,' when the anniversary public examination took place."—vol. i, pp. 39—41.

This brings the High School scholar to the commencement of his academical career, and his entrance at the University. During the four years which John Patterson pursued his literary *curriculum* in the College of Edinburgh, his progress was as brilliant, the prizes he won as eminent and numerous, as his earlier promise could point to. Indeed, he carried all before him, in every department to which he turned his active and versatile genius—having no superior of the same standing in the University, and indeed hardly a second.

Up to the close of his literary studies at College, that is to say, till about the time that it was necessary to choose a profession, Mr. Patterson's mind does not seem to have been powerfully under the influence of religion. But it is well observed by his biographer, that while it is always a delicate, and in most cases an impossible task to discriminate between different states of mind in this matter, he, of whom this Memoir is given, was always the most free from anything like "the ostentation of spirituality." At the same time his case was not one which admitted of any very marked alteration either in conduct or correspondence. Before, however, betaking himself to the study of divinity, and a regular preparation for the ministry—the course of activity which he chose not without self-examination and honest convictions—his habits and reflections assumed a suitable solemnity. Evidences of this may be found in two of his letters written in 1824, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron—an event which seems to have made a deep impression on his mind. The touching and eloquent character of these letters cannot be read by the most thoughtless without exciting kindred feelings. There is neither puerility nor morbid sentiment about them; for they have for a foundation the sanctions of reason and religion.

" *Craigflower, May, 21, 1824.*

* * * "Poor Byron! I had always a lingering hope about my mind that, ere he left the world, he would be permitted to make some atonement to his country, to morality, and to religion, for the deep injuries he had inflicted on them. But death has set its seal upon his genius, and what was lamentable, as well as what was wonderful in his character and mind, has 'become eternal.' The rock on which he split was an overstrained contempt of the world. In his tempers and his resolutions he stood alone against mankind. 'I have not loved the world, nor the world me,' was the principle on which he acted; though never could the world show so much indulgence to any who set themselves in such pointed opposition to its maxims and its interests as to Lord Byron. Feeling through all his own nature, and remarking in all his observation of society, weakness, degradation, and wretchedness, dragging downwards the human soul, there was but one alternative left to such a

mind as his—either to embrace with enthusiastic ardour the means which have been provided for repairing the dishonours of human nature, or to draw itself up in proud insulation of thought and feeling, and in utter scorn of his being and his kind. The first part of the alternative he either could not see or would not accept: so he became a contemner of man, and, of consequence, a contemner of his Creator. The only balm of his hurt mind, the only relief he experienced from the agony of that eating scorn which preyed upon his heart, he drew from the admiration of nature and of antiquity. And, in proportion as he concentrated his feelings upon these objects, it happened, as might have been expected, that these feelings grew more intense and clinging. In this way I would explain what many critics have regarded as an anomaly in his genius—the freshness of the natural emotions of beauty and grandeur which he retained in the midst of the universal blight which had settled on his soul, and devoured its blossoms and his fruit. Like Rousseau, he said to nature, ‘O Nature, Nature, my mother! all the world abjures me; thou alone dost not forsake the wretched!’ And, looking back from the midst of a feeble and prostrate race from the olden heroes, his spirit clung to them the more ardently from his scorn of those among whom he was doomed to dwell, exclaiming,

‘These were the men of might, the grand of soul;’

He now knows the grand secret which he would not know on earth. But he has left behind him a secret to the world—Wherefore was he born, and wherefore did he die?’

“ ‘*Craigflower, May, 23, 1824.*”

“ ‘How did you receive the news of Lord Byron’s death? It stunned me utterly. I have heard you express the conviction—and I joined in it with my inmost soul—that it was inconceivable that such a man should be permitted to leave the world without answering some end worthy of his majestic powers. The hidden star, we thought, must sooner or later come forth from behind the cloud, and shed a glorious and benignant beam upon the world. Alas! that it should have been doomed to set in such a night! How mysterious is the plan of Providence! We are struck with painful surprise when we see the opening blossom crushed in the spring of its beauties and its powers—when we see high genius, like that of White, driven from the earth without having served, to our limited conceptions, any adequate end. But how is the mystery deepened, and the pain sharpened, when we behold a noble mind not merely unemployed on worthy objects, but utterly abused to the ends of demoralization and ruin! I have meditated deeply on the riddle, but I cannot solve it. That a man should have been endowed with powers of profoundest thought—with fervours of strong imagination—with aspirations of far-darting desire—with all but superhuman magnitude of soul, that he might live and die—not in vain merely—but worse, far worse than in vain—surely there is here a waste of powers and of means which does not seem consistent with the wisdom of their Author! But I am verging towards forbidden thoughts. There must be a reason; but as far as I can see in this case, God must be ‘his own interpreter,’ and doubtless in the

end he will make it plain.' 'Return then into thy rest, O my soul and hope thou in thy God. He bringeth hidden things out of the deep, and maketh light to arise in obscurity.'—vol. i, pp. 114—117.

During the four years which, by the laws of the Established Church of Scotland, a candidate for the ministry must at least study divinity and its necessary adjuncts, Mr. Patterson's fame increased. Many were the prizes which he still gained in the higher departments of philosophical, critical, and philological disquisition; but the only essay which we particularly name, was one "On the National Character of the Athenians, and the Causes of those Peculiarities by which it was distinguished." For the best essay on this subject his Majesty's Commissioners for visiting the Universities and Colleges of Scotland offered the sum of one hundred guineas. Twenty-four competitors entered the lists on this occasion, amongst whom was Mr. Patterson, We need scarcely add who carried off the prize.

Towards the close of his theological studies at the University, Mr. Patterson wrote the following, among many other delightful letters:—

"I have already stated, I think, to some of our common friends, how I am more and more attracted by the life of a country minister the nearer I behold it—a real country minister, I mean, with farmers and cottagers for his parishioners. It is in these circumstances, I think, that a minister works upon the souls of his people with least entanglement and greatest purchase; while he possesses, at the same time, considerable advantages in the cultivation of his own personal religion. His time is so perfectly under his own control; his attention is so little distracted by the bustle of affairs; his official duties are so holy, and his natural recreations are so simple and pure: the country, too, is so full of God, and the Bible is so full of the country, that religion comes to him through a thousand inlets, and adorned with a thousand associations which no city can supply. Yet even the most favourable situations of human life have their dangers and their temptations. The besetting sin of ministers in the country is indolence. The repose of nature and of life by which they are surrounded is apt to creep over their faculties and their emotions."—vol. i, pp. 173, 174.

In the spring of 1828, he accepted the place of private tutor to the young Lord Cranstoun, and afterwards accompanied his noble pupil to Oxford. Our readers cannot but be anxious to hear how the accomplished Presbyterian regarded the antique observances, and imposing sights of this grand seat of aristocratic and episcopal learning. He says,

"The same idea which the town suggests is reflected from the appearance of the population, of which the predominant and striking feature is the multitude of academic dresses, in all their mystical varieties of purple gowns, black gowns, white gowns, silk gowns, stuff gowns, linen gowns, long sleeves, half-sleeves, velvet sleeves, no sleeves at all, velvet caps, and cloth caps with gold tassels, hoods, tippets, bands, leading-strings, &c. &c. —paraphernalia more various and unintelligible than were contained in

'old Aaron's wardrobe or the Flamen's vestry.' The young academics bear themselves in general with a very lofty and self-satisfied air, as much as to say, We are the men, and all this was made for us. One is somewhat disappointed to find so little of a studious air about the place or the people. There is hard working, no doubt, in the secret cells and cloisters; but there are no external symptoms of it. The libraries are unfrequented. The 'studious walks and shades' are undisturbed, save by a city-lounger or a sight-seeing stranger. The academicians, old and young, are sleek in surface and elastic in gait, and seem to have all their time at their disposal. As for the pale, languid, Kirke White style of undergraduates, whom I expected to find gliding here and there through the embowered and cloistered gloom, the being is not to be met with, in the open air at least.'—vol. i, pp. 184, 185.

Then hear him in reference to the cathedral service of the church of England.

"Whether as a religious service it deserve approbation or not I doubt. While there were passages in the service, especially the Magnificat, and the anthem ('Lift up your heads, O ye gates,' &c.), at which devotion could scarcely remain languid—still the whole appearance and character of the thing, and especially the countenances and demeanour of the worshippers, too forcibly in general reminded you of a public exhibition. I often am tempted very much to regret the impossibility which there seems to be in the way of uniting the highest degree of physical pomp and impressiveness with the purity and simplicity of spiritual worship. Oh! what would the union be if it were possible. I fear, however, we must wait for that till heaven. There, among the winged living creatures, and the companies of angels—the white-robed elders—the palm-bearing martyrs—the heavenly harpers harping with their harps—in that new Jerusalem of which God's own glory is the temple—there shall we find all that is sublime of natural accompaniment united with all that is pure of spiritual worship; there we shall not need to be cautious of magnificence for fear of superstition; taste, imagination, feeling, will then all be purity and all devotion.'—vol. i, pp. 209, 210.

The sentiments on this subject of such a cultivated and liberal mind—using *liberal*, in its best sense—as those which Mr. Patterson unquestionably possessed, are deserving of Lord Teignmouth's respect; and so is the following account:—

“*Wednesday.*

“To say the truth, the Oxonian system, viewed merely as a process of instruction, abstractedly its endowments and means of learned leisure, is—as the world is beginning to find out—most woefully deficient; and that both in respect of the matter and of the manner of education. In regard to the former point, there are absolutely not the means in Oxford of a complete and liberal education, even for those who are inclined to make use of them: the only branch of study for which there are at all adequate appliances provided being the classical department. And even in this department the celebrity of Oxford does not seem to me to depend on the mode of instruction taken by itself, but on the inducements held out, in the way of honours and rewards, to proficiency in the first instance; and

then to the establishments it possesses for the support of a great number of individuals whose profession is literature, and among it were strange if one or two should not be found who became enthusiasts in their profession, and, having nothing else in the world to attend to, really profound and erudite scholars. This seems to me the true secret of Oxonian erudition: not that as a body the men brought up at Oxford are more learned, far less better informed, far less better educated at Edinburgh—but that Oxford does not, like Edinburgh, let her scholars go just at the moment when they have got over the preliminaries, when they have got the command of their tools, and might, if they were not called away to active service in life, begin to explore the arcana and become initiated into the greater mysteries. Put up a hundred or two rich sinecures in Edinburgh for learned men, as such, and out of the hundred you will certainly find one or two who will turn these sinecures to their intended use—the undisturbed cultivation of the pursuits of erudition. Whether the gain be worthy of the price is another question; but that is the way, if you wish it, to turn Edinburgh into an Oxford.’”—vol i, pp. 210, 211.

We must not go much farther into Mr. Patterson's history. Suffice it to say that he was in 1829, presented to the large and populous parish of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, by the crown; and that he died on the 29th of June, 1835.

As a preacher, his biographer says of him, that he at once rose into the very first class in public estimation: his style and character are thus described:—

“There was nothing *bizarre* about him to attract—no forced peculiarities of style or manner, such as often for a while engage and amuse the capriciousness of popular admiration; but there was every grace of scholarship, and fervid and flowing eloquence—high powers of reasoning united to a glowing and plastic imagination—together with an extensive and accurate knowledge of scripture doctrine, and, over and above all, a high devotional spirit, and the manifestation of an unction which intimated that he preached the Gospel of his Lord from full conviction and deep feeling, and was not one of those ‘who can speak of the glories of Christ, and the eternal interests of men, as coldly as if he were reading a lecture in mathematics, or an experiment in natural philosophy.’ We have indeed heard him charged with an elaborate and artificial style of preaching—a manner too rhetorical and declamatory; but the objection never appeared to us well founded. It seemed the criticism of superficial observers, who mistook the majestic march of his language, and the natural magnificence of his thoughts, for the mere love of glitter and pomp, and an ear for flowing phrases and balanced periods. Such objectors seemed to us to confound the impulses of a powerful and capacious mind dealing with the stupendous revelations of the Gospel, and a loftiness of language flowing from the very subject-matter of his thoughts, for an empty and frivolous parade of words, and a straining after effect. Nor did they sufficiently advert to the fact that his rich and gorgeous imagination drew much of its conceptions and imagery from the beautiful and the sublime of Scripture. In a word, they perceived not that he was ‘a popular philosopher, and a philosophical declaimer.’ His discourses were neither abstract nor scholastic; he did

not deal in metaphysical subtleties and recondite speculations, but addressed himself to the common sympathies and understanding of his hearers. His sermons were characterized by clearness as well as depth of thought; by precision and vigour of expression, not less than by rich diction and flowing eloquence; by lucid arrangement, and by the grace and finish of the whole."—vol. i, pp. 229, 230.

From all we can discover of Mr. Patterson's genius and accomplishments, we must agree with his biographer, who, of course, had many opportunities of judging, that the reader of these volumes cannot possess, when he says:—

"As a scholar and man of letters, Mr. Patterson was certainly more distinguished for correctness of taste and soundness of judgment, than for original or inventive genius. Yet it would be doing him great injustice to rank him with the merely literary class. He was not only profound in learning, but the faculties of his intellect were of the highest order; his understanding was at once profound and acute; accuracy of thought, not less than copiousness of ideas and comprehensiveness of views, distinguished whatever he wrote; and in all his mental efforts there was a facility and spontaneousness which are the characteristic marks of real genius. He was undoubtedly one of those men of whom Johnson says, that 'their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose.' One great secret of his superiority was his well-balanced mind; his faculties were finely adjusted to each other in their original creation, and had been cultivated in a due relative proportion. Hence they never impeded, but mutually assisted each other in their action. His judgment was as strong as his imagination was vivid and his sensibility lively. His fine taste and delicate moral sense tempered the enthusiasm of his genius and the exuberance of his imagination. Hence the strict keeping and harmony of his compositions. He had no eccentricities—no oblique propensities of intellect—no morbid constitutional irritability about him; his good sense was always as conspicuous as his genius, and his genius was as decidedly practical as it was contemplative. Hence the manliness and justness, as well as beauty and chasteness, of his moral sentiments."—vol. i, pp. 313—315.

Among the various, beautiful, and learned papers printed in the appendix to the first volume, there is one on "The Eloquence of the Pulpit," which is particularly able and charming. The editor says that it was originally read before a society of young collegians, when its author was a student of divinity. His great object in it, is to vindicate to eloquence, but the eloquence of the pulpit particularly, a much greater freedom of range, and variety of character, than is generally conceded in systematic treatises on rhetoric. In doing this, he instances a number of the most famous pulpit-orators which Britain has produced in past or present times; giving each his precise due, if we may judge according to the extent of our knowledge of these masters, with a felicity of language, and accuracy of criticism, that, we believe, are nowhere to be excelled. The manner in which he applies his general views to the youthful audi-

ence he addressed, will afford us the only extract for which we have remaining space. It is altogether worthy of the illustrious young man whose career was so brief.

"The great practical truth which immediately results from these illustrations and deductions is a very cheering one—that no man who possesses faculties able to move the minds of his fellows, whatever may be the particular description of these faculties, is excluded by nature from the attainment of a powerful and persuasive eloquence; but that every mind of power, wherever that power may reside, whether in reason, or imagination, or feeling, and whichever it may assume of those manifold appearances in which mental ability presents itself to our view, may construct for itself an appropriate eloquence, and so enjoy the prerogatives and wear the laurels of that not ignoblest of dominions. *Know thyself*, therefore (the heaven-descended, and, like other things of heavenly birth, too much neglected maxim), *Know thyself* must be the first principle in this as in every other part of self-education. Ascertain the nature and degree of your various powers; examine their systematic combination; know where your strength lies, and where your weakness: reckon the amount of your mental resources; calculate what you may safely demand from them, and in what direction of effort they promise you success. Let the inquiry be as minute and as complete as possible. It is a difficult, but an important one, and you are furnished with many facilities, of which your attendance on this Society is not the least valuable for making the necessary experiment. We are arrived at that period of our progress at which our intellectual characters may be considered as formed, at least in their grand outlines and lineaments, and when we may expect a scrutiny of our own minds to be rewarded with some degree of solid information in regard to the extent of their powers and the direction of their tastes. And having once reached this point, the great fundamental rule to which we should attend in the development of our mind through speech is this, 'Be natural.' There is nothing that so directly reaches or so powerfully moves the heart, either in thought or feeling, manner or language, as the simplicity of unsophisticated nature. There is no foe to eloquence, or to the capacity of pleasing in any department of social intercourse, so deadly as affectation, or an unnatural bias forced upon the character. You may observe many a public speaker who has injured, or even destroyed in his own mind, what might have been matured into a commanding or a persuasive eloquence, either by aiming at those excellencies in which nature never forced him eminently to shine, or by carrying into extravagant prominence those which nature gave him in measured degree and for measured use. There is an electricity in natural eloquence which has beyond all other rhetoric an inexpressibly thrilling and attractive power. And O the loss of that freshness, that sprightly force, that living charm, that soul of style, those breathing thoughts and burning words which nature can alone inspire, is but ill compensated by the stilted majesty and irregular strength, the distorted attitudes and mountebank trickeries of speech, that draw the staring wonder of the multitude! But of all persons in whom an unnatural eloquence is offensive and mischievous, most mischievous and most offensive is it in 'man that ministers and serves the altar.' It is a poor thing in any circumstances for a public speaker to be merely wondered after, when men's

minds are to be instructed and swayed to action : but beyond common measures of contempt does he deserve it, who to so poor a distinction sacrifices aims so momentous as those of the Christian pulpit. To every student of eloquence, therefore, and especially to every candidate for the sacred chair, do I say, on the strength not merely of critical deductions, but of the obligations of a high and solemn duty, that his leading step in the cultivation of the art should be to ascertain, by the examination of his own mind and character, what line of eloquence to him is natural, and to make this the fundamental principle of his whole system of rhetorical study,

‘versate diu quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri ; cui lecta potenter erit res,
Non facundia deseret hunc.’—vol. i, pp. 421—424.

In politics, Mr. Patterson was a Whig.

ART. X.

- 1.—*Considerations sur les Causes du Suicide* ; Paris, 1836.
- 2.—*De Euthanasia Medica. Prolusio Academica. Auctore C. F. H.*
MARX. 4to. Gottingæ.

NUMEROUS as may be the causes for disgust with life, its end is never contemplated with indifference. Religion may elevate the soul to a sublime reliance on the benefits of a future existence ; nothing else can do it. The love of honour may brave danger ; the passion of melancholy may indulge in an aversion to continued being ; philosophy may resign itself to death with composure ; the sense of shame may conduct to fortitude ; yet they, who would disregard death, must turn their thoughts from the consideration of its terrors. It is an instinct of nature to strive to preserve our being ; and the instinct cannot be eradicated. The mind may turn away from the contemplation of horrors ; it may fortify itself by refusing to observe the extent of impending evil ; the instinct of life is still opposed to death ; and he, who looks directly at it and professes indifference, is a hypocrite, or is self-deceived. He, that calls boldly upon death, is dismayed on finding him near. The child looks to its parent, as if to discern a glimpse of hope ; the oldest are never so old, but they desire life for one day longer ; even the infant, as it exhales its breath, springs from its pillow to meet its mother, as if there were help where there is love.

There is a story told of one of the favourite marshals of Napoleon, who, in a battle in the south of Germany, was struck by a cannon ball, and so severely wounded, that there was no hope of a respite. Summoning the surgeon, he ordered his wounds to be dressed ; and, when help was declared to be unavailing, the dying officer, pushed into a frenzy by the passion for life, burned with vindictive anger against the medical attendant, threatening the heaviest penalties, if his art should bring no relief. The dying man clamorously demanded that Napoleon should be sent for, as one who had power to save ;

whose words could stop the effusion of blood from his wounds, and awe nature itself into submission. Life expired amidst maledictions heaped upon the innocent surgeon, whose skill was unavailing. This account would have seemed incredible, if we had not occasion to know a similar, though in humbler life : a sick man, vowing that he would not die, cursing his physician, who announced the near termination of his life, and insisting that he would live, as in a derision of the laws of nature. To some minds this foolish frenzy appeared like blasphemy ; it was but the uncontrolled display of a passion for life ; the instinct of self-preservation, exerted in a rough and undisciplined mind.

Even in men of strong religious convictions, the end of life is not always met with serenity ; and the moralist and philosopher sometimes express an apprehension, which cannot be pacified. Dr. Johnson was the instructor of his age ; his works are full of the effusions of piety, the austere lessons of reflecting wisdom. It might have been supposed, that religion would have reconciled him to the decree of Providence ; that philosophy would have taught him to acquiesce in a necessary issue ; that science would have inspired him with confidence in the skill of his medical attendants ; and yet it was not so. A sullen gloom overclouded his mind ; he could not summon resolution to tranquillize his emotions ; and, in the impotence of despair, taking advantage of the absence of his attendants, he gashed himself with ghastly and debilitating wounds, as if the blind lacerations of his weak arm could prolong the moments of an existence, which the skill of the best physicians of London declared to be numbered. So earnest was the passion for a continuance of life, that he, who had, during his whole career, been a monitor of moderation, who had acquired fame by enforcing the duties of morality, was now betrayed by a lingering desire of life into acts of imbecile and useless cowardice.

" Is there any thing on earth, I can do for you ? " said Taylor to Dr. Wolcott, as he lay on his death bed. The passion for life dictated the answer. " Give me back my youth. " They were the last words of the satirical buffoon.

If Johnson could hope for relief from self-inflicted wounds ; if the poet could prefer to his friend the useless prayer for a restoration of his youth, we may readily believe what historians relate to us of the end of Louis XI. of France ; a monarch, who was not destitute of eminent qualities as well as disgusting vices ; possessing courage, a knowledge of men and of business, a powerful will, a disposition favourable to the administration of justice among his subjects ; viewing impunity in injustice, as a royal prerogative. Remorse, fear, a consciousness of being detected, disgust with life and horror of death, these were the sentiments, which troubled the death-bed of the powerful king. The ignorance of physicians in those days was in part betrayed by the belief, that the blood of

children could correct the defects of age and the weakness of decrepitude. The monarch, the first who bore the epithet of "the most Christian," was so abandoned to egotism, that he allowed the veins of children to be opened, and greedily drank their blood. He believed that it would renovate his youth, or at least check the decay of nature. The cruelty was useless.

We find the love of life still more strongly acknowledged by one of our poets ; who, after declaring life to be the dream of a shadow, "a weak built isthmus between two eternities, so frail, that it can sustain neither wind nor wave," yet avows his preference of a few days', nay, of a few hours' longer residence upon earth, to all the fame which men can bestow.

Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he died, till now !

We do not believe the poet sincere ; for one passion may prevail over another, and in many a man's breast the love of fame is at times, if not always, stronger than the love of being. But if those, who pass their lives in a struggle for glory, may desire the attainment of their object at any price, the competitors for political power are apt to be doubly enamoured of being. Lord Castlereagh could indeed commit suicide ; but it was not from disgust of life ; his mind dwelt on the precarious condition of his own elevation, on the unsuccessful policy in which he had involved his country. He did not love death ; he did not contemplate it with indifference ; he failed to observe its terrors, because his attention was absorbed by objects which pressed themselves upon his mind with unrelenting force.

Madame de Sevigne, in her charming letters, gives the true sensations of the ambitious man, when suddenly called to leave the scenes of his efforts and his triumphs. Rumour, with its wonted credulity, had ascribed to Louvois, the powerful minister of Louis XIV. the crime of suicide. His death was sudden, but not by his own arm ; he fell a victim, if not to disease, to the revenge of a woman. In a night, the most powerful man in Europe, one who was passionately fond of place, was summoned from the splendours of his active career. The man, whose power extended to every cabinet, whose views embraced the policy of continents, was called away. How much business was arrested in progress !—how many projects defeated ! how many secrets buried in the silence of the grave ! Who should disentangle the interests, which his policy had rendered complicate ? Who should terminate the wars which he had begun ? Who should follow up the blows, which he had aimed ? Well might he have exclaimed to the angel of death, "Ah, give but a little time ; a short reprieve ; spare me, till I can give a check to the Duke of Savoy ; a check-mate to the Prince of Orange !"

"No! No! You shall not have a single, single minute." Death is as inexorable to the prayer of ambition, as to the entreaty of despair.

But though the love of life may be declared a universal instinct, though the contempt of death is hypocrisy, it does not follow that death is usually met with abjectness. It belongs to virtue and to manliness to meet the inevitable decree with firmness. It is often met voluntarily; but even then the natural passion is declared. A sense of shame, a desire of plunder, a hope of emolument—these, not less than a sense of duty, are motives sufficient to influence men to meet danger and defy death. Yet the love of life appears in the midst of hardihood. The common hireling soldier bargains to expose himself to the deadly fire of an hostile army, whenever his employers may command it; he does it, in a controversy of which he knows not the merits; for a party to which he is essentially indifferent; for purposes, which, perhaps, if his mind were enlightened, he would labour to counteract. The life of the soldier is a life of contrast; of labour and idleness; it is a life of routine, easy to be endured, and leading only at intervals to danger. The love of ease, the certainty of obtaining the means of existence, the remoteness of peril, conspire to tempt a crowd of adventurers, and thus armies have never being affected with any other limit than the wants of the treasury. But the same soldier would fly precipitately from any danger, which he had not bargained to encounter. The merchant will visit the deadliest climates in pursuit of gain; he will pass over regions, where the air is known to be corrupt, and disease to have anchored itself in the hot, heavy atmosphere. And this he will attempt repeatedly, and with firmness, in defiance of the crowds of corpses, which he may see carried by waggon-loads to the grave-yards. But the same merchant would fly with precipitate panic from his own residence in a more favoured clime, should it be invaded by epidemic disease. The same merchant, who would fearlessly meet the worst forms of a storm at sea, and coolly take his chance of escaping the fever as he passed through a city in his route, would shun London in the season of the cholera, and shrink from any danger which was novel and unexpected, differing from the perils which he had prepared himself to disregard. The widows of India ascend the funeral pile with a fortitude which man could never display; and readily, it is said cheerfully and emulously, yield up their lives to a barbarous usage, which, if men were called upon to endure, would never have been perpetuated through successive generations. Yet is it to be supposed, that these unhappy victims are indifferent to the charms of existence, or blind to the terrors of death? Calmly as they may lay themselves upon the pyre, they would beg for mercy, were their execution to be demanded in any other way; they would confess their fear of death, were it not that love and honour pronounce their doom.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. Never recreant to his trust ; there is no form of malignant disease, with which he fails to become acquainted ; no hospital so crowded with contagious death, that he dares not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and the dying ; he is the familiar friend of those who are suffering under infectious disease ; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with calmness ; he must not suffer his equanimity to be disturbed ; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines, which may mitigate the sufferings, that he cannot remedy. Nay ; after death has ensued, he must search with the dissecting knife for the hidden cause and the phenomena of disease, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of humanity. And why is this ? Because the physician is indifferent to death ? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it ? Because he despises, or pretends to despise it ? By no means. As a class of men, it is the especial business of physicians to value life ; to combat death ; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of others, is far from leading them to an habitual indifference to their own. The instinct of life displays itself in the physician as in other men ; he shuns every danger, but such as the glory of his profession commands him to defy.

Thus we are led to an explanation of the anomaly of suicide, to reconcile the apparent contradiction of a fear of death, which is voluntarily encountered. It may seem a paradox ; yet the fear of dying has sometimes prompted suicide, and the man, who seeks to destroy himself, at the very moment of perpetrating his crime, fears death and feels the passion for life. Do you ask for evidence ? Menace him with death under a different form from that which he has chosen, and he will fly from it like other men. He will defend himself against the hand of the assassin, though he might be ready to cut his own throat ; he will, if at sea, and the ship were sinking in a storm, labour with the best to save it from going down, even if he had formed the design to leap into the ocean in the first moment of a calm. Place him in the van of an army ; it is by no means certain that he will not prove a coward. It is only under the one aspect, which the mind in some insane excitement has chosen, that the terrors of death do not overpower the sentiment of disgust and disappointment, which may induce him to desire to die, because he has failed of obtaining all the happiness for which he had hoped.

Many celebrated physicians remark most justly, that opposite extremes of severity and indulgence in education are amongst the most fertile sources of suicide ; for if a boy be indulged in every whim and caprice while he is at home ; if he be allowed to rule and domineer, not only over domestics, but even over his parents them-

selves (a case unfortunately by no means rare), what are we to expect of him when he enters upon life ; when he mixes with the world, and finds that nobody will allow him to have his own way, or to exhibit his tyrannical habits ; and when, instead of indulgence, he meets with affront, opposition, and attack ; and instead of excuses for his follies or his crimes, finds accusations and criminal charges brought directly against him. Is it to be wondered at, if such a boy run headlong to suicide, when he is buffeted about among those who care not for his darling self, whom he has been practically taught from infancy to consider the uncontrolled sovereign of the actions, and even the looks of those around him ? Is it to be wondered, that he will retire from the scene where he encounters nothing but continued rebuff and reiterated neglect, to brood in solitude over his past supremacy, and to sink into hopeless melancholy, or that he will take refuge at last in the dark uncertainty of death. Instances of this kind occur almost every week in our metropolis.

On the contrary, when severe measures are employed to curb the propensities of youth, the young heart is broken and ruined, and the spirit of manliness is crushed down to shrinking timidity, and slavish terror, which trembles at the parent's frown, and never dares relax into the smile of cheerfulness. The poor boy becomes melancholy and listless, and flies to solitude, to escape from the severities to which he is daily and unfeelingly subjected. He broods in silence over his misery, and, in all probability, will at last put an end to his unhappy life. These are not exaggerated pictures, though they are extreme cases, and they ought to be a warning and a lesson to all who may have the power to avert one of the most terrible diseases that can afflict humanity. Dr. Burrows refers to the difference of disposition in children, the cause of the same effects from excessive indulgence or severity ; but if the above remarks be just, any difference of disposition will be immaterial to the consequences. That we have not reasoned upon imaginary facts, will appear from the frequent instances recorded in the public prints, of mere children (some as young as ten years of age), destroying themselves in consequence of being chidden, contradicted, or threatened with corporeal punishment. The same dispositions in maturer age, meeting even the ordinary mortifications of life, soon give way, and precipitate their fate. When actuated by envy and jealousy, orphans of eight years old have been known to starve themselves to death, and a story has been told of a boy twelve years old, who hanged himself because he was only the twelfth in his class.

We are reluctant and sorry to denounce as undoubted causes of suicide, the works of men of splendid talents ; but in such a case it would be wrong to mince the matter, and plead any excuse for so

detestable a prostitution of talent by those writers who attempt to inculcate that suicide is a virtue, and, with the assertion in their mouths, that under certain circumstances,

"What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong,"

their victims rush headlong and unthinkingly into a dark and awful futurity.

There are few persons comparatively in those places where suicide most prevails, who cannot read, and the means of doing so is amply supplied by a teeming and cheap press. As the eagerness for this species of gratification has augmented, the public taste has become in many respects vitiated and debased, and hence, nothing is found more attractive than tales of horror or of wonder, and every coroner's inquest on an unhappy being who has destroyed himself, is read with the utmost avidity. Not content with domestic horrors, we see our most respectable diurnal papers industriously selecting from every foreign source these lamentable proofs of the degradation of humanity, and dressing them in colours such as excite pity, rather than abhorrence. It can scarcely be doubted that the frequency and general diffusion of these reports familiarize the minds of the readers with suicide, and thus diminish the detestation in which it ought to be held. Were this and other crimes to be less noticed, it is highly probable they would be less frequent. The reasoning of a young woman, who was rescued from a desperate attempt at suicide, serves to confirm this opinion : upon being questioned how she came to think of committing so dreadful an act, she replied, "that she knew other people killed themselves when they were miserable, and she did not know why she should be prevented from terminating her existence."

ART. XI.—*A Statistical Account of the British Empire; exhibiting its Extent, Physical Capacities, Population, Industry, and Civil and Religious Institutions.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. Assisted by numerous Contributors. 2 vols. London : C. Knight. and Co.

A closely-printed octavo work, extending to between 1,300 and 1,400 pages, by the Professor of Political Economy in the London University, assisted by such men as Mr. Bakewell, on Geology; Dr. Copland, on Climate; Sir W. Hooker, on Botany; Mr. Swainson, on Zoology; and Messrs. Merivale, Neat, Spalding, &c. &c., on other branches properly falling under the title of the publication, must at once indicate that it not only comprises a vast variety of subjects, but that each important particular has been entrusted to a writer of the very highest authority in his department. We do not say that the work might not have been brought within narrower limits without sustaining any loss; on

the contrary, we wish that many discussions in it had been much curtailed; and some, on the other hand, considerably enlarged. Indeed, we doubt not, but this will be its fate when it reaches future editions; for, that it is destined to become a standard and library book—(it is a library in itself) no one who turns over a comparatively small portion of its pages, or who reflects who its authors are, can for a moment hesitate to affirm.

We have alluded to certain articles in these volumes, which, it appears to us, might have been a great deal shorter and better than they are, that is, in respect of their real and lasting value. Still it is not to be denied that the parts alluded to, contain manifest tokens of great research, of close thinking, and frequently, remarkable ingenuity. Mr. M'Culloch is a gentleman of unquestionable talent and uncommon industry; but he is also a hard-headed fellow, and not seldom, an uncompromising theorist; and who, when he falls in with a controverted point, will even, in such a work as the present, that should chiefly deal in facts and practical truths, enter the lists with all the enthusiasm and all the power of an argumentative Scotchman. It must, however, be admitted, he uniformly evinces such a freedom of thinking, and such a firm conviction that he is in the right, that, whether the reader differ from him or not, whether it may be felt that the matter is applicable or otherwise to the main purpose of the work, his opinions command respect. Everything advanced is the result of anxious and elaborate inquiry, established habits of reflection, and an earnest desire to benefit mankind, especially the people of the British Empire, by placing before them the most certain sources of prosperity, the real condition of the countries alluded to, and the most advanced lights in the science of political economy.

Very many portions of these volumes are so interwoven with numerical tables, as to render it inconvenient for us to place them before our readers: besides, however elaborate and really useful these tables may be, they cannot, when much disjointed, as necessarily would be the case in our pages, afford their individual and original share of information; so that, while furnishing dry matter for the lovers of popular reading, they would be, as broken by us, unprofitable even to deep calculators and eager statista. There are, however, not a few subjects which are not entangled by any calculations, unmanageable in our space, and which are nevertheless of equal moment with any that can range themselves in the "Statistical Account." Those to which we are going to confine our extracts, present such striking and gratifying views, as cannot fail to entitle that part of our journal where they appear, to peculiar attention.

First of all, we direct attention to some statements regarding the Tables of Mortality. The author says—

"There can be no doubt that the rate of mortality in England has been

materially diminished since the American war. The number of burials, estimated by averages of 5 years, did not differ considerably during the entire period from 1780 to 1815, though the population increased about 3,300,000 in the interval. Neither was the increase occasioned by any increase in the number of births as compared with the bearing women, but by the increased number of children that have been reared, and passed through the different stages of life. 'About 100 years back,' says Mr. Griffith Davies, 'if any dependence can be placed on the registers, the number of annual births did not exceed the number of annual burials, so that the population could not have been on the increase. The increase since that period must, therefore, be attributed to an increased fruitfulness of the female sex, to emigration, to a diminution in the rate of mortality, or to two or more of those causes combined. But it does not appear that the first of these causes has had any sensible operation, and the second can have had none, otherwise the number of burials must have increased in comparison with the number of births, which is contrary to the fact: the increase of population must, therefore, be entirely attributable to a diminution in the rate of mortality.'"

In computing tables of mortality, Mr. M'Culloch agrees with various other recent calculators on the subject, and says that males and females ought always to be distinguished. The probable life of the latter, at all periods from infancy to old age, very considerably exceeds that of the former. We remember to have listened to one, who was probably a reviler, or a satirist, that ascribed this difference to the additional activity and exercise which the fair sex indulged in—viz. in the employment of the tongue. But however this may be, it holds true, that annuitants, whether male or female, have, on an average, the advantage in point of longevity to others not so favourably circumstanced—their more comfortable situation, and exemption from wasting anxieties, no doubt being the prolonging causes. Still as regards the whole population, the improvement of latter years is unquestionable, and is justly ascribed by the author to a variety of causes, such as the drainage of marshes—to improvements in diet, dress, and lodgings, and also, in cleanliness—and chiefly, perhaps, since 1800, to the discoveries made in medical science, and the extirpation of the small pox.

According to the author's calculations, which are formed on carefully considered data, and many indisputable facts, the population of Great Britain has increased, during the first thirty years of the present century, at the rate of about 15 per cent. each ten years, or of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year; nor is there any good grounds for thinking that it has decreased since 1830. Upon this supposition, as respects the subsequent years, he arrives at the number of 17,779,000 souls for Great Britain on the 31st of May last. Ireland has gained in population nearly at the same rate; so that he allows to that portion of the empire about 8,592,000; and including the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Man, &c., he makes the whole to be 26,500,000. Thus the British islands rank as the fourth state in Europe in point

of population—being surpassed only by Russia, France, and Austria ; and nearly double that of Prussia.

We believe the following statements will be much at variance with the preconceived opinions of many ; but, nevertheless, they are undeniably true, and will agree with the conclusions of every competent inquirer who chooses dispassionately to study the matter. Mr. M'Culloch says—

“ Estates vary exceedingly in size and value in most parts of England. The largest estate in the kingdom may be worth 100,000*l.* or upwards a year ; and there are estates of most inferior degrees of magnitude, down to the annual value of 40*s.* ! In some counties property is more, and in others it is less, subdivided. In Cheshire, the East Riding of Yorkshire, and one or two other counties, there are comparatively few small proprietors ; but the latter predominate in most parts of the West of England, in the North, and generally throughout the country. On the whole, we believe it may be safely affirmed, that by far the largest portion of the kingdom is parcelled into properties of less than 1,000*l.* a year. It is not difficult to account for the prevalent misconceptions on this point. Though few in number, the owners of large estates engross the attention of common observers, and hinder them from fixing their eye on the mass of obscure, petty landholders that constitute the great bulk of the class. Dr. Beeke, whose authority as to such matters is deservedly high, estimated the total number of proprietors in England and Wales at 200,000 ; and supposing the gross rental of the kingdom to be 30,000,000*l.* a year, the average annual income of each, in his capacity of landlord, will be only 150*l.* ! and seeing that a few have much more, it follows that many must have a good deal less. Hence it is that few lead a more laborious life, or are more under the necessity of abstaining from luxurious indulgences, than the owners and occupiers of small landed properties. Nothing, in fact, can be a greater mistake, than to suppose, as is generally done, that the landowners are an extremely opulent and an extremely indolent body. These may be the characteristics of a few individuals amongst them ; but it would be quite as wide of the mark to affirm that they are generally applicable to the entire class, as that they are generally applicable to the classes of manufacturers and traders.”

Again, as to another class of proprietors, viz. those who have property in the funds, amounting to about 280,000 persons, there is not above a sixtieth, whose dividends exceed 300*l.*, while those who can claim 2,000*l.* and upwards, are about 600 individuals.

We fear that in the next extract many farmers will find matter that may excite their indignation or ridicule. But our own observation on the subject, which has not been very limited, entirely coincides with the author's seemingly paradoxical statements about the evils resulting from underrented farms. We could adduce many instances, where the out-going tenant had been more straitened in circumstances, during a low rental, than his successor was under a new lease, where the sum to be paid the landlord was doubled. Assuredly there is a limit to the application of the proverb, that necessity is the mother of invention ; but moderate pres

sure, it is equally true, will, in the case of people who live in landward districts, where the excitements to emulation are not half so numerous or immediate as those which obtain in a crowded city—unless stimulated by some very striking and direct interest—pass a good easy life, and if long habituated to such a routine of existence, will think it absolutely impossible, or take it as a heinous encroachment, if required to go out of their old jog-trot way. Of all occupations on earth, that of farming admits of proceedings which a man may flatter himself constitute important and laborious occupations, that after all may only be a species of drivelling in relation to the scope of the art, or absolutely mischievous, according to the unquestionably enlightened principles of modern times. Let any person, who possesses ordinarily liberal and enlightened views, who is in the habit of looking for a feasible reason for every general custom, or whose experience in rural affairs has not been confined to one or two counties or provinces of Great Britain, just for a moment consider the waste that must attend the style of ploughing and carting that every day may be beheld in those much favoured districts that border and surround the “Great Metropolis”—the centre of civilization, light, liberty, and enterprise for the whole world. Look at the carts and the waggons that are dragged through the streets of London, and that come from these adjacent parts, and say if clumsier, frailer, and more expensive articles of the kind could be contrived, were a prize offered for the invention! Why, the two or three horses of themselves, which in a badly-yoked team drag the ugly structure along, incur a needless expense, which, it would be well, if any thing, even though it at first resembled oppression, could remedy and lessen. We know that to speak in this manner to the majority of the respectable and really excellent class referred to, would do little good, and would expose a person to a charge that would be placed among the violations of sacred things. But we again throw ourselves upon the judgment of competent observers, with perfect confidence, among whom it will require considerable hardihood to deny to Mr. McCulloch a superior station; and what does he say?

“Considering the advantages which the English farmer enjoys in fertility of soil, climate, and ready access to the best markets in the world, the rent which he pays seems to be unusually low. This, no doubt, is owing, partly to the pressure of the public burdens falling on the tenant; partly (at least in the south) to vicious customs with respect to the succession of tenants, and the waste of labour in ploughing; and partly to the want of leases and the consequent insecurity of the occupiers. A good deal is, however, to be ascribed to a disinclination on the part of many landlords to raise rents, and a wish not to remove tenants, and to keep their estates always underrented. But though the disadvantages resulting from the overrenting of land be great and signal, the opposite practice, or its underrenting, is by no means the best that may be devised.

Supposing that a tenant has a lease of a farm, or that he is otherwise secured in its possession, it might be imagined that the circumstance of its being underrented would have no influence in diminishing his industry or activity, seeing that he would reap all the advantage of superior skill, enterprise, and economy : but experience shows that such is not by any means the case. 'To make farmers leave those routine practices to which they are strongly attached, and avail themselves of improved systems and modes of management, they must not only have the means of meliorating their condition, but their rents must be such as to impress them with a conviction that if they do not exert themselves, their ruin will assuredly follow. Estates that are underrented are, uniformly almost, farmed in a very inferior style to those that are let at their fair value; and the tenants are comparatively poor. An increase of rent, provided it be not pushed too far, is of all others the most efficient means of improvement."

But whatever the cause or causes of prosperity may be, there is incontrovertible evidence to show that Great Britain generally, is not only far from declining, but has made wonderful advances ever since 1815.

"How else could the extraordinary increase of population, that has taken place in the interval, have been provided for? There was either no increase, or none worth mentioning, in the quantity of foreign corn retained for home consumption during the ten years ending with 1830, as compared with the previous ten years (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lviii. p. 290); and yet the population increased during that interval from 14,391,000 to 16,537,000! Now it is impossible that a result of this sort could have taken place without either a very great increase of agricultural produce, or a signal and almost unprecedented falling off in the demand for corn. But the latter supposition is out of the question. Instead of there being any decline in the consumption, there can be no manner of doubt that, speaking generally, the bulk of the population consume, at this moment, more corn, and particularly wheat, than at any former period. In fact, wheaten bread has now almost entirely superseded every other sort of bread. The consumption of rye, barley, and oats in the northern and south-western parts of England, and in Wales, is reduced to a mere trifle. All classes subsist mainly on wheaten bread; and during the last ten years there has been a growing indisposition to use even the inferior sorts of such bread. In Scotland the change has been still more decided than in England; and we believe we are quite within bounds, when we express our conviction that from five to ten times more wheat is consumed in Scotland at present than in 1790."

The author next presents a table, upon the authority of Mr. Charles Smith, the able and well-informed writer of several tracts on the corn laws, wherein it is shown, that of the 6,000,000 of people in England and Wales, in 1760, no fewer than 888,000 fed on rye; whereas, at present, there are not 20,000 who use that species of grain. Every one immediately perceives how this statement, when accompanied by the following particulars, affords unequivocal evidence of the growing prosperity of the community.

"The rye eaters have universally almost been changed into wheat eaters; and, except in the county of Durham, where a mixture of wheat and rye, called *maslin*, is grown, the culture of rye is almost unknown. Nearly the same may be said of the consumption of barley. In the northern counties of England, at the middle of the last century, and for long after, very little wheat was used. In Cumberland, the principal families used only a small quantity about Christmas. The crust of the goose-pie, with which every table of the county is then supplied, was, at the period referred to, almost uniformly made of barley-meal. But no such thing is now ever heard of, even in the poorest houses. Almost all individuals use wheaten bread, at all times of the year. It is, in fact, the only bread ever tasted by those who live in towns and villages, and mostly, also, by those who live in the country.

"It has been the same every where throughout the kingdom. In Cornwall, from thirty to forty years ago, the small farmers, with the agricultural labourers, and those employed in the mines, almost invariably used barley; but at present they do not use it to anything like the same extent as formerly, and in many extensive districts it has been entirely abandoned. The same thing has happened in Somersetshire, and in every other county where either barley or oats was formerly made use of. Wheat is now the all but universal bread-corn of England; and in some of the manufacturing towns, within the last few years, the use of the inferior sorts of wheaten bread has been a good deal restricted; and is rejected, indeed, by all but the very lowest and poorest classes.

"The change that has taken place during the last half century, in the consumption of butcher's meat, is still more extraordinary than that which has taken place in the consumption of corn. The quantity made use of has been wonderfully increased, and its quality signally improved. From 1740 to about 1750, the population of the metropolis fluctuated very little; amounting, during the whole of that period, to about 670,000 or 675,000. Now, during the ten years ending with 1750, there were, at an average, about 74,000 head of cattle, and about 570,000 head of sheep sold annually in Smithfield market. In 1831, the population had increased to 1,472,000, or in the ratio of about 218 per cent.; and at an average of the three years ending with 1831, 156,000 head of cattle, and 1,238,000 head of sheep were annually sold in Smithfield; being an increase of 212 per cent. on the cattle, and of 217 per cent. on the sheep, as compared with the numbers sold in 1740-50. It consequently appears that the number of cattle and sheep, consumed in London has increased, since 1740, about in the same proportion as the population. The weight of the animals has, however, a good deal more than doubled in the interval. In the earlier part of last century, the gross weight of the cattle sold at Smithfield did not, at an average, exceed 370 pounds, and that of the sheep did not exceed 28 pounds; whereas, at present, the average weight of the cattle is estimated at about 800 pounds, and that of the sheep at about 80 pounds. Hence, on the most moderate computation, it may be affirmed that the consumption of butcher's meat in the metropolis, as compared with the population, is twice as great at this moment as in 1740 or 1750."

We have often listened to speculations regarding the number of

Scotch bakers that are in London, and sometimes, when one of their home-loving countrymen would boast of this circumstance, have been amused by the perhaps equally striking fact, that no Scotch butchers accompany these *powdered* gentlemen; the obvious meaning of the sneer being, that butcher's meat is not eaten in the north. But what does Mr. M'Culloch state?

"The demand for butcher's meat in Scotland has increased in the most extraordinary manner. So late as 1763, the slaughter of bullocks for the supply of the public markets was a thing wholly unknown even in Glasgow, though the city had then a population of nearly 30,000! Previously to 1775, or perhaps later, it was customary in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the principal Scotch towns, for families to purchase, in November, what would now be reckoned a small, miserable, half-fed cow or ox, the salted carcass of which was the only butcher's meat they tasted throughout the year. In the smaller towns and country districts this practice prevailed till the present century, but it is now almost everywhere abandoned. The consumption of butcher's meat in Glasgow, as compared with the population, does not at present differ materially from that of the metropolis. We do not, indeed, believe that the command of the people of any country over food and all sorts of conveniences ever increased, in any equal period, half so rapidly at that of the people of Scotland has done since 1770."

Ireland does not furnish anything like such cheering facts or prospects as the sister kingdoms do; and the author doubts whether the condition of the labouring part of the population of that country—and this forms the great mass of the people—be materially better at this moment than in the days of Cromwell. In fact, Mr. M'Culloch's picture of Ireland is exceedingly disheartening. He admits that the middle class has been considerably increased within the last half century, and that the island has had its full share of the improvements in which all classes of the people of England and Scotland have so liberally participated during that period; but he affirms, in regard to agriculture, for instance, that the island is in a very backward state, to speak generally, and when compared with Great Britain. He says "the Irish farmer has neither skill nor industry;" that "he has no correct notion of the rotation of crops;" that "there are few thrashing machines in the kingdom," &c., &c. And he thus, in part, accounts for this deplorable state of things:—

"The abject poverty of the people has been said to be the real cause of the distressed state of Irish agriculture. But this very poverty has itself been mainly occasioned by the circumstances to which we have now briefly alluded. The splitting of the land into minute portions has been at once the principal cause of the excessive increase and poverty of the population, and of the wretched condition of agriculture."

The general dark doctrine which the author entertains here, is too sweepingly applied, and not quite consistent with the fact, that the exports from Ireland of agricultural produce, have greatly increased within the last quarter of a century—even trebled, we

believe. At the same time, who is there that is competent to judge, and who has traversed the sister island in its length and breadth, that will not bear testimony to a gloomy account of the wretched style of working the soil prevalent throughout—though its capabilities be for the most part so superior, that in the hands of an enterprising farmer it might be made doubly productive? It is unpleasant, however, to dwell much on these facts, when we reflect on the agitated condition of the country, the insecurity of property, and the vile manner of Irish land-letting, against all which an oppressed and poor population have to struggle. We therefore, after merely stating that our author leans too much to dark views, both as to the present and future circumstances of Ireland, offers compensation to the people of the empire, in the capacity of one great nation, not only by the following estimates, but by the full persuasion that we have not yet arrived at the pinnacle of our prosperity.

"We have already seen that the yearly value of the whole agricultural produce of England and Wales may be estimated at about 132,000,000*l.*, and that of Scotland at about 23,000,000*l.*; making a gross sum of 155,000,000*l.* Now, deducting from this amount 12,000,000*l.* for the value of seed, and the sums required to keep up the stock of horses, &c., we have the sum of 143,000,000*l.*, as representing the entire value of the various articles of agricultural produce annually consumed by man. At present (1836) the population of Great Britain may be taken at nearly 18,000,000, which, consequently, gives ($\frac{143}{18}$) 8*l.*, very nearly, for the average annual consumption of each individual; and it seems to be the concurrent opinion of those best entitled to decide as to such subjects, that this average is not very wide of the mark.

"We have estimated the value of the entire annual produce of the land of Ireland at 55,500,000*l.*; but we have since been assured, by gentlemen intimately acquainted with the state of that country, and on whose judgment we are disposed to place much reliance, that this estimate is above the mark, and that the annual value of the agricultural produce of Ireland does not exceed 45,000,000*l.* Now, if we deduct from this 6,000,000*l.* for the value of seed, and of the sums required to replace horses, &c., and 3,500,000*l.* for the values remitted in the shape of rent, &c., to absentee proprietors, we have 35,500,000*l.* to be distributed among the resident population; which, as the latter may be taken at about 8,500,000, gives nearly 4*l.* 3*s.* to each."

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts.* London: Wilson. 1836.

THIS handsome little volume forms a suitable companion to "The Story without an End," which was taken from the German by Sarah Austin, and which we noticed very favourably on its first appearance. The stories are exceedingly simple, natural, and beautiful; and are made to be the vehicle

of some of the most impressive and virtuous lessons that can be addressed to young or old. The illustrations are also embellishments in point of art; and while the whole is to be obtained for a trifling sum, few of the Christmas or New Year Gifts for children, will exceed these "Little Tales" in real value.

ART. XIII.—*Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. London: Wilson. 1837.

THE exterior of this publication is equally neat and elegant with the tiny volume last noticed; and when it is announced that its contents are by Agnes Strickland, no one need question its intrinsic sweetness and worth. It really requires a very peculiar and enviable genius to write for juvenile readers—that is to say, to compose a work calculated to touch the hearts of children, and to engage the feelings of persons of much riper years; for unless there be nature, and truth, and wisdom in the performance, so as to be perceived and relished by a parent, we may rest assured that the effort has failed of its primary object. By the present pieces, and indeed by all that we have seen come from this talented writer, and instructor of the young, these ends have been attained. She has a fine perception for what is beautiful in surrounding nature, and of the avenues by which all this beauty is to be made manifest to the tenderest as well as experienced observers. We present a sample of her recent contributions to our juvenile literature. We beg the reader also to bear in mind, that these "Sketches" in the department of poetry, form as suitable a present at this period of the year, as "The Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts," can be in prose; and that their illustrations are not less appropriate and tasteful. Indeed the two charming 16mos. should go together, and no doubt for many long years afterwards they will be regarded as twin instructors by every ingenuous student.

Our extract is chosen on account of its moderate length and its application to the current season, rather than for its superiority in relation to the other pieces.

"THE WINTER ACONITE; OR THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"Oh, the New-year's Gift a welcome flower!
For she gladdens the gloom of the wintry hour:
Amidst the dark tempests and the blasts of the North,
From her mantle of green she looks cheerily forth.

The Jonquil, the Tulip, the Hyacinth gay,
Depart with the vanishing glories of May;
And the Roses of summer with summer take flight,
But a wintry gem is the Aconite.

When the trees of the forest are leafless and bare,
And the hedge-rows are stripped of their coronets fair,
And the pride of the garden is faded and gone,
She springs from the cold earth, all lovely and lone.

When a brief gleam of sunshine dissolves the first snow,
It is pleasant to gaze on her beautiful glow;

At a time when no object in nature looks bright,
Save the golden hue of the Aconite.

Before the pale Snow-drop or Daisy may dare
To brave the rude hail, or the bleak frosty air,
Or the Crocus peeps forth, or the surest Celadine,
Like a beacon of hope does the Aconite shine.

Then speak not of friends who will shrink from our side
In moments when friendship is by sorrow tried;
Give me those whose true love through each storm sheds a light,
Like the bloom of the wintry Aconite."

ART. XIV.

- 1.—*The Book of the New Covenant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; being a Critical Revision of the Text and Translation of the English Version of the New Testament, with the aid of most Ancient Manuscripts unknown to the Age in which that Version was last put forth by Authority.* London: Duncan. 1836.
- 2.—*Annotations to the Book of the New Covenant; with an Expository Preface. With which is reprinted, J. L. Hug, "De Antiquitate Codicis Vaticani Commentatio."* By GRANVILLE PENN, Esq. London: Duncan. 1837.

THE titles of these two volumes sufficiently explain what they are; and if we may be allowed to speak strongly on themes and performances which involve the most sacred duties as well as the profoundest erudition, we should affirm of the present works that they ought to become the frequent study and guide of every minister of the gospel, and of every scholar in divine literature. The Expository Preface, we regard as a masterpiece in the department of critical and learned disquisition; and yet the author and editor considers all such efforts as he has here put forth, and the results of all biblical or philological labours concerning the text of the Holy Scriptures to be of no benefit worthy the consideration of the Christian philanthropist and teacher, farther than as these studies and exertions may circulate and impress upon the minds of ordinary readers and the generality of inquirers after truth, the precise mind of the Creator and Redeemer of mankind. This is, beyond all question, of infinitely higher moment than any display of scholarship. Still, these volumes confer extreme honour on the ripe scholar who has put forth his strength, and manifested the earnestness of his heart in behalf of the eternal interests of mankind.

It is not for us to pronounce a decided opinion upon the merits of the translation to be found in the former of these volumes. The version with which we have been familiar from our infancy, has necessarily obtained such an authority and an emphasis in respect of its peculiar phraseology, that we cannot well divest ourselves of the feelings of its right to be called the only form in which the word of God should appear. Now every one, at the same time knows, that the fact stands otherwise; and that although no alteration is to be tolerated which is

not a manifest improvement, yet every honest effort to exhibit the force and the beauty of the original ought to be encouraged and persevered in. In the instances before us, we recognise some palpable corrections, as well as certain canons regarding the principles of translation that are deserving of universal attention. It would be too much to expect that in every point, "*The Book of the New Covenant*" is perfect; and we think we could point out some passages where there is error. We only mention one of these, however, to show that we do not speak at mere random. Is that verse in St. John's Gospel rightly translated which runs thus?—"Jesus saith to her, woman, what have I to do with thee? My hour is not yet come."

In these words and in our authorised version, there seems to be a harshness of address that must grate severely upon the devout ear. We are aware of the explanation that has been given in defence of such language coming from sinless lips: and that it has been said, Mary therein received a merited reproof. At the same time, the term translated woman, was of great respect in the Greek. But the question alone with us, regards that member of the text, which asks, "What have I to do with thee?" And to this we invite the editor's attention. Upon the whole, these volumes constitute a monument that will long endure, in testimony of Mr. Granville Penn's learning, industry, and piety.

ART. XV.—*Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part IV.*
London: Tilt. 1836.

OF all the steel engravings that have of late years inundated this country, none are more truthful, highly-finished, or really valuable than the series of views of which the present part forms an interesting portion, at the rate of sixpence per plate, with the necessary descriptions. It is a publication which we may not only confidently declare worthy of extensive and popular patronage; but one which has, like all the works which Mr. Tilt publishes, already obtained that testimony of its beauty and worth, that will ensure its continuance and completion.

ART. XVI.—*Shakspeare Gallery. Part V.* London: Tilt.

THIS part contains representations of Cressida, Julia, and the Princess of France; and although it may be said truly that the same faces and figures might stand for many other of the great dramatist's female characters, still these now before us require only the names above attached to them to be announced to assure the fancy that they have been taken from the living and original creations of the poet. They are, at any rate, beautiful specimens of design and execution, and most appropriate furniture for the drawing-room table, or any ornate and illustrated edition of Shakspeare's works.

ART. XVII.—*Tints of Talent from Many Pencils.* Edited by G. MOIR BUSSEY. London: J. Thomas. 1837.

THIS neat volume contains a variety of sketches and tales in prose and poetry that possess the average beauty and talent of the illustrated and

embellished Annuals. The writers are also various; some of them being well known to fame; others, and indeed the more numerous class "youthful candidates for popular applause." Though the title of the book be not remarkable for its modesty, we can answer for it, that, as respects the aspirants, it promises well. It would not be difficult, but at the same time, it would not be kind, or even just, to point out certain faults in these juvenile efforts. It is but fair to state, that such defects or extravagancies are just the symptoms which we desire to find in the attempts of young writers, and intimations that promise much. The following may not be the happiest specimen, but it is a fair one; while its length suits our pages.

"WERE WE NOT HAPPY?"

Were we not happy in our summer dreams?
 In noontide wanderings over hill and glen,
 When flowers were steeped in rich and fragrant dews
 To yield the incense while we worshipped them:
 When vernal skies were floating o'er the earth,
 And golden beams were lighting up the sea:
 Were we not happy in those blissful days—
 The brightest pages of our history?
 Were we not happy in the glowing hills,
 Where music woke her deep melodious tone—
 Where lustrous eyes in wit and beauty beamed,
 And forms of loveliness were seen alone;—
 When murmured voices breathed the sunny song
 Of some far land to bind us in a spell;
 Were we not happy in those joyous times,
 Ere *Sorrow's* robe around our footsteps fell?
 Were we not happy in the sacred fane,
 That consecrated ground where on we trod?
 The choral hymns, the penitential prayer,
 Brought to our hearts the presence of a God;—
 Where gorgeous windows lent a magic light,—
 When crests and bannered trophies round us lay;—
 Were we not happy in that holy shrine,
 Lit with its glimmering lamps and rich array?
 Shall we be happy, dearest, when the flowers
 Of youth are withered, and the summer skies,
 No longer fraught with poesy and life,
 Lose their sweet influence in our fading eyes?
 Shall we be happy on the bed of death—
 With nought to cheer our sinking hearts, or save?
 Look up—a richer, surer hope is ours;—
 We shall be happy, far beyond the grave!"

ART. XVIII.—*Jennings' Receipts in Family Cookery.* London:
 Sherwood and Co. 1837.

WE believe this is a new edition, much improved and enlarged of an excellent guide in the important art of which it treats. It contains *two*

thousand and five hundred practical recipes, and gives directions with regard to drink as well as food, in accordance to the most advanced knowledge of the age in which we live. There is a lengthened and very clever, indeed, a learned and elegantly written introduction, that discusses a great variety of general and important branches immediately connected with the principal subject of the volume, such as the duties of cooks and other servants; observations on the implements employed in cooking; instructions for marketing, for trussing, and for performing the honours of the table with grace and propriety in the whole art of carving. Without a knowledge of this last particular business, no man can be a gentleman, and no female a lady in these days. Proper attention to the rules herein laid down, which the engraver has illustrated, cannot fail to teach this indispensable branch.

We do not pretend to the character of professors in the art of preparing food and drink for the human species. We have, however, cast a glance at a great number of Mr. Jennings' recipes, and can easily perceive that he has exerted remarkable judgment in the selection, and, what comes more particularly within our province, his directions are succinct and perspicuous. Regarding one dish we must enter our protest, as it is here explained; we mean hare-soup, which, it is to be lamented, is so little patronised in the metropolis. Mr. Jennings says nothing about the blood, as an ingredient, (and it is the principal in the case, most of the riches of the animal remaining in the element), and he also declares that an old hare will answer equally as well as if it were young. Now, a more stale, dry, and unsavoury piece of toughness in the shape of flesh can hardly be named, than such a specimen of cats' meat; and if the soup made therefrom be good, it must be in spite, not because, of the presence of the *maulkin*. But take our suggestions, and the fact will be completely reversed; the soup deservedly taking its title from the savoury and tender tenant of the coursing-field.

ART. XIX. — *The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into Corresponding English Metres.* By B. D. WALSH. 3 vols. London: Bailey. 1837.

THE first of the three volumes to which this translation and the accompanying notes are to extend, is before us, and affords ample evidence that Mr. Walsh possesses extraordinary qualifications for the performance of the task to which he has set himself. On all occasions, and especially in the case of a classical language, much is required of him who undertakes to present an adequate and spirited translation; but, probably, in no instance, more indispensably than when the Comedies of Aristophanes are the subjects of the effort. It is not alone the obscurity of allusions, arising from the distance of time in which he wrote, and the difference of manners compared with those of our own days that then prevailed. The poet's mind, objects, and style of writing, were very peculiar. His sentiments and verse ranged from the lowest buffoonery, through all the shades of the burlesque and of pungent satire, to the loftiest poetry—while by a sort of allegory, he boldly pounced upon the passing times, and the men among whom he lived—suiting himself to admiration to the remarkable temperament and taste of his audience.

To render the dramas of such a poet intelligible and tolerable to a

British reader, far more is necessary than a critical knowledge of the original. The translation must fluctuate between freedom and corresponding exactness. It must be often, in a great measure, a paraphrase breathing, rather a congenial spirit, than expressing the same allusions, and using the same forms of speech. The licence, however, must convey similar flashes of wit and sharpness of transition, otherwise the version will either fatigue, or be an original work. Mr. Walsh's superiority chiefly consists in this judicious method of avoiding extremes—while the variety of his versification in point of form and emphasis—its ease and cleverness have never been surpassed in any translation of these Comedies which we have read, even when some of the most striking passages of the poet have appeared as a fragmentary effort. One specimen from the "Clouds" must at present suffice our readers, many of whom know that Socrates is therein the object of the dramatist's most unsparing satire. Among other charges preferred against the philosopher, that of blasphemy, in denying the existence of Jupiter, figures—the "Clouds" being his Gods. He has, in a stupid squire, by name Strepsiades, a pupil, who receives instructions on these and kindred themes, and who, though sadly puzzled on many profound matters, falls at times upon the most whimsical arguments in support of his tutor's theories. Strepsiades asks—

"But from whence are the fiery thunderbolts whirled,
That reduces to ashes, and merely
Singe others amongst us alive? They are hurled
By Jove at the perjurers clearly.

SOCRATES.

You old-fashioned bekke-diluvian dolt,
If Jupiter hurls them to floor us
For swearing, why does he not launch a bolt
At Cleonymus, Simon, Theorus?
They are terrible perjurers every one knows,
Yet they never have met with their death hence.
But he blasts his own fane, in the place of his foes,
And Sunium, headland of Athens,
And the crests of the innocent oaks of the wood.
For what reason? An oak can't be perjured.

STREPSIADES.

I am sure I don't know; but your argument's good.
In what way is the thunderbolt nurtured?

SOCRATES.

When an arid wind is upraised from below,
And enclosed in the clouds, its capacity
To inflate them like bladders is called in, and so
It bursts them in two of necessity;
And rushes outside with a vehement force
From its denseness, when it has rent 'em,
Consuming and burning itself on its course,
By its friction, and noise, and momentum.

STREPSIADES.

I've been treated myself in the very same way,
 By Apollo, on many occasions.
 I neglected to nick a haggis one day,
 I was roasting to dine my relations;
 When it puffed up, and suddenly to my surprise
 Burst open in tatters, and nearly
 Deprived me of sight by a spurt in my eyes,
 And scalded my face most severely."

ART. XX.—*The Cabinet of Modern Art and Literary Souvenir. Third Series.* Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. 8vo. pp. 225. London: Whittaker. 1837.

WE are bound to speak in terms of as unlimited praise of the present volume, as we did of any of its predecessors. Our general affirmation is, that unlike many of the gawdy and glittering butterfly beauties that claim a short-lived admiration at this season, ranging themselves under the name of *Annals*, this yearly visitant is entitled to a perennial existence, and to occupy a forward and accessible shelf in every library. To begin with its unsurpassed and matchless engravings, twenty-six in number, let it be born in mind, that these are taken from no common pictures, but from many of the most celebrated productions of our most eminent Artists; by far the larger proportion having formed the leading attractions of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and of the British Institution; the whole, with three exceptions, being elaborately executed oil pictures. We name and characterize a few of them.

"The Muse Erato and Cupids," "The Bower of Diana," and the *Wise Man's Offering*" T. Stothard, R. A., are not only excellent pictures, but specimens by an eminent artist of peculiar genius, which students should study. "The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus" and "A Cottage Door" R. Westall, R. A. These subjects have long been admired upon a larger scale; they are, however, remarkably beautiful and striking even in their present form; and become doubly interesting as works of a painter, whose career has just been arrested by death. His works never failed to give forth the expressions of an accomplished and elegant mind, and a romantic taste. These are valuable examples of such a genius now for ever gone. "Birth of Venus," and "Sabrina in the Hall of Nereus" H. Howard R. A., are remarkable instances of natural expression classically arranged. "A ruined Fountain" J. Chalon, R. A., is so exquisitely finished and so affectingly charged with sentiment, that it would be wasting mere generalities, which could convey no descriptive idea, were we to utter all we feel about this specimen. It is a gem worth being looked at hundreds of times. "Entry into London of Edward the Black Prince with John of France," F. P. Stephanoff. This exhibits a day-light procession, and while it pictures a remarkable event in history, it affords a representation of life and action that entitles the artist to high credit for the power and vividness of his conceptions. "A View on the Adriatic Sea" A. Bentley. Venice furnishes an inexhaustible field of beautiful and imposing subjects for the cultivators of the fine arts. It has on this occasion, also, inspired the painter with poetic emotions, and another gifted contributor to the

Cabinet of Modern Arts with some exquisite Stanzas, as our only extract will show. We feel, however, that while it would give us pleasure to speak of each and all of these lovely embellishments, our utmost efforts would fail to do them justice or to convey any thing like a proper account to persons who have never beheld them. We therefore leave off, only specifying one other very remarkable production, by I. Martin. It is "Titus before Jerusalem." Here there is a world of elements and action brought within the compass of such a space as an octavo volume offers by one of its pages. There are myriads of troops, all the contrivances and engines of war, all the bold features of natural and magnificent scenery clearly and effectively represented. The production is incredibly fine and grand.

The literary department comprises sketches and poems from the pens of a variety of distinguished writers, but we miss much of the critical matter connected with the fine arts, which pleased us so highly in the previous volume. All of the papers, however, are good, several of them quite admirable. We may mention some of the popular names among the authors, and allude particularly to a few pieces. William Howitt, is like himself in his "Cottage Life." L. E. L. has "Two scenes in the Life of Anna Boleyn," that deserve a careful reading for the knowledge which they display of the human—the female heart. Mary Howitt, Miss Montagu, are also among the poets. But Mr. T. K. Harvey is the leading songster among the tuneful tribe. "The Painter's Page," by the author of the "Reformer;" and the "King's Fete" by the author of "Chantilly," are probably the best prose pieces in the volume. But to return to Mr. Harvey and to give the promised extract.

"Venice, the Bride.

"The old, wide world, amid her thousand tales,
Hath none like thine, and nothing like to thee!
A city rocking in the Ocean gales,
And sitting, like a swan, upon the sea!
Along whose star-lit domes and stately halls
Stole the strange echoes of the dim, deep caves,
While the green fairies by her marble halls,
In the still moonlight, wandered with the waves;
No whirl of wheel nor tramp of charger rang,
'Mid whispering voices and 'mid gliding feet,
The stars were lighted, and the sea-breeze sang.
And the wild wave went murmuring through her street;
And dream-like music, haunting heart and tide,
Filled all her happy nights—when Venice was a bride!

"Venice, the Widow.

"And, still, that strange old city of the deep—
Paved by the ocean, painted by the moon—
Shows, like a vision of the haunted sleep,
Some heart was lulled to by a fairy tune!
But sorrow sitteth in its soulless eyes—
The same proud beauty with its spirit gone!
And—spanned to day by many a "Bridge of Sighs"—
The sea goes moaning through their flutes of stone—
Gone the glad singing in its lighted halls,
The merry masque, and serenade apart,

And o'er their own dark shadows brood its walls,
Like memories brooding in a broken heart!

And Venice hath the veil upon her brow,

Where sat, of old, the crown :—she is a widow now !”

Altogether the artists and authors who here figure, and most of whom contribute to various other Annuals seem to have outstript themselves, and to have felt inspired with the elevating and sustaining conviction that they were competing with many elegant and noble spirits,—nay, that they were called on to cope with the exalted character to which the “*Literary Souvenir*” has attained.

We may remark that Mr. Watts himself has not shown himself this year as a contributor to his favourite work. He would have been welcome, in that capacity, we are sure. But, still he who has bestowed the pains and exhibited the taste, which he has done in the selection before us, has in reality been the most valuable labourer of the whole to the completion of “*The Cabinet of Modern Art.*”

ART. XXI.—*Rhymes for Youthful Historians, designed to assist the Memory in retaining the most important Dates in Ancient History, and the Principal Events in the History of England. With thirty-five portraits of Sovereigns.* Fourth Edition. London : Wilson.

MRS. CHAPONE has a suggestion, in her Chapter on Chronology, respecting the method of remembering eras, that has been adopted by the author of these rhymes ; it is this, that “the best direction that can be given is to fix on some periods or epochas, which will at last be so deeply engraven on the memory, that they will be ready to present themselves whenever you call for them ; these, indeed, should be few, and ought to be chosen for their importance ; since they are to serve as elevated stations to the mind, from which it may look backwards and forwards upon a great variety of facts.” And she quotes the following lines as having made a lasting impression upon her own mind :—

“Rome and Olympiads bear the same date,
Three thousand two hundred and thirty-eight.
In three hundred and sixty was Rome sack'd and torn,
Thirty summers before Alexander was born.”

The author of the neat little work before us, proceeds in this fashion to make use of rhymes and dates.

There are short notes to every one of the pieces on English History, which are explanatory of the proper names used in the text. “Fourth Edition,” is a notice sufficiently expressive to recommend the work to all instructors of youth.

ART. XXII.—*Winkle's Cathedral Churches of England, Nos. 13 and 14. Ditto of the Continent, Nos. 11 and 12.* London : Tilt.

THE great recommendation of these views, besides their beauty and fidelity, is that they are by far the cheapest collection of the architectural remains of our ancestors and the middle ages that exists. In truth, they furnish not merely a splendid proof of the wonders in the art of engraving to which the intractable metal steel, has been made subservient, but an evidence that the taste and durable nature of many of the present and most magnificent works of our predecessors will continue to shed their influence upon posterity to the latest generations.

ART. XXIII.—*The Daughter. A Play, in Five Acts.* By J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES. London: Moxon. 1837.

"*The Daughter*," partakes of the character of the melodramatic pieces, which have, of late years, composed so many of our theatrical representations; but yet it is immeasurably superior to them in point of careful construction and poetic expression. It is rather in plot and action than in poverty, feebleness, or extravagance of thought and language, that it belongs to the melodramatic school; for though the play will not rank with the highest orders of tragedy, it will add, rather than subtract from Mr. Knowles' fame as a dramatic writer. It would not be difficult to find grounds for some degree of critical severity upon the construction of the plot, and as regards the consistency of the characters; but there is far more cause for praise than censure—for admiration than punctilious correction.

The author's mannerism is very prominent in the dialogue and the poetry of "*the Daughter*;"—strength of thought, rather than harmony of verse distinguishes him. The heroine especially has obtained all his care, and much of the riches of his genius. The circumstances in which he places her, and the exquisite and natural expressions of woman's magnanimity, its power consisting in its tenderness, render Marian one of the finest creations of the poet's muse.

We will not attempt to give a summary or an analysis of the plot, which is rather complicate; or, at least it would require from us a sketch which would usurp the space we can afford to this notice, to the exclusion of certain extracts, which must be far more welcome. The title, "*The Wrecker's Daughter*," and the announcement that the scene of the whole piece lies upon the coast of Cornwall, will afford some clue to the story.

In the following dialogue, Robert, the wrecker, and the father of Marian, is preparing himself in anticipation of a storm, for his dreadful trade, when she endeavours to dissuade him from his intent.

Robert. I tell thee, Marian, not a soul can live

In such a sea as boils within our bay.

Marian. And shouldst thou therefore strip the drowned man?

O! at his death-bed, by the side of which

No friend doth stand, there is a solitude

Which makes the grave itself society!—

Helplessness, in comparison with which

An ordinary death is kin to life!—

And silence, which the bosom could fill up

With thoughts more aching, sad, and desolate

Than ever uttered wailing tongues of friends

Collected round the bier of one beloved!—

To rifle him!—purloin his little stock

Or gold, or jewels, or apparel!—take

And use it as thine own!—thou?—thou? whom Heaven

Permits to see the sun that's set to him;

And treasures ten times dearer than the sun

Which he shall never see!—O touch it not!

Or if thou touch it—drop it and fall down

Upon thy knees, at thought of what he was,

And thou, through grace, art still!

Rob. Her mother's voice !
 Her mother's words !—Here take the coil !—Put by
 My boat-hook and my axe !—My Marian,
 I'll not go to the beach !

Robert, on reaching the shore—his virtuous resolution having been overcome—finds a body, which he proceeds to rifle, when his daughter appears, and persuades him to renew his late promise to her.

Mar. Forswear this lawless life !—Thou wouldst not rob
 A living man !—"Tis manlier to strip
 The living than the dead !

Rob. This night's the last !

Mar. This night !—O, no !—The last night be the last !
 Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong,
 Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,—
 Doth but commence anew a course of sin,
 Of which that last sin is the leading one,
 Which many another, and a worse, will follow !
 At once begin ! How many, at this hour,
 Alive as thou art, will not live to see
 To-morrow's light !—If thou shouldst be cut off
 Should thy last sin be done, on thy last night !
 Should Heaven avenge itself on that last sin
 Thou dost repentingly !—My father, come !—
 O ! a bad conscience, and a sudden death !
 Come home !—Come home !—Come home !

After the occurrence of this truthful and noble argument, she sees a man plunge a knife into the body, which her father has been about to rifle, and believing erroneously, that the murderer is her father, she will not say or swear to the contrary. He is arrested, committed for trial, and is condemned to die upon her mistaken evidence. Here is part of a scene that then follows :—

Rob. Who gave thee
 Those hands thou clap'st to me ?

Mar. Thou !

Rob. I !—Indeed !
 And the rest of thy limbs ?—Thy body ? and the tongue
 Thou speak'st with—Owest thou every thing to me ?

Mar. I do !—indeed I do !

Rob. Indeed ! Indeed !
 Thou liest ! Thou wert never child of mine !
 No !—No !—I never carried thee up and down
 The beach in my arms, many and many a day,
 To strengthen thee, when thou wast sickly !—No !
 I never brought thee from the market town,
 When'er I went to it, a pocket load
 Of children's gear !—No !—No, I ne'er was
 Your play-fellow that ne'er fell out with you
 Whate'er you did to him !—No !—Never ! Nor
 When fever came into the village, and

Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd
Ten days and nights running, beside your bed,
Living I know not how, for sleep I took not.
And hardly food ! And since your mother died—

Mar. Thou'lt kill me, father !

Rob. Since your mother died
I have not been a mother and a father
Both—both to thee !

Mar. Oh ! spare me !

Rob. I was never
Any thing to thee !—Call me father !—why
A father's life is wrapp'd up in his child !
Was mine wrapp'd up in thee ?—Thou know'st 'twas not !—
How durst thou call me father ?—fasten upon me !—
That never gave the proof, sign, any thing
Of recognition that thou wast my child !
Strain'd thee to my heart by the hour !—parting thy hair
And smoothing it, and calling thee all things
That fondness idolising thinks upon
To speak its yearning love !—core of my heart !
Drop of my heart's blood, was worth all the rest !
Apple of mine eye, for which I'd give mine eyes,
Orbs, sockets, lids and all !—'till words grew sobs,
And love, o'er fraught, put what it lov'd away
To get relief from tears !—Never did I
Do this to thee !—why call me father, then,
That art no child of mine ?

Mar. I am thy child ?
The child to whom thou didst all this and more.

Rob. Thou stood'st not then, just now, in the witness box,
Before the justice in that justice room,
And swor'st my life away.

Mar. Where thou dost say,
I stood !—What thou dost say, I did !—and yet,
Not in those hours thou nam'st of fond endearment,
Felt, as I felt it then, thou wast my father !

Rob. Well !—Justify it—prove thee in the right—
Make it a lawful thing—a natural thing—
The act of a child !—a good child !—a true child !
An only one !—one parent in the grave,
The other left—that other, a fond father—
A fond, old, doting, idolizing father !
Approve it such an act in such a child
To slay that father ! Come !

Mar. An oath !—an oath !

Rob. Thy father's life !

Mar. Thy daughter's soul !

Rob. 'Twere well
Thy lip had then a little of the thing
The heart had over much of !

Mar. What ?

Rob. Stone !—Rock !

They never should have opened !

Mar. Silence had

Condemned thee equally,

Rob. But not the breath

Mine own life gave !

She justifies herself thus :—

Mar. I felt in the justice-room

As if the final judgment-day were come,

And not a hiding-place my heart could find

To screen a thought or wish ; but every one

Stood naked 'fore the judge, as now my face

Stands before you ! All things did vanish, father !

That make the interest and substance up

Of human life—which, from the mighty thing

That once was all in all, was shrunk to nothing,

As by some high command my soul received,

And could not but obey, it did cast off

All earthly ties, which, with their causes, melted

Away !—And I saw nothing but the Eye

That seeth all, bent searchingly on mine,

And my lips oped as not of their own will

But of a stronger—I saw nothing then

But that all seeing Eye—but now I see

Nothing but my father !

There is much that is as touchingly natural and forcible in this play ; as the passages now extracted ; there is, besides, plenty of love and villainy in it. But we have cited sufficient proofs to show, were this necessary, that Mr. Knowles has a poetic genius, cast in a dramatic mould of great power, enlargement, and no small degree of originality ; that he is a poet of Nature's own formation ; and that it matters little what his pieces may be technically called—since each of them, be it ballad, or be it play, gives out unequivocal specimens of his rich and ennobling treasures. Like all his other productions, " The Daughter" teaches impressively a fine moral, or rather conveys a succession of moral lessons, the scope of which must come strikingly home to every one's heart.

ART. XXIV.—*Encyclopédie Des Gens Du Monde.* Tome Septieme.
Première Partie. Paris : Treuttel et Wurtz. 1836.

THIS dictionary is upon the plan of the celebrated Conversations-Lexicon, indeed many of the articles are either exact translations from that work or modifications of them, forming a universal repertory of science, literature, and art ; as also an account of the principal families in the world historically considered, and of the most renowned individuals living and dead. The work is conducted by a society of distinguished persons, foreign and French. Among the popular publications of the kind, this *Encyclopédie* ought to obtain a high rank, not merely because it is an improvement upon its predecessors, but because the contributors to it are numerous, talented, and possessed of a great diversity of acquirements.

ART. XXV.

- 1.—*Etudes sur Les Constitutions Des Peuples Libres.* Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. Paris : Treuttel et Wurtz. 1836.
- 2.—*Histoire Des Francois.* Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. Tom. XXI. Paris : Treuttel et Wurtz. 1836.

THESE two volumes are the productions of one of the most celebrated historians and political economists of modern times ; the former treating of the social sciences—the other being a continuation of a work that has been for a number of years in the course of publication, and is still incomplete : it embraces a large portion of the history of Henry IV., and of France, during his eventful and most interesting reign.

Simonde de Sismondi is distinguished not merely in the departments to which these volumes immediately belong, but for his eminence in the sciences auxiliary to them. His knowledge of foreign literature has enabled him to take a high standing in the critical examination of polite letters ; so that considering the studies, the experience (he was born in 1773), the accomplishments of this great man, his works are entitled to the character of those valuable books which will descend to posterity, and furnish lights and standard authorities for future ages.

In his political principles, Sismondi is what has been called Aristocratico-republican. As a historian, he is distinguished for his full and accurate narrative drawn with great scrupulousness from original sources ; and his works are replete with instruction in regard to facts, and in their pictures of the changes in the social condition. But he is sometimes prolix, and the profound views, as well as large conclusions of the philosophical historian, are sometimes wanting.

ART. XXVI.—*The Conservative Peers, and the Reform Ministry.*
London : Ridgway. 1836.

HERE we have a strenuous and able vindication of the present ministry, and a severe castigation of the Conservatives. The writer reviews the measures which the Whigs have carried, and those in which their exertions have hitherto been thwarted ; and while he bestows high commendation upon them, considers the difficulties which they have had to encounter in the work of amelioration from Tories, as well as timid Reformers and Radicals, denouncing the conduct and principles of the former, and beseeching the latter to sink all minor differences for the sake of union in the liberal cause. The pamphlet, in short, is a powerful and eloquent defence as well as exposé of the measures and endeavours of the Reform Ministry.

Reform measures he divides into two classes ; first, "those which require to be carried out boldly and at once, to the full extent of all the change which they essentially call for. The second are those which require to be worked out slowly—in which the alteration should be progressive and preparatory—and where the success of each successive step must guarantee the safety, as well as the utility of that which is to follow."

The obstacles arising from the scruples of professed Reformers which the present ministers have to steer amongst, are thus clearly charac-

terised :—" Their support is derived from two parties, upon neither of which can they have any sure and permanent reliance. Both props are liable suddenly to slip from under them. The one party consisting of wary, diffident, calculating reformers; the other of reformers of a different class—intrepid, enterprising, and fearless of consequences. The former are perpetually watching them, lest they should proceed too rapidly; the other, keeping the spur always in their flank." " The ministry have to make head against their Tory adversaries, and at the same time, to keep in favour with both these parties." " The situation of the prime minister, reminds us of that of the Man of Letters, as described by Voltaire :— '*Il ressemble aux poissons volans ; s'il s'élève un peu, les viscaux le dévorent ; s'il plonge, les poissons le mangent.*' " Thus, it appears that the reform ministry is placed in a situation in which no British cabinet ever was before.

All who make the subject of government a matter of study and anxiety, should read this publication.

ART. XXVII.—*Analysis of the Bible, with Reference to the Social Duty of Man.* By MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Whittaker. 1836.

It is always pleasing to find an author of celebrity giving evidence, that however extensive and various may have been his secular studies and pursuits, " The Bible" and Christianity have not been overlooked by him, but been the most constant and highly esteemed of the subjects of his pursuit and meditation. Here we have before us an instance of this gratifying and instructive kind. The work besides is calculated to be extremely useful to all who make the sacred volume the standard of their every-day conduct in society.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Architectural Magazine and Journal of Improvements in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing, &c. No. 24.* London: Longman and Co.

THIS number, as it closes the year, contains " a summary view of the progress of architecture in Britain during the past year, with some notices relative to its state in foreign countries." The account is drawn up by Mr. Loudon himself, whose knowledge in all such matters and on kindred subjects, all the world knows is of the most useful and extensive character. Other papers follow, which are of equal value perhaps, both to the professional and the amateur-reader, embracing very various topics. We may mention the names of a few of these, from which the riches of the number will be in some measure appreciated. These are " The Report from the Select Committee on Arts, and their Connection with Manufactures, with the Minutes of Evidence," &c. ; " The Fitting up of Interiors," abounding in antiquarian lore ; " Candidus Note Book ;" " Design for a Country Cemetery Chapel" " The Description of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital ;" " An English Version of a French Plan ;" and " Miscellaneous Intelligence," &c. &c. Learning, curious speculation, superior knowledge of art, and practical principles, are displayed in one or other of these articles, presenting altogether a valuable and delightful magazine.

ART. XXIX.—*A New and Familiar Treatise on the Structure of the Ear, and on Deafness.* By A. W. WEBSTER, Inventor of the Otaphone, &c. &c, London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1836.

THE principal object which Mr. Webster seems to have contemplated by the publication of this treatise, is to afford useful and correct information regarding the ear to the general reader, especially to the deaf. This, we think, he has succeeded in doing; for, while his explanations of technical terms are such as any one may understand, he has adopted a scheme of distribution as regards the different parts of the ear, and their appropriate functions, that greatly tends to elucidate the subject. The author has made the particular organ in question the subject of long and enlightened study; and from the success which has attended the application of the "Otaphone" to the auricle, it may be added, that this study has been remarkably successful as regards its practical results.

ART. XXX.—*The French Self-Instructor; or the Difficulties and Peculiarities of the French Language familiarly explained, by Fifty-two easy Lessons.* By D. BOILEAU. Simpkin and Marshall. 1836.

THE author of this Self-Instructor is not one of those who undervalues the advantages of oral instruction; and accordingly these familiar explanations and easy lessons are chiefly addressed to those who, under the guidance of proper teachers, have already acquired a tolerably correct pronunciation of French, and the rudiments of the language, but which may have been in a great measure forgotten. To all such we recommend the work as admirably calculated to revive that which they once possessed, and thence to carry them forward to a proficiency in proportion to the study they may by themselves bestow upon it. At the same time the volume will be found of great service to those who have never made any progress in the language before, and this because of the simplicity and aptitude of its lessons for such a purpose.

M. D. Boileau is well known as the author of several elementary works, both in French and German; and indeed the present volume formed part of the "Linguist," which contained also instruction in the latter language, forming two octavo volumes. These he has now disjoined—the present being devoted to the French, and one that is about to follow to the German.

ART. XXXI.—*The Comic Almanack, for 1837: an Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, containing "all Things fitting for such a Work."* By RIJDUM FUNNIDOB, Gent. Adorned with a dozen of "Righte Merrie" cuts, pertaining to the months, and an Hieroglyphic, by George Cruikshank. London: Tilt.

It is impossible to look into the "Comic Almanack" without asking, by what process of invention, laws of association, or suggestive habits, have these humorous scraps of poetry and prose, and, more wonderful still, these engravings and hieroglyphics, been composed and arranged. Really this is a curious, and at the same time, a useful concern; but especially does it

deal in fun and clever sallies of humour. Altogether, like its predecessors from the same publisher's repository of embellished and valuable works, it is unique. We must give a specimen, and without searching, or, indeed, being able to make a preference, we shall, upon the principle of "first come, first served," take January. Here, we have as skaters, a perfect Paganini, whiffing his cigar, and skimming along with a velocity and ease, as if poised upon the wings of the wind, with "a dumpy woman," hard behind, muff in hand, yet making equal speed. These lines are accompaniments :—

" Now folks trudge on with muffled faces,
To meet Dan Winter's cold embraces ;
But he has not the freezing air,
That upstart, purse-proud worldings wear.
Now mischief-making urchins plan,
With glassy slide, the fall of man ;
But Summer friends with Wintry looks,
Are slipp'lier far than icy brooks."

Passing over "Great Events and Odd Matters." with other notable facts and devices, we come to a woe-begone and grotesque group of "Froze-out Gardeners," who thus proclaim their laments :—

" Poor half-starved, froze-out gardeners, good gentlefolks, we be,
Hard lines for us, my masters all, as ever you did see :
We sits among the trenches in a shake and in a shiver,
And our poor babbies are without a bit of kiver ;
Like snails among the cabbages, they curls themselves around,
Or like the little caterpillars, grubbing on the ground.
We wanders home and dreads to hear of some mishap or other,
And scarcely dares to *as* the pretty darlings—' how's your mother ?'
" She sold *her mangle* long ago—'twere better far than priggings ;
For we only turns up spades, whene'er we tries our hands at digging ;
Without some rain 'tis all in vain. Alack ! our hearts is breaking,
And scarcely we should break our *teeth* if we should go a raking.
So night and day, we ever pray, the frost it may be going,
No more they'll let us owe, unless we gets a little *hoeing* ;
The parish board don't heed our word ; but looking black or blue,
They reads the Hact o' Parliament, and then cries—' Who are you ?'
So help the froze-out gardeners, kind master's every one,
For while you're sporting on the ice, we're starving till it's gone."

Then come Christmas bills : we copy one of them. (Mrs. Figgins loquitor.)

" Here's the doctor's—a horrid long bill—
And he vows he's as badly as you :
For his patients wont pay him a groat,
And he's dying of *Tick Doloureux*.
But he says he's consulted a friend,
A lawyer that lives very near ;
So I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year ;"

The "Comic" shall be our cheap Almanack for this year.

ART. XXXII.—*The Book of Gems, for 1837; British Poets and British Artists.* Edited by S. C. HALL. London: Saunders and Otley.

THE Annuals for 1837 really outstrip in point of number and splendour, all that have gone before them. Expense is set at defiance, that the public may be tempted and gratified. Look at "The Book of Gems!" Was there ever a volume that could be more appropriately named, if the mere mechanical departments are to be regarded? But this is not the most favourable feature of the work, for it is full of "Gems" of poetry; nor will this for a moment, be doubted, when it is understood that these Gems have been searched for, by a competent judge, from the richest treasures of the British Muse. When we say that Addison, Burns, Cowper, and the standard poets of the empire have been ransacked for the finest morsels they have ever composed, and that equally exquisite engravings illustrate their verses, amounting to no less than fifty-three pictures by the first of modern artists in this country, little more can be required at our hands in way of commendation. The brilliant clearness which these specimens of art display, together with the superlative beauty and value of the poetry to which they are wedded, cannot fail of securing a permanent popularity for "The Book of Gems." It is as sure to enrich many a library as it is to be the surpassing "Gem" on hundreds of drawing-room tables. It would be unjust to pass over unnoticed, even in this short account, the part which the Editor has performed in the work. The spirit and the judgment of his critical observations, as well as his taste in the business of selection, are of a superior order. He has indeed constructed a suitable frame-work for these imperishable Gems.

ART. XXXIII.—*The Laird of Logan; or, Wit of the West; being a Collection of Anecdotes, Jests, and Comic Tales. Second Series.* By the Contributors to the First Series, and several new Hands. Glasgow: Robertson. London: Longman and Co. 1836.

THIS volume is scarcely equal to the first series; or, it may be, because the Laird figures less frequently in it than in the former, that we have regarded it with less partiality—the very appearance of his name to a professed jest, awakening the visible faculties, even before touched by the coming flash. The two collections, however, taken together, contain a rich treasure of laughable matter, in which the genius and mannerism of the good people of the West are strongly infused; and according to this view the publication possesses a value distinct from its main purpose. We ourselves are well acquainted with Ayrshire, and the adjacent counties, and may be allowed to be competent to give judgment on the subject. We quote an example of the contents of the present series.

"Courtesies of the Table.—Among the main choice spirits who figured in the convivial circles of Ayrshire about the close of the last century, no one, perhaps, was a greater favourite than Mr. H—— of S——. In person and manners he was quite the *beau ideal* of an accomplished *tableman*. Along with a fund of good humour he had a superabundance of pleasantry, which rendered his company particularly attractive; while his countenance bore ample testimony to his social propensities; for as it was truly remarked, 'a wider mouth for a laugh, or a redder nose for a bottle, was not to be found among all the votaries of Bacchus.' Being one day with the Laird of Logan, Mr. H—— happened to help himself to

a little brandy after his fish—a custom which is still kept up at some of the hospitable boards of that very hospitable county. When holding up the glass between him and the light—‘Laird,’ said he, addressing Logan, ‘this is rather pale for me, I would rather prefer some of your dark brandy.’ ‘I assure you, Mr. H——, what I have sent you is the dark brandy.’ ‘I’ll no contradict you, Laird, in your ain house; but it looks pale to me.’ ‘I’ll no contradict you, Mr. H——, out of your ain house; but you should consider that your red nose, and muckle mouth would gar ony man’s brandy look pale!’”

ART. XXXIV.—*The Right of Primogeniture Examined. In a Letter to a Friend: occasioned by a Debate in the House of Commons, April 12, 1836. By a YOUNGER BROTHER.* London: Ridgway. 1836.

THE writer of this pamphlet announces himself to be the same as the author of “The Rationale of Political Representation,” a work of unusual merit in respect of the perspicuity with which many fundamental doctrines of national policy are explained and enforced, and of the grave dignity with which not a few bold reforms are recommended, both to the electors and the elected of our legislators. We confess, however, that we have not met with the same clearness and cogency of reasoning in the publication now before us, that the writer formerly displayed. There is, especially in the latter part of the pamphlet, a great deal of abstract reasoning, which, whether correct or not, does not appear to us to throw much light upon a subject, the whole importance of which must come to a practical shape.

The title of the work, as all our readers who take a deep interest in such discussions, will recollect, bears an immediate reference to Mr. Ewart’s motion for leave to bring in a bill to abolish the right of Primogeniture in the case of unentailed freehold property, of such persons as happen to die intestate. Now, we are of opinion, in the first place, that a new law to this effect, is by no means one of the most pressing importance, in the midst of the many reforms that are required, even admitting that all the good attached by the author to its passing should be realized. Every man has it in his power to do all that is here demanded of the legislature to do for his heirs, if he chooses; and the presumption is, that it is his *will* that the ordinary course of the law should have its free scope and issue if he does not direct it. But in the second place, it cannot be disguised, if even this slender-supposed improvement in the laws of succession were carried, that it would necessarily prepare the way for the more sweeping measure of annulling entirely the rights of primogeniture as at present, and for many centuries established throughout the British empire. To what the mooted questions regarding a hereditary aristocracy, may, in the course of time lead, it is not for us to predict; but we feel, that until the nation has made up its mind to some organic change in respect of this order, the law of primogeniture must exist much in the same state that we now find it. We therefore do not perceive the immediate propriety of the present discussion, although in so far as the pamphlet before us is concerned, it must be admitted, there are many general principles advanced which are sound and at the same time temperately defended.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

ART. I.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By HENRY HALLAM, F.R.S.A. Corresponding Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the French Institute. Vol. I. London: Murray. 1837.

A history of European literature, from the time of its revival after the long night of darkness of the middle ages, we have often thought would be a work that ought to be accomplished, although we are also of the mind, that instead of one historian, it would require a whole college of professors to complete it. To write a history of English literature only for the last three centuries, every one must instantly perceive, would be a task not more interesting to him who desires to study the progress of civilization and knowledge, than difficult to perform and to do it justice. A sufficient testimony that it would require extraordinary talents and accomplishments to execute such a work, may be found in the fact that it has never been attempted. We have Warton's History of Poetry; but whilst it is a very defective and faulty production in so far as it goes, it leaves us about the accession of Elizabeth. France has no work in reference to her own territory of this extended nature; and with the exception of Italy, which has found in Tiraboschi an adequate writer of the kind alluded to, there is no country in Europe, to which belongs a national history so comprehensive as to leave uncommemorated no part of its literary labour; and even the work by Tiraboschi descends only to the close of the seventeenth century, and deals more in biography than criticism. The truth is, as Mr. Hallam elegantly states, that the press is ever so active, that no year passes without accessions to our knowledge, even historically considered, upon some of the multifarious subjects discussed in the present volume, and that an author who would wait till all requisite materials are accumulated to his hands, would but watch the stream that will run on for ever.

There have been to be sure a number and a variety of biographical dictionaries, which embrace much that partakes of the character of such an enlarged work as we now speak of; but when we regard the subject under the comprehensive idea of a universal account of *literature*, taking the word in its widest sense, that is, a history of everything published in books, there is a mighty blank, which we despair of seeing filled up according to the minuteness and accuracy which the imagination can contemplate.

Perhaps there is not, however, at the present time a literary labourer more competent than the author of the work, the first volume of which is now before us, to the task which he has undertaken. It is clear, at any rate, that he has here already gone a considerable way in that synoptical view which he professes to have attempted to give; for it possesses this character rather than that of a book of reference on particular topics. He has had recourse to all the best existing authorities who have in the course of the last two or three centuries contributed in any department to the subject handled, and in an especial manner has supplied a continuous outline of the spirit and merits of English literature, which has hitherto been in a great measure neglected and overlooked by continental scholars. His appreciation of the numerous and diversified writers whom he passes in review, appears to us to indicate a vast extent of reading, and for the most part great justice and discrimination in point of criticism. It would be too much to expect that even Mr. Hallam should succeed in tracing the progress of the literature of Europe in the fifteenth and two succeeding centuries according to the method suggested by Lord Bacon, who states that a history of letters should detail the origin and antiquities of every science, the methods by which it has been taught, the sects and controversies it has occasioned, the colleges and academies in which it has been cultivated, its relation to civil government and common society, the physical or temporary causes which have influenced its condition, as well as the lives of famous authors, and the books they have produced. But, at least the work deserves the modest title of Introduction to such an unlimited theme, and presents, so far as we have yet read, a luminous and highly interesting view of the mind of Europe since the revival of literature subsequent to the reign of intellectual darkness and social oppression during the middle ages.

The volume before us begins with the literature of Europe in 1400, and comes down to 1550. There is also a preliminary chapter, which contains a retrospect of learning in the middle ages, embodying a great portion of what the author delivered on the same topic in his well-known history of those times; a retrospect which is necessary to a proper understanding of its subsequent progress and value. Every one knows that the establishment of the barba-

rian nations on the ruins of the Roman empire in the West, was accompanied or followed by an almost universal loss of that learning which had been accumulated in the Latin and Greek languages, and which goes by the distinctive name of classical; a revolution long prepared by the decline of taste and knowledge, for several preceding ages, but accelerated by public calamities in the fifth century. The downfall of learning and eloquence, after the death of Boethius in 524, was inconceivably rapid, who was the last of the classic writers, and who is best known from his "Consolation of Philosophy," a work written in prison. About the same period, compilations superseded the use of the great ancient writers, and that encyclopedic method, as Mr. Hallam calls it, which, as has been observed, is an usual concomitant of declining literature. It is really a remarkable circumstance, that with the loss of the classic languages, there should have been for several centuries an almost total stagnation of talent as exhibited in the dialects that were derived from corrupted Latin, as in the case of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. Is it not strange, that in these and other native languages, that there was almost nothing to testify that original genius existed throughout the whole of Europe, even in the province of imagination? Are we to suppose that fancy and feeling were extinct, and that poetry, which very frequently constitutes the character of the speech of savage nations, was banished from among men? Yet it is here that the most remarkable deficiency is to be found; and the causes assigned by the author for such a state of things are extremely interesting, and worthy of the attention of those who inquire what extent of influence the refinement and purity of language has upon the intellectual and moral condition of mankind. Mr. Hallam says, that "the very imperfect state of language, as an instrument of refined thought, in the transition of Latin to the French, Castilian, and Italian tongues, seems the best means of accounting, in any satisfactory manner, for the stagnation of the poetical faculties. The delicacy which distinguishes in words the shades of sentiment, the grace that brings them to the soul of the reader with the charm of novelty united to clearness, could not be attainable in a colloquial jargon, the offspring of ignorance, and indeterminate possibly in its form, which those who possessed any superiority of education would endeavour to avoid."

At the commencement of the twelfth century a new division in the literary history of Europe occurs, when the natural powers of the mind began to be developed; and the most important circumstances in the progress of this amendment are marked by the author as consisting, first, of the institution of universities, and the methods pursued in them: second, the cultivation of the modern languages, followed by the multiplication of books, and the extension of the art of writing: third, the investigation of the Roman law:

and, lastly, the return to the study of the Latin language in its ancient models of purity. In tracing the history of the cultivation of the modern European languages, the English tongue, of course, obtains a particular notice, although he experiences no slight difficulty in assigning any precise and distinct limit to it. He says—

“ When we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce, why it should pass for a separate language, rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform, however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon was converted into English : 1. by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words ; 2. by omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries ; 3. by the introduction of French derivatives ; 4. by using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these, the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language ; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved from much of our difficulty, whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or the earliest fruits of the daughter’s fertility.

“ The Anglo-Norman language is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution ; and as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether. In the one instance, there was a real fusion of laws and government, to which we can find but a remote analogy, or rather none at all, in the other. It is probable, indeed, that the converse of foreigners might have something to do with those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar, which appear about the reign of Henry II., more than a century after the Conquest ; though it is also true, that languages of a very artificial structure, like that of England before that revolution, often became less complex in their forms, without any such violent process as an amalgamation of two different races. What is commonly called the Saxon Chronicle is continued to the death of Stephen, in 1154, and in the same language, though with some loss of its purity. Besides the neglect of several grammatical rules, French words now and then obtrude themselves, but not very frequently, in the latter pages of this Chronicle. Peterborough, however, was quite an English monastery ; its endowments, its habits were Saxon ; and the political spirit the Chronicle breathes, in some passages, is that of the indignant subjects, *servi ancor frementi*, of the Norman usurpers. If its last compilers, therefore, gave way to some innovations of language, we may presume that these prevailed more extensively in places less secluded, and especially in London.

“ We find evidence of a greater change in Layamon, a translator of Wace’s romance of Brut. from the French. Layamon’s age is uncertain ; it must have been after 1155, when the original poem was completed, and can hardly be placed below 1200. His language is accounted rather Anglo-Saxon than English ; it retains most of the distinguishing inflections of the mother-tongue, yet evidently differs considerably from that older than the Conquest by the introduction, or at least more frequent employment of some new auxiliary forms, and displays very little of the characteristics of the ancient poetry, its periphrases, its ellipsis, or its inversions. But though

translation was the means by which words of French origin were afterwards most copiously introduced, very few occur in the extracts from Layamon hitherto published; for we have not yet the expected edition of the entire work. He is not a mere translator, but improves much on Wace. The adoption of the plain and almost creeping style of the metrical French romance, instead of the impetuous dithyrambics of Saxon song, gives Layamon at first sight a greater affinity to the new English language than in mere grammatical structure he appears to bear.

"Layamon wrote in a monastery on the Severn; and it is agreeable to experience, that an obsolete structure of language should be retained in a distant province, while it has undergone some change among the less rugged inhabitants of a capital. The disuse of Saxon names crept on by degrees; some metrical lives of saints, apparently written not far from the year 1250, may be deemed English; but the first specimen of it that bears a precise date is a proclamation of Henry III., addressed to the people of Huntingdonshire in 1258, but doubtless circular throughout England. A triumphant song, composed probably in London, on the victory obtained at Lewes, by the confederate barons in 1264, and the capture of Richard Earl of Cornwall, is rather less obsolete in its style than this proclamation, as might naturally be expected. It could not have been written later than that year, because in the next the tables were turned on those who now exulted, by the complete discomfiture of their party in the battle of Evesham. Several pieces of poetry, uncertain as to their precise date, must be referred to the latter part of this century. Robert of Gloucester, after the year 1297, since he alludes to the canonisation of St. Louis, turned the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth into English verse; and on comparing him with Layamon, a native of the same county, and a writer on the same subject, it will appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the language since the loss of Normandy. The Anglo-Saxon inflections, terminations, and orthography, had also undergone a very considerable change. That the intermixture of French words was very slightly owing to the Norman conquest will appear probable, by observing at least as frequent an use of them in the earliest specimens of the Scottish dialect, especially a song on the death of Alexander III. in 1285. There is a good deal of French in this, not borrowed, probably, from England, but directly from the original sources of imitation."—pp. 57—62.

Both England and Scotland produced gifted authors in the fourteenth century, whose works had a remarkable influence upon the language in which they wrote; and when we mention in reference to the latter country the name of Barbour, and, belonging to the former, Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, it will at once be admitted that by this time our tongue had attained great variety and richness of expression. Yet the English was seldom written, and hardly ever employed in prose till after the middle of the century instanced, Wicliffe's translation of the Bible, which is referred to 1383, contributing largely to the wealth of the language. Previous to this era French was usually spoken by the superior classes of society; but by a statute of 1362 all pleas in

courts of justice are directed to be pleaded and judged in English, on account of French being so much unknown.

Among the inventions that contributed largely to the revival of literature and the culture of the modern languages, that of paper holds a distinguished place. There has been much discussion, regarding the date at which this vehicle of language was first manufactured, without which both the art of writing and the invention of printing would have been greatly affected. A demand for instruction would increase with the frequency of epistolary correspondence; and a close intercourse of social life, would also arise out of this increase of private correspondence.

In noticing the names of those men who have chiefly contributed to the revival of letters, Petrarch deserves first to be named. The manner in which this was accomplished, and the character of his style, are thus described, affording a fair specimen of the author's criticism and of the contents of the volume—

"His fine taste taught him to relish the beauties of Virgil and Cicero, and his ardent praises of them inspired his compatriots with a desire for classical knowledge. A generous disposition to encourage letters began to show itself among the Italian princes. Robert, king of Naples, in the early part of this century, one of the first patrons of Petrarch, and several of the great families of Lombardy, gave this proof of the humanizing effects of peace and prosperity. It has been thought by some, that but for his appearance and influence at that period, the manuscripts themselves would have perished, as several had done in no long time before; so forgotten and abandoned to dust and vermin were those precious records in the dungeons of monasteries. He was the first who brought in that almost deification of the great ancient writers, which, though carried in following ages to an absurd extent, was the animating sentiment of solitary study; that through which its fatigues were patiently endured, and its obstacles surmounted. Petrarch tells us himself, that while his comrades at school were reading *Æsop's Fables*, or a book of one Prosper, a writer of the fifth century, his time was given to the study of Cicero, which delighted his ear long before he could understand the sense. It was much at his heart to acquire a good style in Latin. And, relatively to his predecessors of the mediæval period, we may say that he was successful. Passages full of elegance and feeling, in which we are at least not much offended by incorrectness of style, are frequent in his writings. But the fastidious scholars of later times condemned these imperfect endeavours at purity. 'He wants,' says Erasmus, 'full acquaintance with the language, and his whole diction shows the rudeness of the preceding age.' An Italian writer, somewhat earlier, speaks still more unfavourably. 'His style is harsh, and scarcely bears the character of Latinity. His writings are indeed full of thought, but defective in expression, and display the marks of labour without the polish of elegance.' I incline to agree with Meiners in rating the style of Petrarch somewhat more highly. Of Boccace the writer above quoted gives even a worse character. 'Licentious and inaccurate in his diction, he has no idea of selection. All

his Latin writings are hasty, crude, and unformed. He labours with thought, and struggles to give it utterance; but his sentiments find no adequate vehicle, and the lustre of his native talents is obscured by the depraved taste of the times.' Yet his own mother tongue owes its earliest model of grace and refinement to his pen.

"Petrarch was more proud of his Latin poem called *Africa*, the subject of which is the termination of the second Punic war, than of the sonnets and odes, which have made his name immortal, though they were not the chief sources of his immediate renown. It is indeed written with elaborate elegance, and perhaps superior to any preceding specimen of Latin versification in the middle ages, unless we should think Joseph Iscanus his equal. But it is more to be praised for taste than correctness; and though in the Basle edition of 1554, which I have used, the printer has been excessively negligent, there can be no doubt that the Latin poetry of Petrarch abounds with faults of metre. His eclogues, many of which are covert satires on the court of Avignon, appear to me more poetical than the *Africa*, and are sometimes very beautifully expressed. The eclogues of Boccaccio, though by no means indifferent, do not equal those of Petrarch."—pp. 109—112.

The causes of enthusiasm that at this period awoke in Italy are graphically and elegantly explained in the following paragraphs:—

"It is an interesting question, What were the causes of this enthusiasm for antiquity which we find in the beginning of the fifteenth century?—a burst of public feeling that seems rather sudden, but prepared by several circumstances that lie farther back in Italian history. The Italians had for some generations learned more to identify themselves with the great people that had subdued the world. The fall of the house of Swabia, releasing their necks from a foreign yoke, had given them a prouder sense of nationality; while the name of Roman emperor was systematically associated by one party with ancient tradition; and the study of the civil law, barbarously ignorant as its professors often were, had at least the effect of keeping alive a mysterious veneration for antiquity. The monuments of ancient Italy were perpetual witnesses; their inscriptions were read; it was enough that a few men like Petrarch should animate the rest; it was enough that learning should become honourable, and that there should be the means of acquiring it. The story of Rienzi, familiar to every one, is a proof what enthusiasm could be kindled by ancient recollections. Meantime the laity became better instructed; a mixed race, ecclesiastical, but not priests, and capable alike of enjoying the benefices of the church, or of returning from it to the world, were more prone to literary than theological pursuits. The religious scruples which had restrained churchmen, in the darker ages, from perusing heathen writers, by degrees gave way, as the spirit of religion itself grew more objective, and directed itself more towards maintaining the outward church in its orthodoxy of profession, and in its secular power, than towards cultivating devout sentiments in the bosom.

"The principal Italian cities became more wealthy and more luxurious after the middle of the thirteenth century. Books, though still very dear, comparatively with the present value of money, were much less so than in other parts of Europe. In Milan, about 1300, there were fifty persons

who lived by copying them. At Bologna, it was also a regular occupation at fixed prices. In this state of social prosperity, the keen relish of Italy for intellectual excellence had time to develop itself. A style of painting appeared in the works of Giotto and his followers, rude and imperfect, according to the skilfulness of later times, but in itself pure, noble, and expressive, and well adapted to reclaim the taste from the extravagance of romance to classic simplicity. Those were ready for the love of Virgil, who had formed their sense of beauty by the figures of Giotto and the language of Dante. The subject of Dante is truly mediæval; but his style, the clothing of poetry, bears the strongest marks of his acquaintance with antiquity. The influence of Petrarch was far more direct, and has already been pointed out."—pp. 141—143.

Greek and Latin absorbed the minds of these Italian scholars, and to the classical learning thus propagated Europe, was in a great measure indebted for the revival of letters. What might have been the intellectual progress of this quarter of the globe, had she never gone back to these classical fountains, it is impossible to determine. But where is the man of high reputation who has not reaped great benefit either directly or through others, from these ancient languages? There were other sources of refined and elevated sentiment, and influential opinions at the close of the dark ages. These the author classifies under the heads—chivalry, gallantry, and religion. Regarding the last, Mr. Hallam speaks with much discriminative judgment. He says, "the modern mythology, if we may include in it the saints and devils, as well as the fairy and goblin armies, which had been retained in service since the days of paganism, is so much more copious, and so much more easily adapted to our ordinary associations than the ancient, that this has given an advantage to the romantic school in their contention, which they have well known how to employ and to abuse." The exalted notions of the Deity inspired by Christianity, when compared with heathenism, also pervadingly impressed the vernacular poetry that distinguished Europe as her modern languages approached their present beauty and copiousness.

But about the middle of the fifteenth century, the invention of printing was followed by the most extraordinary results that can be pointed to in the succeeding history of literature. This is a fact that has so often been attested, and is so easily apprehended by the mind, that we need not follow the author in his various accounts on the subject. The spirit of improvement which had become so powerful in Italy, as has already been noticed when speaking of the discovery and study of the classical languages, continued to produce the most apparent and beneficial effects, were it only regarded in the ardour to accumulate and circulate copies of them. The invention now mentioned, however, very soon rendered the employment of the transcribers of manuscripts vain. Our readers will perceive from the passage now to be cited, that the art at once

assumed an accuracy that forbade any other general method of publication becoming necessary.

"The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found, about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is remarkable, that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be called a book of very extraordinary scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455 rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the royal library at Paris, an entry is made, importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15.), 1456. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted, seems to intimate that no book had been printed in 1452; and considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating the above-mentioned copy is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography.

It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."—pp. 210—212.

The author, in following out this history, in distinct chapters treats of various branches of literature. For example, he gives the history of that which is classical from 1520 to 1550, in one; in another the history of what was theological, during the same period—of speculative, moral, and political philosophy—of the literature of taste, &c., thus directing the reader's mind to clear and simple divisions, and displaying at the same time deep research and matured judgment in his details.

The remainder of our extracts must, however, be limited, and will chiefly contain some notices of the influence which the Reformation had upon theological literature. In this account there will be found certain opinions which run counter to the impressions very generally entertained by Protestants, especially in reference to the genius and the character of Luther. But while we shall refrain from mixing

ourselves up with religious controversy, we think it very proper that popular notions in reformed England should be brought to the test by such a profound and extensive inquirer as Mr. Hallam, in order that they may be overturned or confirmed.

In approaching the period of the Reformation, which, whatever may have been its other consequences, had a most powerful effect upon literature and human opinion, the author proceeds shortly to state the grounds of dispute that then arose, and the changes wrought in the public mind. He says that though the proximate cause of that great religious revolution was, as all the world is aware, the sale of indulgences, which was conducted with the most indecent extortion, and which Luther made first the handle to assail popery, yet that—

“The German nation was, in fact, so fully awakened to the abuses of the church, the disclaimer of papal sovereignty in the councils of Constance and Basle had been so effectual in its influence on the public mind, though not on the external policy of church and state, that, if neither Luther nor Zwingle had ever been born, there can be little question that a great religious schism was near at hand. These councils were to the Reformation what the parliament of Paris was to the French Revolution. Their leaders never meant to sacrifice one article of received faith; but the little success they had in redressing what they denounced as abuses, convinced the laity that they must go much farther for themselves. What effect the invention of printing, which in Italy was not much felt in this direction, exerted upon the serious minds of the Teutonic nations, has been already intimated, and must appear to every reflecting person. And when this was followed by a more extensive acquaintance with the New Testament in the Greek language; nothing could be more natural than that inquisitive men should throw away much of what seemed the novel superstructure of religion, and, what in other times such men had rarely ventured, should be encouraged by the obvious change in the temper of the multitude to declare themselves. We find that Pellican and Capito, two of the most learned scholars in western Germany, had come, as early as 1512, to reject altogether the doctrine of the real presence. We find also that Oecolampadius had begun to preach some of the protestant doctrines in 1514. And Erasmus, who had so manifestly prepared the way for the new Reformers, continued, as it is easy to show from the uniform current of his letters, beyond the year 1520, favourable to their cause. His enemies were theirs, and he concurred in much that they preached, especially as to the exterior practices of religion. Some, however, of Luther's tenets he did not and could not approve; and he was already disgusted by that intemperance of language and conduct, which, not long afterwards, led him to recede entirely from the Protestant side.”—pp. 414—415.

Mr. Hallam is aware that some offence may be taken at the character which he gives to Luther's works by those who have thought only of the man. We are not, says the author, to follow the Reformer's partizans in dissembling altogether, like Isaac Milner,

the enormous paradoxes which deform Luther's writings. It is admitted, however, in these pages, that his life was pure, and his piety fervent; but it is denied, that, struck by the absurdity of the prevailing superstitions, he "was desirous of introducing a more rational system of religion; or, that he contended for freedom of inquiry, and the boundless privileges of individual judgment; or, what others have been pleased to suggest, that his zeal for learning and ancient philosophy led him to attack the ignorance of the monks, and the crafty policy of the church, which withstood all liberal studies." It certainly sounds like a contradiction, when the author declares that the great Reformer did not contemplate the introduction of a more rational system of religion. He admits that Luther's life was pure, and his piety fervent. Is it consistent with these qualities, or indeed with the motives of any sincere reformer of ecclesiastical rule, and religious doctrine, that he should be regardless of the reasonableness of his innovations, or suppose that they are other than a fulfilment of the mind of God, which must be synonymous with right reason? But we eschew controversy on this point, and proceed to allow the author to explain his sweeping opinions, above quoted, in his own way.

"The doctrines of Luther, taken altogether, are not more rational, that is, more conformable to what men, *a priori*, would expect to find in religion, than those of the church of Rome; nor did he ever pretend that they were so. As to the privilege of free inquiry, it was of course exercised by those who deserted their ancient altars, but certainly not upon any latitudinarian theory of a right to judge amiss. Nor, again, is there any foundation for imagining that Luther was concerned for the interests of literature. None had he himself, save theological; nor are there, as I apprehend, many allusions to profane studies, or any proof of his regard to them, in all his works. On the contrary, it is probable that both the principles of this great founder of the Reformation, and the natural tendency of so intense an application to theological controversy, checked for a time the progress of philological and philosophical literature on this side of the Alps. Every solution of the conduct of the reformers must be nugatory, except one, that they were men absorbed by the conviction that they were fighting the battle of God. But among the population of Germany or Switzerland, there was undoubtedly another predominant feeling; the sense of ecclesiastical oppression, and scorn for the worthless swarm of monks and friars. This may be said to have divided the propagators of the Reformation into such as merely pulled down, and such as built upon the ruins. Ulric von Hutten may pass for the type of the one, and Luther himself of the other. And yet it is hardly correct to say of Luther, that he erected his system on the ruins of popery. For it was rather the growth and expansion in his mind of one positive dogma, justification by faith, in the sense he took it, (which can be easily shown to have preceded the dispute about indulgences,) that broke down and crushed successively the various doctrines of the Romish church; not because he had originally much objection to them, but because there was

no longer room for them in a consistent system of theology."—pp. 418—420.

One of the immediate effects of overthrowing the ancient system of religion, Mr. Hallam avers was the growth of fanaticism, "to which, in its worst shape, the antinomian extravagances of Luther yielded too great encouragement." In the following extract, there will be found an allegation of a similar kind, besides a curious comparison with our own times.

"The most striking effect of the first preaching of the Reformation was that it appealed to the ignorant; and though political liberty, in the sense we use the word, cannot be reckoned the aim of those who introduced it, yet there predominated that revolutionary spirit which loves to witness destruction for its own sake, and that intoxicated self-confidence which renders folly mischievous. Women took an active part in religious dispute; and though in many respects the Roman catholic religion is very congenial to the female sex, we cannot be surprised that many ladies might be good Protestants against the right of any to judge better than themselves. The translation of the New Testament by Luther in 1522, and of the Old a few years later, gave weapons to all disputants; it was common to hold conferences before the burgomasters of German and Swiss towns, who settled the points in controversy, one way or other, perhaps as well as the learned would have done.

"We cannot give any attention to the story of the Reformation, without being struck by the extraordinary analogy it bears to that of the last fifty years. He who would study the spirit of this mighty age may see it reflected as in a mirror from the days of Luther and Erasmus. Man, who, speaking of him collectively, has never reasoned for himself, is the puppet of impulses and prejudices, be they for good or for evil. These are, in the usual course of things, traditional notions and sentiments, strengthened by repetition, and running into habitual trains of thought. Nothing is more difficult, in general, than to make a nation perceive any thing as true, or seek its own interest in any manner, but as its forefathers have opined or acted. Change in these respects has been, even in Europe, where there is most of flexibility, very gradual; the work, not of argument or instruction, but of exterior circumstances, slowly operating through a long lapse of time. There have been, however, some remarkable exceptions to this law of uniformity, or, if I may use the term, of *secular variation*. The introduction of Christianity seems to have produced a very rapid subversion of ancient prejudices, a very conspicuous alteration of the whole channel through which moral sentiments flow, in nations that have at once received it. This has also not unfrequently happened through the influence of Mohammedism in the East. Next to these great revolutions in extent and degree, stand the two periods we have begun by comparing; that of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and that of political innovation wherein we have long lived. In each, the characteristic features are a contempt for antiquity, a shifting of prejudices, an inward sense of self-esteem leading to an assertion of private judgment in the most uninformed, a sanguine confidence in the amelioration of human affairs, a fixing of the heart on

great ends, with a comparative disregard of all things intermediate. In each there has been so much of alloy in the motives, and, still more, so much of danger and suffering in the means, that the cautious and moderate have shrunk back, and sometimes retraced their own steps, rather than encounter evils which at a distance they had not seen in their full magnitude. Hence we may pronounce with certainty what Luther, Hutten, Carlostadt, what again More, Erasmus, Melancthon, Cassander, would have been in the nineteenth century, and what our own contemporaries would have been in their times. But we are too apt to judge others, not as the individualities of personal character and the varying aspects of circumstances rendered them, and would have rendered us, but according to our opinion of the consequences, which, even if estimated by us rightly, were such as they could not determinately have foreseen."—pp. 497—499.

We afterwards find a sentiment of a striking character, and calculated to excite anxiety at the present moment, couched in these words—"It is very doubtful, whether the close phalanx of Rome can be opposed, in ages of strong religious zeal, by anything except established or at least confederate churches."

Luther's literary character is thus described :—

"It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poverty of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers. But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book 'against the falsely-named order of bishops,' can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined, that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive an advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise *De servo arbitrio*, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument, which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbounded dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings: no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his

sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonised, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans.—pp. 513, 514.

The translation of the Old and New Testaments by Luther, Mr. Hallam declares, is more renowned for the purity of its German idiom, than for its adherence to the original text. It is alleged that his knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages was not extensive; and altogether this great Reformer's name, whether as regards original genius or rational purposes of conduct, will not gather new honours from our author's pages. But the manner in which the Reformation gradually affected literature is nevertheless nicely and carefully traced, although nothing short of the entire volume before us can indicate the delicate and clear manner in which this is accomplished.

Of Calvin, Mr. Hallam speaks highly, allowing him to have been possessed of genius and learning of no mean order; and he characterises his Institutions as being the most systematic and extensive defence and exposition of the Protestant doctrine, which at that time had appeared. But not to go more fully into the influence or character of the Reformers, we conclude, after introducing one passage, in which, going back to near the beginning of the fifteenth century, we find a curious resemblance detected between two great men, whose similarity of name adds strikingly to the comparison.

"The mind of Roger Bacon was strangely compounded of almost prophetic gleams of the future course of science, and the best principles of the inductive philosophy, with a more than usual credulity in the superstitions of his own time. Some have deemed him overrated by the nationality of the English. But if we may have sometimes given him credit for discoveries to which he has only borne testimony, there can be no doubt of the originality of his genius. I have in another place remarked the singular resemblance he bears to lord Bacon, not only in the character of his philosophy, but in several coincidences of expression. This has since been followed up by a later writer (with no knowledge, probably, of what I had written, since he does not allude to it), who plainly charges lord Bacon with having borrowed much, and with having concealed his obligations. The *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon was not published till 1733, but the manuscripts were not uncommon, and Selden had thoughts of printing the work. The quotations from the Franciscan and the Chancellor, printed in parallel columns by Mr. Forster, are sometimes very curiously similar; but he presses the resemblance too far; and certainly the celebrated distinction, in the *Novum Organum*, of four classes of *Idola* which mislead the judgment, does not correspond in meaning, as he supposes, with the causes of error assigned by Roger Bacon."—pp. 155, 156.

ART. II.

1. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. Edited by Boz. London : Chapman and Hall.
2. *Sketches* by Boz. Second Series. Macrone.
3. *Bentley's Miscellany*. No. I. Edited by Boz. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Bentley.

WHEN the First Series of the "Sketches by Boz" appeared, we immediately discovered by means of them that the author had great knowledge of London and its suburbs ; that he was a person of uncommon closeness and accuracy of observation, and that he could picture to the life the more vulgar or painful scenes that are daily to be witnessed in and around the modern Babylon. We also thought that, when striving to produce extraordinary effect, he indulged in a species of exaggeration not much unlike caricature. It now occurs to us, however, that this last suggested sort of colouring should rather be characterised as a feature belonging to a certain order of wit or humour, that has a distinguished seat in the genius or modes of association peculiar to the author, and that he really deserves to be ranked as an originalist, although we are far from according to this distinction a very high station, as respects the amusement or the lasting benefit of mankind.

The Papers of the Pickwick Club, which appear periodically, and which now extend to a considerable number of parts, have already obtained no ordinary share of the admiration of the Londoners. This is proof sufficient that they touch the follies, the weaknesses, and the cockneyisms, which no people can more heartily laugh at, than those who are constantly witnessing or committing them. We have of late encountered not a few respectable citizens, who, according to the force of the prevailing fashion, are sure, before you interchange many sentences with them, to inquire if you have read the last number of the Papers of the Pickwick Club. Some of these reputable men, and discriminating judges, will tell you, that Boz is a perfect Smollett ; others that he is a Sterne ; and others again that he can be a Fielding when he chooses. For our own part, we cannot give him so much credit as either of these suppositions should convey ; or rather, we allow him a more enviable honour—that which attaches to all who never dreamt of being copyists, and who have a vein of their own ; although, this originality, as before hinted, in the present case, specifically strikes at Cockneyland, and has only that sort of sly satire which can be understood in the more vulgar fields of that broad region of life and humour. Take as examples the following flattering specimens.

First we present a West Indian braggadocio. A game at cricket is the theme.

"The stranger, meanwhile, had been eating, drinking, and talking, without cessation. At every stroke he expressed his satisfaction and approval of the player in a most condescending and patronizing manner, which could not fail of being highly gratifying to the party concerned; while at every bad attempt at a catch, and every failure to stop the ball, he launched his personal displeasure at the head of the devoted individual in such denunciations as, 'Ah, ah!—stupid'—'Now butterfingers'—'Muff'—'Humbbug'—and so forth—ejaculations which seemed to establish him in the opinion of all around, as a most excellent and undeniable judge of the whole art and mystery of the noble game of cricket.

"'Capital game—well played—some strokes admirable,' said the stranger, as both sides crowded into the tent, at the conclusion of the game.

"'You have played it, Sir,' inquired Mr. Wardle, who had been much amused by his loquacity.

"'Played it! Think I have—thousands of times—not here—West Indies—exciting thing—hot work—very.'

"'It must be rather a warm pursuit in such a climate,' observed Mr. Pickwick.

"'Warm!—red hot—scorching—glowing. Played a match once—single wicket—friend the Colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—who should get the greatest number of runs. Won the toss—first innings—seven o'clock, A.M.—six natives to look out—went in; kept in—heat intense—natives all fainted—taken away—fresh half-dozen ordered—fainted also—Blazo bowling—supported by two natives—couldn't bowl me out—fainted too—cleared away the Colonel—wouldn't give in—faithful attendant—Quanko Samba—last man left—sun so hot, bat in blisters, ball scorched brown—five hundred and seventy runs—rather exhausted—Quanko mustered up last remaining strength—bowled me out—had a bath, and went out to dinner.'

"'And what became of what's-his name, Sir?' inquired an old gentleman.

"'Blazo?'

"'No—the other gentleman.'

"'Quanko Samba?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on my account—bowled off, on his own—died, Sir.' Here the stranger buried his countenance in a brown jug, but whether to hide his emotion or imbibe its contents, we cannot distinctly affirm."

The most striking excellence in these Papers consists of certain tints in colouring, which, although they be seemingly unstudied and unobtrusive, convey a perfect index of character—a character, too, that aptly becomes the head of a generalized class.

To our bachelor friends, who are either not too old to despair, or are so hardened as to despise the bonds of wedlock, we next recommend these suggestions:—

" ' You have no idea how it's best to begin ? ' said Mr. Magnus.

" ' Why, ' said Mr. Pickwick. ' I may have formed some ideas upon the subject, but, as I have never submitted them to the test of experience, I should be sorry if you were induced to regulate your proceedings by them. '

" ' I should feel very much obliged to you, for any advice, Sir, ' said Mr. Magnus, taking another look at the clock, the hand of which was verging on the five minutes past.

" ' Well, Sir, ' said Mr. Pickwick, with the profound solemnity with which that great man could, when he pleased, render his remarks so deeply impressive—' I should commence, Sir, with a tribute to the lady's beauty and excellent qualities; from them, Sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness. '

" ' Very good, ' said Mr. Magnus.

" ' Unworthiness for *her* only, mind, Sir, ' resumed Mr. Pickwick; for to show that I was not wholly unworthy, Sir, I should take a brief review of my past life, and present condition. I should argue, by analogy, that to anybody else I must be a very desirable object. I should then expatiate on the warmth of my love, and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand. '

" ' Yes, I see, ' said Mr. Magnus; ' that would be a very great point. '

" ' I should then, Sir, ' continued Mr. Pickwick, growing warmer as the subject presented itself in more glowing colours before him—' I should then, Sir, come to the plain and simple question, ' Will you have me ? ' I think I am justified in assuming, that upon this she would turn away her head. '

" ' You think that may be taken for granted ? ' said Mr. Magnus; ' because if she did not do that at the right place, it would be embarrassing. '

" ' I think she would, ' said Mr. Pickwick. ' Upon this, Sir, I should squeeze her hand, and I think—I *think*, Mr. Magnus—that after I had done that, supposing there was no refusal, I should gently draw away the handkerchief, which my slight knowledge of human nature leads me to suppose the lady would be applying to her eyes at the moment, and steal a respectful kiss. I think I should kiss her, Mr. Magnus; and at this particular point, I am decidedly of opinion, that if the lady were going to take me at all, she would murmur into my ears a bashful acceptance. ' "

A passage containing a little touch of sentiment, where the subject, but not its treatment, reminds us of Sterne, is the last of our extracts from the Papers of the Pickwick Club.

" Mr. Pickwick bowed low to the ladies; and notwithstanding the solicitations of the family, left the room with his friends.

" ' Get your hat, Sam, ' said Mr. Pickwick.

" ' It's below stairs, Sir, ' said Sam, and he ran down after it.

" Now there was nobody in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid; and as Sam's hat was mislaid, he had to look for it; and the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat; and the pretty housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees, and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't get at it without shutting the door first.

" 'Here it is,' said the pretty housemaid. 'This is it, ain't it?'

" 'Let me look,' said Sam.

" The pretty housemaid had stood the candle on the floor, and as it gave a very dim light, Sam was obliged to go down on *his* knees before he could see whether it really was his own hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and so—it was nobody's fault, but the man's who built the house—Sam and the pretty housemaid were necessarily very close together.

" 'Yes, this is it,' said Sam. 'Good bye.'

" 'Good bye,' said the pretty housemaid.

" 'Good bye,' said Sam; and as he said it, he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble looking for.

" 'How awkward you are,' said the pretty housemaid. 'You'll lose it again, if you don't take care.'

" So just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him.

" Whether it was that the pretty housemaid's face looked prettier still, when it was raised towards Sam's, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their being so near each other, is matter of uncertainty to this day, but Sam kissed her.

" 'You don't mean to say you did that on purpose,' said the pretty housemaid, blushing.

" 'No, I didn't then,' said Sam; 'but I will now.'

" So he kissed her again.

" 'Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the bannisters.

" 'Coming, Sir,' replied Sam, running up stairs.

" 'How long you have been,' said Mr. Pickwick.

" 'There was something behind the door, sir, which perwented our getting it open for ever so long,' replied Sam.

The illustrative Sketches by poor Seymour and others, which accompany the letter-press are fitly introduced, and give a higher zest to the humour of the work; a work, however, for which many, and we among the number, have really little taste, and, therefore, it is probable, that the slight notice now given may not have done it justice.

The "Sketches," of which the "Second Series" is before us, we like better, because there is less of caricature in them, more of every-day occurrences, and yet more refinement in the representations, be they humorous, satirical, descriptive, or otherwise. Among the subjects of these "Sketches," which are at least equal to those that appeared in the former series, we find "The Streets by Morning," "The Streets by Night," "Meditations in Monmouth Street," "Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce," "The First Omnibus Cad," &c. &c. From the first of the subjects now mentioned, we give a truthful picture.

"The day now begins in good earnest. The servant of all-work, who, under the plea of sleeping very soundly, has utterly disregarded 'Missis's' ringing for half an hour previously, is warned by master, (whom Missis has sent up in his drapery to the landing-place for that purpose,) that it's half-

past six, whereupon she awakes all of a sudden, with well-feigned astonishment, and goes down stairs very sulkily, wishing, while she strikes a light, that the principle of spontaneous combustion would extend itself to coals and kitchen ranges. When the fire is lit she opens the street-door to take in the milk, when, by the most singular coincidence in the world, she discovers that the servant next door has just taken in her milk too, and that Mr. Todd's young man over the way is, by an equally extraordinary chance, taking down his master's shutters. The inevitable consequence is, that she just steps, milk-jug in hand, as far as next door, just to say 'good morning' to Betsy Clark, and that Mr. Todd's young man just steps over the way just to say 'good morning' to both of 'em; and as the aforesaid Mr. Todd's young man is almost as good-looking and fascinating as the baker himself, the conversation quickly becomes very interesting, and probably would become more so, if Betsy Clark's missis, who always will be a followin' her about, didn't give an angry tap at her bed-room window; on which Mr. Todd's young man tries to whistle coolly, as he goes back to his shop much faster than he came from it; and the two girls run back to their respective places, and shut their street-doors with surprising softness, each of them poking their heads out of the front parlour-window a minute afterwards, however; ostensibly with the view of looking at the mail which just then passes by, but really for the purpose of catching another glimpse of Mr. Todd's young man, who, being fond of mails, but more fond of females, takes a short look at the coach and a long look at the girls, much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned."

In the next short and plain notices there is quite enough of precise evidence to show that Boz has such a penetrating eye, and picturesque fancy, as can seize at once and at any time or place upon a few of the most descriptive features by which any subject or scene is to be delineated, or brought home to the recollective faculties of those who may have formerly made similar observations.

"It is odd enough, that one class of men in London appear to have no enjoyment beyond leaning against posts. We never saw a regular bricklayer's labourer take any other recreation—fighting excepted. Pass through St. Giles's in the evening of a week day—there they are, in their fustian dresses, spotted with brick-dust and whitewash—leaning against posts. Walk through Seven Dials on Sunday morning; there they are again—drab, or light cordéroy trousers, blucher boots, blue coats, and great yellow waistcoats—leaning against posts. The idea of a man dressing himself in his best clothes to lean against a post all day"

But although London affords endless scenes for observation and quaint description, Mr. Boz seems to be hardly less universal or more limited in his perambulations and relish for oddities. There is more than an attestation to Mr. Green's wonderful presence of mind, in the following dialogue; the talkative and communicative *bodies* that swarm in every corner of London, and who of all men are the least afraid of letting their ignorance, vulgarity, or presumption become manifest to the known or the unknown—for this city is

the centre-spot of freedom and independence of mind, are admirably personated.

"Some half-dozen men were restraining the impetuosity of one of the balloons, which was completely filled, and had the car already attached; and, as rumours had gone abroad that a Lord was 'going up,' the crowd were more than usually anxious and talkative. There was one little man in faded black, with a dirty face, and a rusty black neck-kerchief, with a red border, tied in a narrow wisp round his neck, who entered into conversation with everybody, and had something to say upon every remark that was made within his hearing. * * * *

"'Ah, you're very right, sir,' said another gentleman; 'Mr. Green is a steady hand, sir, and there's no fear about him.'

"'Fear!' said the little man; 'ain't it a lovely thing to see him and his wife a going up in one balloon, and his own son and *his* wife a jostling up agin 'em in another, and all of 'em going twenty or thirty mile in three hours or so, and then coming back in pochayses. I don't know where this here science is to stop, mind you, that's wot bothers me.'

"Here there was a considerable talking among the females in the spencers.

"'Wot's the ladies a laughing at, sir?' inquired the little man, condescendingly.

"'It's only my sister Mary,' said one of the girls, 'as says she hopes his Lordship won't be frightened when he's in the car, and want to come out agin.'

"'Make yourself easy about that there, my dear,' replied the little man. 'If he was so much as to move a inch without leave, Green ud jist fetch him a crack over the head with the telescope, as ud send him into the bottom of the basket in no time, and stun him there till they come down again.'

"'Would he, though?' inquired the other man.

"'Yes, would he,' replied the little one, 'and think nothing of it, neither, if he was the king himself. Green's presence of mind is wonderful.'"

The aspiring tastes and imitations of a very large class of the truly respectable citizens of the Metropolis are still more happily and slily touched in the following account of a marriage-party—the celebration of the nuptials taking place in Somers-town—to honour which Miss Amelia Martin had been invited.

"As to the company! Miss Amelia Martin herself declared, on a subsequent occasion, that much as she had heard of the ornamental painter's journeyman's connection, she could never have supposed it was half so genteel. There was his father, such a funny old gentleman—and his mother, such a dear old lady—and his sister, such a charming girl—and his brother, such a manly-looking young man—with such a eye! But even all these were as nothing when compared with his musical friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings Rodolph, from White Conduit, with whom the ornamental painter's journeyman had been fortunate enough to contract an intimacy, while engaged in decorating the concert-room of that noble

institution. To hear them sing separately, was perfectly divine, but when they went through the tragic duet of 'Red Ruffian, retire!' it was, as Miss Martin afterwards remarked, 'thrilling;' and why (as Mr. Jennings Rodolph observed)—why were they not engaged at one of the patent theatres? If he was to be told that their voices were not powerful enough to fill the house, his only reply was, that he'd back himself for any amount to fill Russell-square—a statement in which the company, after hearing the duet, expressed their full belief. * * *

"When the conversation resumed its former tone, Mr. Jennings Rodolph claimed his right to call upon a lady, and the right being conceded, trusted Miss Martin would favour the company—a proposal which met with unanimous approbation—whereupon Miss Martin, after sundry hesitations and coughings, with a preparatory choke or two, and an introductory declaration that she was frightened to death to attempt it, before such great judges of the art, commenced a species of treble chirruping, containing constant allusions to some young gentleman of the name of Hen-e-ry, with an occasional reference to madness, and damaged hearts. Mr. Jennings Rodolph frequently interrupted the progress of the song, by ejaculating, 'beautiful!'—'charming!'—'brilliant!'—'oh! splendid,' &c.; and at its close the admiration of himself, and his lady, knew no bounds.

"'Did you ever hear so sweet a voice, my dear?' inquired Mr. Jennings Rodolph of Mrs. Jennings Rodolph.

"'Never; indeed I never did, love,' replied Mrs. Jennings Rodolph.

"'Don't you think Miss Martin, with a little cultivation, would be very like Signora Marro Boni, my dear?' asked Mr. Jennings Rodolph.

"'Just exactly the very thing that struck me, my love,' answered Mrs. Jennings Rodolph. And thus the time passed away; first one sang, and then another. Mr. Jennings Rodolph played tunes on a walking-stick, and then went behind the parlour-door and gave his celebrated imitations of actors, edge-tools, and animals; Miss Martin sang several other songs with increased admiration every time, and even the funny old gentleman began singing; his song had properly seven verses, but, as he couldn't recollect more than the first one, he sang that over seven times, apparently very much to his own personal gratification. And then all the company sang the national anthem with national independence—each for himself, without reference to the other—and finally separated, all declaring that they never had spent so pleasant an evening."

Let the reader say what he chooses about the vulgarity of the parties who figure in this picture, we affirm that it is a faithful and not an unattractive one. It does honour also to the head, the heart, and the discrimination of the author; and so long as he can throw off with such ease, freedom, and felicity as the many sketches presented in the works named at the head of this article show to be within his power—pictures of character, and scenes to be met with in and around London, there need not be a limit to his works, nor will there be a diminution in the number of his admirers.

The work which stands last in our list of those produced or con-

ducted by Boz will show to our readers, that he is becoming one of our most indefatigable labourers in periodical literature, and is treading the paths of humorous life with a sure and constant step. With the opening of the year he appears as the editor of a new publication, and promises, if we may judge from the present and first number of "*Bentley's Miscellany*," to carry the day, even when compared with "*The Humourist*," conducted by Theodore Hook, under the fostering influence of a long-established journal—the *New Monthly Magazine*.

In this first number, Boz has not only exerted his skill successfully in the matter of superintendence, but exhibited himself to the best advantage in one contribution, which nothing, perhaps, that has yet appeared in the *Pickwick Club* can excel for genuine humour and knowledge of character. The paper is called "*The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble*." We begin with a sketch of the hero of the piece.

"Nicholas began life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two and nine pence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a half of coals, exclusive of the large lump which hung, by way of sign-board, outside. Then he enlarged the shed, and kept a truck; then he left the shed, and the truck too, and started a donkey and a Mrs. Tulrumble; then he moved again and set up a cart; the cart was soon afterwards exchanged for a waggon; and so he went on, like his great predecessor Whittington—only without a cat for a partner—increasing in wealth and fame, until at last he gave up business altogether, and retired with Mrs. Tulrumble and family to Mudfog Hall, which he had himself erected, on something which he endeavoured to delude himself into the belief was a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Mudfog."

Who has not found such a worthy as is pictured in the next sketch in every town and village in England; or, indeed, about every inn on the principal roads in the kingdom? But besides his own individual and personal importance, he performs a distinguished part in the fortunes of Mr. Tulrumble's family.

"Now there happened to be in Mudfog, as somehow or other there does happen to be, in almost every town in the British dominions and perhaps in foreign dominions too—we think it very likely, but, being no great traveller, cannot distinctly say—there happened to be, in Mudfog a merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labour, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits, whom everybody knew, and nobody, except his wife, took the trouble to quarrel with, who inherited from his ancestors the appellation of Edward Twigger, and rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of Bottle-nosed Ned. He was drunk upon the average once a day, and penitent upon an equally fair calculation once a month; and when he was penitent, he was invariably in the very last stage of maudlin intoxication. He was a ragged, roving, roaring kind of fellow, with a

burly form, a sharp wit, and a ready head, and could turn his hand to any thing when he chose to do it. He was by no means opposed to hard labour on principle, for he would work away at a cricket-match by the day together,—running, and catching, and batting, and bowling, and revelling in toil which would exhaust a galley-slave. He would have been invaluable to a fire-office; never was a man with such a natural taste for pumping engines, running up ladders, and throwing furniture out of two-pair-of-stairs' windows: nor was this the only element in which he was at home; he was a humane society in himself, a portable drag, an animated life-preserver, and had saved more people, in his time, from drowning, than the Plymouth life-boat, or Captain Manby's apparatus. With all these qualifications, notwithstanding his dissipation, Bottle-nosed Ned was a general favourite; and the authorities of Mudfog, remembering his numerous services to the population, allowed him in return to get drunk in his own way, without the fear of stocks, fine, or imprisonment. He had a general licence, and he showed his sense of the compliment by making the most of it."

Like many a man of humble origin, Mr. Tulrumble rises to the eminent civic station of Mayor, and is resolved that his inauguration shall rival the show of a London 9th of November. Here is some account of the splendid procession.

"The church-clock struck one. A cracked trumpet from the front-garden of Mudfog Hall produced a feeble flourish, as if some asthmatic person had coughed into it accidentally: the gate flew open, and out came a gentleman, on a moist-sugar-coloured charger, intended to represent a herald, but bearing a much stronger resemblance to a court-card on horseback. This was one of the Circus people, who always came down to Mudfog at that time of the year, and who had been engaged by Nicholas Tulrumble expressly for the occasion.—But a Mudfog crowd never was a reasonable one, and in all probability never will be.—They no sooner recognised the herald, than they began to growl forth the most unqualified disapprobation at the bare notion of his riding like any other man. If he had come out on his head indeed, or jumping through a hoop, or flying through a red-hot drum, or even standing on one leg with his other foot in his mouth, they might have had something to say to him; but for a professional gentleman to sit astride in the saddle, with his feet in the stirrups, was rather too good a joke. So, the herald was a decided failure, and the crowd hooted with great energy, as he pranced ingloriously away."

There is a good deal more said in description of this grand pageant, and a variety of special notices regarding horsemen and footmen, musicians and banner-bearers. The whole is admirably given, and, indeed, the event deserved an able pen, for the historian declares that it was—

"A grand and beautiful sight to behold the corporation in glass coaches, provided at the sole cost and charge of Nicholas Tulrumble, coming rolling along, like a funeral out of mourning, and to watch the attempts the corporation made to look great and solemn, when Nicholas Tulrumble himself, in the four-wheel chaise, with the tall postillion, rolled out after them,

with Mr. Jennings on one side to look like the chaplain, and a supernumerary on the other, with an old life-guard'sman's sabre, to imitate the sword-bearer; and to see the tears rolling down the faces of the mob as they screamed with merriment. This was beautiful; and so was the appearance of Mrs. Tulrumble and son, as they bowed with grave dignity out of their coach-window to all the dirty faces that were laughing around them: but it is not even with this that we have to do, but with the sudden stopping of the procession at another blast of the trumpet, whereat, and whereupon, a profound silence ensued, and all eyes were turned towards Mudfog Hall, in the confident anticipation of some new wonder.

"They won't laugh now, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble.

"I think not, sir," said Mr. Jennings. * * *

"At last Ned Twigger, loudly called for by the procession people, appeared before the multitude.

"The crowd roared—it was not with wonder, it was not with surprise; it was most decidedly and unquestionably with laughter.

"What!" said Mr. Tulrumble, starting up in the four-wheel chaise. 'Laughing? If they laugh at a man in real brass armour, they'd laugh when their own fathers were dying. Why doesn't he go into his place, Mr. Jennings? What's he rolling down towards us for?—he has no business here!'

"I am afraid, sir——" faltered Mr. Jennings.

"Afraid of what, sir?" said Nicholas Tulrumble, looking up into the secretary's face.

"I am afraid he's drunk, sir; replied Mr. Jennings. * *

"This was bad enough, but, as if fate and fortune had conspired against Nicholas Tulrumble, Mr. Twigger, not having been penitent for a good calendar month, took it into his head to be most especially and particularly sentimental, just when his repentance could have been most conveniently dispensed with. Immense tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was vainly endeavouring to conceal his grief by applying to his eyes a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief with white spots—an article not strictly in keeping with a suit of armour some three hundred years old, or thereabouts.

"Twigger, you villain!" said Nicholas Tulrumble, quite forgetting his dignity, 'go back!'

"Never," said Ned. 'I'm a miserable wretch. I'll never leave you.'

"The bystanders of course received this declaration with acclamations of that's right, Ned; don't!"

"I don't intend it," said Ned, with all the obstinacy of a very tipsy man. 'I'm very unhappy. I'm the wretched father of an unfortunate family; but I am very faithful, sir. I'll never leave you.' Having reiterated this obliging promise, Ned proceeded in broken words to harangue the crowd upon the number of years he had lived in Mudfog, the excessive respectability of his character, and other topics of the like nature. * * *

"But, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble, 'he'll be suffocated.'

"I'm very sorry for it, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; 'but nobody can get that armour off, without his own assistance. I'm quite certain of it, from the way he put it on.'

"Here Ned wept dolefully, and shook his helmeted head, in a manner

that might have touched a heart of stone; but the crowd had not hearts of stone, and they laughed heartily.

"'Dear me, Mr. Jennings,' said Nicholas, turning pale at the possibility of Ned's being smothered in his antique costume.—'Dear me, Mr. Jennings, can nothing be done for him?'"

"'Nothing at all,' replied Ned, nothing at all. Gentlemen, I'm an unhappy wretch. I'm a body, gentlemen, in a brass coffin.' At this poetical idea of his own conjuring up, Ned cried so much that the people began to get sympathetic, and to ask what Nicholas Tulrumbly meant by putting a man into such a machine as that: and one individual in a hairy waistcoat like the top of a trunk, who had previously expressed his opinion that if Ned hadn't been a poor man, Nicholas wouldn't have dared to do it, hinted at the propriety of breaking the four-wheel chaise, or Nicholas's head, or both, which last compound proposition the crowd seemed to consider a very good notion.

"It was not acted upon, however, for it had hardly been broached, when Ned Twigger's wife made her appearance abruptly in the little circle before noticed, and Ned no sooner caught a glimpse of her face and form, than from the mere force of habit he set off towards his home just as fast as his legs would carry him; and that was not very quick in the present instance either, for, however ready they might have been to carry him, they couldn't get on very well under the brass armour."

ART. III.—*The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. From a variety of Original Sources.* By JAMES PRIOR. Author of the "Life of Burke." 2 Vols. London: Murray.

THE person who has put together the materials that constitute the two thick volumes whose title is given above, if it was his intention to render more obscure the character of the individual whose biography he has attempted, has certainly succeeded, we should say, to the extent of his wishes; for most assuredly we have hardly ever met with a more jejune and bald affair, than the work before us, in the course of our critical career. The little accession to our knowledge of Goldsmith which Mr. Prior has given us, is overloaded and lost amidst a vast quantity of literary lumber, which has no more to do with the subject in hand than has the history of London. But with all these drawbacks, many will take up the volumes with interest, even to glean what little there is to be found in them, respecting a man whose purity of manners gained him the friendship of his contemporaries, and the intrinsic excellence and morality of whose writings have established for him a reputation as unsullied as it will be enduring.

Poets of all men seem to be doomed to suffering and misery, and Goldsmith had his full share of these evils. In the early part of his career, few, indeed, were the days in which he did not pass the morning in doubt as to whether he should have food for the

afternoon. The success which he ultimately attained, extraordinary as it was, only served to cast a very feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, and to lead him, by a flickering and uncertain light, to a premature grave. In the course of a very short period he appears to have been made acquainted with every evil in the long catalogue of human miseries, and these were felt in all their most bitter forms by him, without repining, without blemishing the native and child-like purity of his heart; not a calamity to which the literary life is subject was spared to Goldsmith. Yet was his temper never ruffled, always calm and serene, owing to his happiness and goodness of spirit.

But it is necessary that we should glance at the labours of "honest Goldy;" before doing which, we will try and give our opinion as to what constitutes the attributes of a poet, and consider in what degree they were possessed by the subject of our notice. We hold that poets are the priests of nature, endowed at birth with the pre-eminent qualities requisite for this high function. The power, too, thus bestowed on them, unlike other human possessions, is as well secured from the detractions of envy, by the pleasure which its exercise diffuses, as it is from attack by its unquestionable supremacy. The poet speaks to the heart, and ever in a voice of music, whether, like the nurse who lulls the crying infant with song, he mingles his soothing notes with the plaints of woe, or, like the spirit-stirring trumpet, quicken the pulse's wildest throbs. He communes with the inmost soul of man: he penetrates to the source of his feelings; he analyzes, he interprets, he anticipates, he reveals them. Yet his deep insight awakens no jealousy, for he derives it from sympathy, and he manifests it in forms of beauty.

It is an error of the half-knowledge drawn from superficial and partial appearances, to regard genius and common sense as incompatible. As much so are they as beauty is incompatible with strength, or uncomeliness of feature with gentleness of disposition. Genius is the original intensity of power in a mental faculty, whereby it performs its function with instantaneous rapidity and unerring accuracy. Examples of musical and mathematical genius, familiar to all, distinctly illustrate the difference between genius and talent. To reach its end, genius performs the same operation that common intellect does; but it darts from the beginning to the conclusion with such quickness, as to preclude itself from consciousness of progress, and to impress others—as incapable of understanding the process as itself is of following it—with the idea of supernatural power. When it shall be shown that the absence of all such intuitive capacity is attended by an extra efficiency of common sense, it will be time enough to prove that its presence has no bearing upon that quality. Cases are abundant to show the entire dependence

of each on the other, without going into a theoretical demonstration of it, were that admissible here.

If our definition of genius be correct, it will lead us to understand the nature of poetry.

Poetical genius is the intense sensibility to the beautiful. As musical genius stands to musical talent, thus stands the poet in relation to the multitude of men. Susceptibility to beauty is a quality common to mankind : the degree in which it is possessed distinguishes the poet. Crowds listen with delight to the music of Mozart, and millions rejoice over Shakspeare, through the medium of the same faculties by which these great men, possessing them in higher degrees, excelled all others.

A word on the fine arts, before proceeding further in our attempt to obtain a clear idea of the poet. They might be called the poetical arts, for their essence is beauty—in it they have their being, and according to their power to awaken the susceptibility to the beautiful are they prized. Without a high degree of this susceptibility in himself, the architect sinks to the master builder—the musician is little more than the performer on a hand organ. Even in the secondary branch of painting and sculpture—the copying of the living countenance—this quality must assist at the artist's labour ; and a portrait, that has not an ideal heightening, is a failure as a work of art. Herein it is, that the artist is different from, and is raised above the artisan. He works with the same materials, and he needs the same knowledge of their relations and uses ; but he combines them for a different end, and, lifting himself above physical appliances, appeals to feelings, the gratification of which is as much a want of human nature as that of its daily desires, and in the ministering to which he does service equally with the worker with rougher tools, though the results of his efforts be not of a utility so obvious and tangible. In him the poetical is superadded to the mechanical.

The range of the artist is limited by the gross nature of the materials and instruments with which he works : and thus, his place is below that of the poet. He can but embody a point in the sweep of passion ; he illustrates a moment, while the poet develops a life : he presents but a single scene, or, at most, a succession of scenes ; or when, as in music, he attempts a drama, it is but as an accompaniment, more like the rhythm of a poem than a poem itself, and comparatively equally evanescent. The poet for his instrument has language—the messenger and mirror of the mind—the body to the soul of thought, flexible and obedient to its infinite modes—the faithful shadow that ever follows light—the universal symbol among men. But, to body forth clearly with this powerful instrument, he must—besides his poetical superiority, that is, his intenser susceptibility to beauty—perceive more vividly and feel more acutely than

common men. Then will his mind spontaneously pour out its materials, whether, according to original constitution, these be collected from external nature, or from the workings of passion, or from meditation; and each production will be distinguished from the most vigorous of the prosaic mind, by the halo of beauty which surrounds poetry. The pleasure derived from rural occupations and scenes is universal; and yet there has been but one Thomson, to reproduce the impressions made by them in a picture as faithful as it is lovely. Thousands of travellers pass over the field of Waterloo, along the Rhine, through Switzerland into Italy, reaping a rich enjoyment from the various attractions of these regions; but Childe Harold is, and ever will be, a *unique* work. The story of Macbeth lay among the traditions of Scotland, an unheeded instance of common guilt, till Shakspeare lifted it up, as the God of nature lifts up the common vapour of the earth to forge his thunderbolts.

The poet, then, must know much; through observation, and study he must be rich in knowledge, and be skilled in the use of it by action. He must feel strongly; and, through experience of the joys and afflictions of life, have learned the depths of the human heart. To think without having acted, is but to dream. Merely to look at the workings of passion, is barren observation; the shock from the battery must be felt as well as its coruscations be seen, in order to learn the force of electricity—the heart must meet other hearts through the medium of acts flowing from its own warmth, before the spark of knowledge and truth can be struck forth. In short, to give life and substance to his poetry, the poet must be and do as other men: the man is the basis of the poet. Who has so peered into and illumined reality, even to the deepest valleys thereof, and even to the smallest worm in them, as the twin stars of poetry, Homer and Shakspeare? As plastic art ever works in the school of nature, so have the richest poets ever been the most devoted and industrious children, labouring to hand over to other children the picture of mother Nature with new traits of likeness. The poets of the ancients were men of business, and warriors, before they were singers; and especially must the great Epic poets of all times have lustily worked at the helm on the ocean of life, before they took in their hands the pencil which traces the vessel's course. Thus Camoens, Dante, Milton—and only Klopstock is an exception, but more for the rule than against it. How were not Shakspeare, and, still more, Cervantes, thoroughly penetrated and ploughed and furrowed by life, before in them the seed of their poetic Flora sprouted forth and grew up! The poetic school in which Goethe took his first lessons was made up, according to his autobiography, of mechanics' shops, painters' studies, coronation halls, and of all busy fair-holding Frankfort.

We find in Goldsmith's character and life most of the requisites

which we have enumerated, as constituting, in our opinion, the genuine poet. He had acquired, by actual experience and skilful observation, a clear insight into the workings of human passion; and having been tost to and fro upon the ocean of life, had the ability and opportunity to picture to others, in a language understood by all, the feelings and susceptibilities which were felt and experienced by him in his journey, amid the shoals and quicksands of an ever-varying existence.

To turn again to the biography before us, we find that Goldsmith was not at all remarkable for any very early display of genius. Mr. Prior, speaking of the schoolmistress who first had charge of his education, says—

“The characteristics of his mind in infancy, according to the account of Mrs. Delap, were not promising. She admitted he was one of the dullest boys ever placed under her charge, and doubted, for some time, whether anything could be made of him; or, in the words used by Mr. Handcock, he seemed ‘impenetrably stupid.’ Dr. Streaun gleaned some remembrances to the same effect. ‘He was considered,’ says that gentleman, ‘by his contemporaries and school-fellows, with whom I have often conversed on the subject, as a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, *whom every one made fun of.*’”

But we find that this ridicule to which he was subjected, soon changed his original nature, as will be seen from the following account given by his elder sister—

“His temper at this time, by the account of Mrs. Hodson, though peculiar, was kind and affectionate; his manner, for the most part, uncommonly serious and reserved, but, when in gay humour, none more cheerful and agreeable. In these words she has described her brother as he afterwards appeared to his acquaintance in London: *solemn and yet gay, good-natured and yet irritable, petulant sometimes, and instantly appeased by the smallest concession*—so that such as did not understand, or inquire into, the occasional peculiarities of his genius, were puzzled by this contrariety of disposition; and the remark is even preserved, that he seemed to possess ‘two natures.’”

Continuing his youthful history, we come to some anecdotes which are given by Mr. Prior, as instances of his quickness of repartee, but which we think can be entitled to very little credit. His appearance and manner at leaving school for college are thus described.

“From these sources, gleaned in no connected form, or with the precision to be wished, although not now to be expected, he was described as a short, thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy, awkward in manner, *backward and diffident at first, but afterwards acquiring sufficient confidence* to become a leader in boyish sports, particularly in the exercise of half-playing, or fives, in which he displayed great activity. In school he was considered indolent, though not destitute of talents; his disposition kind and generous, as far as school-boy matters were concerned; his temper sensitive, *easily offended, though easily appeased*; and always willing to join in such

juvenile tricks and scenes of humour as were going forward. The general impression seems to have been, that he exhibited no marked superiority to younger eyes, although well thought of by his master; and that at the period of quitting school for the university, his habits were thoughtless and boyish, and his character yet unformed."

At the university much annoyance awaited him, from being obliged, in consequence of a reduction in his father's income, to submit to enter in the humble condition of a sizar; his elder brother having entered before him as a pensioner. He appears to have felt bitterly the disgrace attached to the menial offices of his sizarship, and the loss of consideration among his associates. We have an anecdote of his goodness of heart, that occurred while he was at the university which is worth extracting.

"Mills, whose family in Roscommon was opulent, possessing a handsome allowance at the university, occasionally furnished Goldsmith with small supplies, and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned on one occasion to this repast, he declared from within to the messenger his inability to rise, and that to enable him to do so they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills, who found his cousin not *on* his bed but *literally in* it, having ripped part of the ticking and immersed himself in the feathers, from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account, in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it had occasioned had subsided, it appeared that, while strolling in the suburbs the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that being from the country, they knew no person, to whom, under such circumstances, they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal to one of his sensitive disposition was irresistible; but unfortunately he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes in order to sell for their present subsistence; and finding himself cold during the night, from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related, for supplying the place of his blankets."

He was now compelled to adopt means for obtaining pecuniary resources; and the mode he used for that purpose showed the bias of his mind had already made him a poet.

"Goldsmith was now taught, for the first time, to draw upon his resources in a mode which, however beneath the dignity, was not inappropriate to the calling of the future poet. This was the composition of street ballads, to which Beatty knew him frequently to resort when in want of small sums for present exigencies. The price of these was five shillings each, and all that he wrote found a ready sale at a shop known as the sign of the Rein-deer, in Mountrath Street. None of the names of these verses were recollected at the time Mr. Beatty related the fact to his friends, but popular occurrences commonly supplied the subjects. Poor as they may be supposed to have been in character, from the remuneration received and

the class for whom intended, he is said to have exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, *by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received from the auditors."*

The conclusion of all this was that he left college, having experienced many bitter mortifications, with a Bachelor's degree; and we find him a short time afterwards in Edinburgh as a student of medicine. Some of his letters from that city are entertaining; in one of them he says—

"Now I am come to the ladies; and, to shew that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say, and will maintain it, and, as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the 'Whoar wull I gong?' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet, but, alas! how many envious prudes!"

From Edinburgh he went to the Continent; but as his tour is well known, we return immediately to London with him, and find that he established himself for a short time as a physician in a humble way in Southwark. Another change introduces him to us as usher in a school at Peckham, which he shortly leaves, and turns to literature as a means of livelihood, and gets employment in writing, from Mr. Griffiths, a former editor of this Review. His letters at this period give a very dreary account of his circumstances; in one of them he has been depreciating himself in comparison with his friend, and suddenly changing his tone, his genius fantastically bursting forth, he ends it thus—

"And yet, now I think on't again, I will be angry. God's curse, Sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heelpieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me? Think of that!—God's curse, Sir! who am I? I must own my ill-natured cotemporaries have not paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to

have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected.”

His fortunes after this brightened up and carried him cheerfully forward to the end of his career: the closing part of which has so long been known to our readers, that it would be almost useless to extract any portion of Mr. Prior's account into our pages—suffice it then to say, that we hold Goldsmith to have been the best poet and purest moralist of his time, as his poems and essays amply testify. There is an elegance and faithfulness to nature in his poetry which delights the reader, while it purifies his heart; and his essays we consider to be almost masterpieces of the kind, which are certainly not to be equalled in our language for reach of thought, or depth of observation.

ART. IV.—*The Book of Human Character.* By CHARLES BUCKE, Esq.
2 vols. London: C. Knight and Co. 1836.

By what process of reasoning, or principles of association, these volumes came to bear the above title, is a mystery to us; for there are twenty other names, or indeed any other general designation, that might almost as justly have been given them. They very properly, however, fall under the head of that family denominated the “Library of Anecdote,” which is in the course of publication, by Mr. Knight, and of which they form a part.

Mr. Bucke is already known as the author of several works; all of them and particularly the one before us, giving proofs of an extraordinary extent and variety of reading, and of a mind that is not only retentive but acute. But the failure in his mental constitution, which we believe, the criticism of the world has visited with severity, may be described, as consisting of an inability to digest the prodigious quantity which he devours. He can probably heap upon heap a greater number of literary reminiscences than any man alive; but it would require another labourer to thresh out, from the stubble, straw, and chaff, the precious grains of corn that attach to the indiscriminately-gathered crop. Mr. Bucke's efforts are so earnestly put forth, and his motives so pure in the service of morality, that it is really a pity they should fail of their full intent. Still, it cannot be denied that these volumes are throughout readable, and full of anecdotes worth remembering. Many of them are extremely curious, and frequently not much less so, is the sort of theory which is sought to be established or enforced by their juxta-

position. Especially interesting will the collection be to literary men, for the notices of artists and authors of all kinds; their oddities and resemblances would form a dictionary, both as respects ancient and modern times. But the most wonderful thing of all, connected with the work, is the fact, as the mind of the reader feels itself obliged to admit the internal evidence to have established, that all the books and celebrated productions referred to, have been carefully perused by Mr. Bucke for his own purposes; whether these purposes have been well defined, or steadily contemplated by him, are distinct questions.

"*The Book of Human Character*" is one of those convenient and agreeable works from which the reviewer has no difficulty in extracting illustrations of its general spirit, design, and execution. You may dip your hand, though you are blind-folded, and be sure of drawing up pure and running water, as well as that which is tasteless and stagnant. We proceed to give a few examples of what is positively, or at least negatively, good, that is to say, of what is not worthless.

Upon "the calling of names (after detailing some anecdotes on the theme, and assuring the reader that the rose, "By any other name would smell as sweet"), he sensibly observes, that it is always indicative of a weak and degenerate cause, to resort to the expedient.

"Thus, when the Latitudinarians were held in abhorrence, even such men as Hales, Chillingworth, More, Cudworth, and Tillotson were styled Socinians, Deists, and even Atheists; and that not only by Roman Catholics, but by the more rigid of their own persuasion.

"Some are greatly offended, however, with names and epithets, which are, in fact, titles of honour. The English, for instance, were exceedingly offended at Napoleon's calling them 'shopkeepers;' how absurdly, may be learned from the explanation he afterwards gave, 'I meant,' said he to O'Meara, that you were a nation of merchants; and that all your great riches and your grand resources arose from commerce. What else constitutes the riches of England? If it is a miserable thing to be ashamed of our trade, calling, or profession, it is still worse to be ashamed of our hopes, virtues, opportunities, and qualifications."

Mr. Bucke quotes from Wraxall's *Memoirs*, and informs us that George the Third had a great dislike to making Lord Camden, (after his return from Ireland) a Knight of the Garter; that upon inquiring his name, he exclaimed, "What, what! John Jeffreys! the first Knight of the Garter, I verily believe, that ever was called John Jeffreys!" Here the sound of the name seems to have tickled the ears of his Majesty, by suggesting, probably, some strange associations which might not occur to other persons. We remember to have heard another anecdote of the same monarch, that may be added to the above. A gentleman from the Scottish side of the

Tweed, while visiting the Lions of London, of course, desired and endeavoured to obtain a peep at the King ; and accordingly repaired to St. James's Palace, at an early hour of the morning, when, as he was informed, he had a good chance of espying the personage in question : nor was he disappointed. The king, however, was as much on the alert as the north-countryman, and no sooner perceived him, than he bawled out, " Who are you ? Who are you ? What's your name ? Where from ? " " Please your Majesty," answered the unsophisticated Scotchman, " I am from Edinburgh, and my name is John Ogle." " John Ogle, John Ogle ! What a queer name is John Ogle ! " was the gracious rejoinder. To illustrate how retentive his Majesty's memory was, as well as to show his manner of being amused by outlandish or unfamiliar appellations, it may be added, that the said John Ogle, some years afterwards, had occasion to revisit the metropolis ; and again quite unexpectedly encountered George the Third, we believe, in a celebrated mechanist's manufactory. The moment the parties came in contact, the King, quite funnily, exclaimed—" John Ogle ! John Ogle again ! a queer name John Ogle ! "

But it is Mr. Bucke's memory, not our own, that must be drawn upon ; and here is something more about men, " Who are alike only in one thing."

" The dog, the wolf, the jackall, and the corsac, are all modifications of the same species ; their resemblances, therefore, are multitudinous.

" Certain blues and greens by candle-light are frequently taken for each other. The one is blue, the other green, nevertheless.

" Sir William Wadd, to whom we owe ' Rider's Dictionary,' ' Hooker's Polity,' and ' Gruter's Inscriptions,' and who was removed from the governorship of the Tower to make way for Sir Gervase Elways, who murdered Sir Thomas Overbury in the reign of James I., kept a friend to admonish him whenever he saw anything amiss in his conduct. This associates him with Philip of Macedon.

" Sargon resembles Cardinal de Retz and Madame de Beverweert ; he never sleeps so well as when under affliction. If Cardinal de Carbonne resembled Catherine de Medicis in having an antipathy to the odour of roses, though partial to all other flowers, few women resemble Marshal Suwarrow, in having a strong dislike to looking-glasses.

" Cosmo de Medici and John de Medici, also, resembled each other in one thing. Though they could play, as it were, on many instruments, they took care to play only on one at a time. Marcilius Ficinus asserts of the former, that neither Midas nor Crassus were more avaricious. The latter was above all disguise ; and, therefore, made no secret of the maxim, that a people are enriched by being compelled to pay additional taxes.

" Some resemble in character the styles of various architects and painters. This is distinguished by boldness, strength, manliness, and majesty, like Julio Romano ; some by delicacy, ease, and elegance, like Correggio ; and others by symmetry, and the blending of ornament with beauty, like Palladio. Some converse with great apparent depth ; and yet, when

analyzed, are found to prove nothing; thereby reminding us of 'Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses,' a work pregnant with ingenuity, labour, and learning; yet illuminated by scarcely one solitary demonstration.

"Some men resemble each other in certain points and arguments, and then separate, as it were, to such a distance, as to baffle all attempts to associate them. We may instance Newton and Des Cartes. Two attempts, nevertheless, have been made to reconcile the opposing tenets of these philosophers: the one by Luzac of Leyden; the other by Father Paulian, Professor of Physic in the College of Avignon. It was vain, however, for the latter to entitle his Essay a '*Traité de Paix entre Descartes et Newton.*' Their systems never can be reconciled.

"Charles V. and Donne (the poet) resembled each other, also, in one point. Charles, as every one knows, had his obsequies performed previous to his death. Donne, after a similar manner, caused himself to be wrapped in a sheet, like a shroud, up to the head, closed his eyes, and desired an artist to take his portrait in that posture, in order to remind him perpetually of death. Thus the gladiator exhausts

—His mighty heart in one last sigh;

And rallies all life's energies to die.—*Chinnery.*

There is something sweet and winning in the following reflections; and yet there is something more to be made of the combinations than our book-worm has done. The text is, "Who take appropriate Distances," &c.

"There are many beautiful spots in the vicinity of London; near Hampstead, for instance, Highgate, Dulwich, Sydenham, and Shooter's Hill; but he who should celebrate them would almost render himself ridiculous; so indifferent are men to what they continually behold or hear of. It is thus, perhaps, at Paris and Vienna. But at Edinburgh, at Florence, at Rome, and at Naples, it is otherwise.

"When I contemplate the calm and innocent delight that is derived from acts of benevolence, I am led to wonder that men should not be led to devote half their fortunes to benevolent purposes. But when I remember the general ingratitude of mankind, I almost wonder they should contribute a single sou. Happy are those who have power to see and to feel, that ingratitude in some ought never to be used as a shield against the misfortunes of others. We may learn something, too, from the circumstance, that the perfumes of flowers are sweeter, when wafted by the air, than when close under our windows. Madame de Maintenon frequently exclaimed, 'I have seen things too near.' In respect to distance, well is it for those whose views of men and things open by little and little. For if many things are invisible to us from ignorance, others become equally so by the extent of our knowledge. Thus Uranus is but little known, because of its remoteness from the sun; and Mercury still less, because of its proximity.

"The apple-blossom is very beautiful when near, but at a distance it loses most of its variety and richness. Many cities, on the contrary, especially in Asia, Africa, and South America, seem beautiful at a distance, but then it is only at a distance. On approaching them closely, everything presents an appearance of ruin, filth, poverty, and wretchedness. Friends

and enemies, in the same manner, stand too near our monuments to measure their proportions. Enemies sketch a lion or a serpent: friends draw portraits of friends as they do of their mistresses. There is truth or justice in neither.

"Princes should be contemplated nearly. Seen from a distance, even bad ones excite an imposing veneration; but, examined closely, they but too often present materials, like those of a modern ruin, in which there is neither beauty nor strength, utility nor magnificence."

Mr. Bucke remarks, that "men of talent, especially artists, are but too often loose and vicious, not only in their manners but in their morals; he adds that "those who cultivate their minds largely, however, are seldom so." Now, upon such a discovery as this, which shows how shrewdly the writer can mark and distinguish, especially when we find him also affirming that "mere talent is but an equivocal possession, after all," might there not have been some generalized results or doctrines deduced that would have served to mark and define one section of mankind, one feature in "Human Character." But no! all this is left for others to do.

Let us see how unjustly poets have been appreciated!—

"Virgil would have been esteemed a necromancer, had our ancestors had no opportunity of correcting the folly of the darker ages. Some insist that Virgil has not one attribute of a poet, but a pure and exquisite style: Lucan's beauties, in the opinion of some, are reduced to his love of liberty, generous sentiments, contempt of death, and his sublime personification of Jupiter. Virgil, according to some, moves like a prelate; Lucan, like a bold, victorious general; and as to Terence, he has no character, no plot, no incident, no wit. Style is his only merit; and his dramas were written only for mathematicians! * * * *

"Shall we turn to our own country? Some rank Pope no higher than the class of ingenious men; and as to Shakespeare, Hume appreciated him in a manner disgraceful only to himself. Napoleon, too, estimated him (and Milton) so entirely after the manner of a Frenchman in the reign of Louis XIV., that it is rather amusing than displeasing. 'I have read Shakespeare,' said he; 'there is nothing that approaches Corneille and Racine. There is no possibility of reading one of his pieces through. They excite pity. As to Milton, there is nothing but his invocation to the sun, and two or three other passages. The rest is a mere rhapsody.' Byron had little admiration of Shakespeare; and Pope almost as little of Milton. The opinion of Salmasius is that of an enemy; hence he could never be induced to regard Milton's Latin poems as worthy any one but a school-boy. In Germany, previous to 1764, the 'Paradise Lost' was so little known, and still more so little appreciated, that one of the most influential critics of that country presumed to speak of it in the following manner: 'Paradise Lost' had long mouldered in the bookseller's warehouse, so as scarce to be any longer remembered, when two persons, not more distinguished for their rank than literature, undertook to convince their countrymen of the excellence of that poem: and this they did so effectually, that England, for a long time, was brought to believe, or at least to say, that

they believed, what, without such powerful recommendations, they would never have thought of.' This would seem to be a curious species of impertinence, could we forget, that some even of our own country have overlooked all Milton's beauties for the purpose of enlarging on his digressions, his allusions to heathen fables, his occasional pedantry, his Hebraisms, Grecisms, and Latinisms; his perpetual employment of technical terms; his episode of Sin and Death (the finest allegory in all poetry); the imperfections of his fable; his employment of old words; his elisions; the length of his periods and his idiomatic expressions; the occasional violence of his metaphors; and his obligations to Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Italian poets. Not only his poetical character has been assailed, but his private one; and by whom? Warburton, bishop of Gloucester. It thus stands recorded in the Sloane Collection of MSS. (No 4320), where I have myself seen it, and whence I extracted it:—'The character of Milton was certainly the most corrupt of any man of his age; I do not say so on account of his either being a presbyterian, an independent, a republican, for the government of one (for many honest men were in every one of these ways); but because he was all these in their turn, without (from any thing that appears to the contrary) a struggle or a blush. Imagine to yourself a thorough time-server, and you could not put him upon any task more completely conformable to that character than what Milton voluntarily underwent. It is true, he was steady enough in one thing—namely, in his aversion to the court and royal family; but this, I suspect, was because he was not received amongst the wits there favourably. Thus we find men, eminent ones too, instead of calmly estimating the merits and demerits of others, employing the language of senseless encomium, or of extravagant censure; raising them to heaven, as it were, or thrusting them to *hades*; not from sound morals, but prejudice; not from reason, but passion.' "

The manner in which warriors and politicians level their revenge and hatred is somewhat different, though analogous.

"How many unworthy expedients have warriors and politicians resorted to! Tamerlane engaged the garrison of Haili to capitulate upon condition that no blood should be spilt. He kept his word. 'He buried them alive.' Mahomet II., at the taking of Negropont, promised a man to spare his head. He did spare his head; but he 'caused him to be severed through the middle of his body.' Cromwell served Charles I. much in the same manner. He promised him, that not a 'hair of his head' should be hurt; nor was it hurt."

Mr. Bucke gives a long list of such perfidious instances. In conclusion, we must remark, in congruity with our preliminary observations, that twenty volumes of such facts and cullings as fill the two now before us, would not embrace an enlarged or definite sketch of "Human Character," either as respects its principles or its varieties, and therefore the title is a misnomer. As to the style of writing which pervades the work, nothing but praise can be bestowed. It is singularly neat and accurate.

ART. V.—*The Duchess de la Vallière. A Play in Five Acts.* By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," &c. London: Otley. 1836.

THERE has been a good deal of speculation abroad for some time, regarding the advent and the merits of this play. The author himself informs his readers that it was written in 1835—that it was submitted to no other opinion than that of Mr. Macready, who was anxious for its performance at Drury-lane, but that the manager of that theatre, by insisting upon having a sight of the manuscript before he hazarded concluding a bargain with the author, prevented all farther arrangements between them from taking place; for, says Mr. Bulwer, the condition required was such as no author of moderate reputation concedes to a publisher, and therefore was not to be granted to a manager. It is not for us to question such high authority as to the etiquette which should be observed between the celebrated literary characters and the bibliopoles who traffic with them for their works, but certainly it must appear to plain persons by no means an unfair condition, that he who has to pay for such goods should previously have a sight of them, or in other words, that there should not only be two parties, but that they should have equal rights, whenever a bargain is to be struck. We also know that there have been authors whose fame has been as deservedly great as ever Mr. Bulwer's is likely to become, who have submitted to the supposed humiliating condition in treating with managers as well as with publishers. The independence of spirit which eminent authors are entitled to cherish, however, is a matter of very little concern to the public, and we need only refer to the high bearing of Mr. Bulwer, as affording an instance where an author's self-conceit may be ridiculous, and where his opinion of the merits of his own performance may be very different or in direct opposition to what is entertained by the public.

The main question therefore occurs—does "*The Duchess de la Vallière*" prove to have warranted all the hauteur and higgling which have preceded its appearance upon the stage, and can we congratulate the manager of Covent-garden on "the very prompt and liberal accedence," which has characterised his conduct in submitting to the uncompromising demands of the author? Before we venture to offer an answer, or seek for the opinion of our readers, in reference to this natural inquiry, it will be proper to go through the play, and liberally extract from it.

The story upon which the present drama is built, and which it embodies, is sufficiently well known. Many of our readers also may be familiar with the romance of *The Duchess de la Vallière*, by Madam de Genlis, in which that accomplished writer has

displayed her accustomed naïvète, wit, and pathos. To that work Mr. Bulwer seems to have been indebted for many of the thoughts and the incidents that grace his five-act play.

As in the original story, the Marquis de Bragelone, a chivalric, and unsullied knight of France is betrothed to Mademoiselle, afterwards Duchess de la Vallière, who has an unbounded esteem for him, but of true and ardent love, none. Like a noble-minded man, he does not urge his suit inconsiderately or cruelly, but hopes that time and his warlike exploits may gain her heart. Their parting interview is thus given.

Brag. Louise ! Louise ! this is our parting hour :

Me war demands—and thee the court allures.

In such an hour, the old romance allowed

The maid to soften from her coy reserve,

And her true knight, from some kind words, to take

Hope's talisman to battle !—Dear Louise !

Say, canst thou love me ?—

M. de la Vall.

Sir !—I !—love !—methinks

It is a word that—

Brag.

Sounds upon thy lips

Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks

Of home and rest after a stormy sea.

Sweet girl, my youth has passed in camps ; and war

Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.

Our years are scarce well-mated : the soft spring

Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon

Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter !'—well,

Love taught me first the golden words in which

The honest heart still coins its massive ore.

But fairer words, from fairer lips, will soon

Make my plain courtship rude.—Louise ! thy sire

Betrothed us in thy childhood : I have watched thee

Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth

Have seemed to hoard my own !—I think of thee,

And I am youthful still ! The passionate prayer—

The wild idolatry—the purple light

Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn ;—

Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth

Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee !

And yet so well I love, that if thy heart

Recoil from mine—if but one single wish,

A shade more timid than the fear which ever

Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope

Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,

Speak, and my suit is tongueless !—

M. de la Vall.

O, my lord !

If to believe all France's chivalry

Boasts not a nobler champion—if to feel

Proud in your friendship, honoured in your trust,—

If this be love, and I have known no other,

Why then—

Brag. Why then, thou lov'st me !

M. de la Vall. (aside.)

Shall I say it ?

I feel 'twere to deceive him ! Is it love ?

The transcendent beauty of Mademoiselle de la Vallière has reached the ears of the dissolute and gay king of France, Louis XIV., who gains her over to his court. He is not yet "The Great," but the Louis of Fontainebleau, in the flush of a brilliant youth, and in the excitement of a first-love. Though under his protection, and becoming deeply enamoured of him, she is for a time still more alive to the beauty and value of virtue. The following is part of a scene, at night, in the Gardens of the Fontainebleau, which are brilliantly illuminated for the delight of the King and his court.

"*Louis.* Sweet La Vallière !

M. de la Vall. Ah !—

Louis. Nay, fair lady, fly not, ere we welcome

Her who gives night its beauty !

M. de la Vall.

Sire, permit me !

My comrades wait me.

Louis.

What ! my loveliest subject

So soon a rebel ? Silent !—Well, be mute,

And teach the world the eloquence of blushes.

M. de la Vall. I may not listen—

Louis.

What if I had set

Thyself the example ? What if I had listened,

Veiled by yon friendly boughs, and dared to dream

That one blest word which spoke of Louis absent

Might charm his presence, and make Nature music ?

M. de la Vall. You did not, Sire ! you could not !

Louis.

Could not hear thee,

Nor pine for these divine, unwitnessed moments,

To pray thee, dearest lady, to divorce

No more the thought of love from him who loves thee,

And—faithful still to glory—swears thy heart

Unfolds the fairest world a king can conquer !

Hear me, Louise !

M. de la Vall. No, Sire ; forget those words !

I am not what their foolish meaning spoke me,

But a poor simple girl, who loves her King,

And honour more ! Forget, and do not scorn me !

(*Exit Mademoiselle de la Vallière.*)

Louis. Her modest coyness fires me more than all

Her half-unconscious and most virgin love."

In perfect accordance with the confession, he pursues his purpose.

"*Louis. (To Mademoiselle de la Vallière.)*

Nay, if you smile not on me, then the scene
Hath lost its charm.

M. de la Vall. O Sire, all eyes are on us !

Louis. All eyes *should* learn where homage should be rendered.

M. de la Vall. I pray you, Sire—

The Queen. Will't please your Majesty
To try your fortune ?

(Looks scornfully at Mademoiselle de la Vallière.)

Louis. Fortune ! Sweet La Vallière,

I only seek my fortune in thine eyes,

(Music. Louis draws, and receives a diamond bracelet. Ladies crowd round.)

First Lady. How beautiful !

Second Lady. Each gem were worth a duchy !

Third Lady. Oh, happy she upon whose arm the King
Will bind the priceless band !

Louis. (Approaching Mademoiselle de la Vallière.)

Permit me, Lady.

(Clasps the bracelet.)

Lauzun. Well done—well play'd ! In that droll game call'd Woman,
Diamonds are always trumps for hearts.

First Lady.

Her hair's

Too light !

Second Lady. Her walk is so provincial !

Third Lady. D'ye think she paints ?

Lauzun. Ha ! ha ! What envious eyes,

What fawning smiles, await the King's new Mistress !"

The King's unblushing profligacy, even in the presence of his queen, is not more forcibly portrayed in this scene than history warrants ; but we cannot compliment the author either for his vulgar wit about *diamonds* and *hearts*, or for the *third lady's* scullery-like piece of insinuated detraction.

It is not long before rumours injurious to the fair fame of Mademoiselle reach Bragelone. He hurries from the field of war to the royal residence, and obtains an interview with the object of his pure and unwavering affections, at the moment when she has been reasoning with herself concerning the King's devotion to her. She says,

"He loves me, then ! He loves me ! Love ! wild word !

Did I say love ? Dishonour, shame, and crime

Dwell on the thought ! And yet—and yet—he loves me !

(Re-enter Bragelone, at the back of the stage.—She takes out the King's picture.)

Mine early dreams were prophets !—Steps ! The King ?

Brag. No, lady ; pardon me ! a joint mistake ;

You sought the King—and I Louise la Vallière !

M. de la Vall. You here, my Lord !—you here !

Brag. There was a maiden
Fairer than many fair ; but sweet and humble,
And good and spotless, through the vale of life
She walked, her modest path with blessings strewed ;
(For all men bless'd her ;) from her crystal name,
Like the breath i' the mirror, even envy passed :
I sought that maiden at the court ; none knew her.
May I ask you—where now Louise la Vallière ?

M. de la Vall. Cruel !—unjust !—You were my father's friend,
Dare you speak thus to me ?

Brag. Dare ! dare !—"Tis well !
You have learnt your state betimes !—

M. de la Vall. My state, my Lord !
I know not by what right you thus assume
The privilege of insult !

Brag. Ay, reproach !
The harlot's trick—for shame ! Oh, no, your pardon !
You are too high for shame : and so—farewell !

M. de la Vall. My Lord !—my Lord, in pity—No !—in *justice*,
Leave me not thus !"

He becomes convinced of her innocence and exclaims,

"Curs'd be the lies that wrong'd thee !—doubly curst
The hard, the icy selfishness of soul,
That, but to pander to an hour's caprice,
Blasted that flower of life—fair fame ! Accurst
The King who casts his purple o'er his vices !

M. de la Vall. Hold !—thou malign'st thy king !

Brag. He spared not thee !

M. de la Vall. The king—God bless him !

Brag. Wouldst thou madden me ?
Thou !—No—thou lov'st him not ?—thou hid'st thy face !
Woman, thou tremblest ! Lord of Hosts, for this
Hast thou preserved me from the foeman's sword,
And through the incarnadined and raging seas
Of war upheld my steps ?—made life and soul
The sleepless priests to that fair idol—Honour ?
Was it for this ?—I loved thee not, Louise,
As gallants love ! Thou wert this life's IDEAL,
Breathing through earth the Lovely and the Holy,
And clothing Poetry in human beauty !
When in this gloomy world they spoke of sin,
I thought of thee, and smiled—for thou wert sinless !
And when they told of some diviner act
That made our nature noble, my heart whispered—
'So would have done Louise !'—'Twas thus I loved thee !
To lose thee, I can bear it ; but to lose,
With thee, all hope, all confidence, of virtue—
This—*this* is hard !—Oh ! I am sick of earth !

M. de la Vall. Nay, speak not thus !—be gentle with me. Come,

I am not what thou deem'st me, Bragelone ;
Woman I am, and weak. Support, advise me !
Forget the lover, but be still the friend.
Do not desert me—*thou !*

Brag. Thou lov'st the King !

M. de la Vall. But I can fly from love !”

This extract contains not the only expression and appeal to heaven in the play, which is shockingly irreverent. There occur such words as these, “ O Father, bless her,” which, we are happy to learn, were received by the audience in Covent-garden theatre, on the first performance of the piece, with the most unqualified testimonies of disapprobation. Really novel and play-writers should remember, that if they spend their days in catering for public amusement, the least thing that can be demanded of them is that their works be harmless—that they offer no glaring indignity to the most solemn and precious feelings which religion has fostered.

Mademoiselle is induced, by the earnest solicitations of Bragelone, to fly to a convent. But no sooner does his Majesty hear of the extraordinary event—that of a maid of honour flying from a king—than he swears that he will bring her back, and that he who stands between his royal will and her he loves, becomes a traitor. He makes good his word, and forcibly carries her from the convent. It must be allowed, however, that although she at first clung to a crucifix, she insensibly lets it go, and not unwillingly resigns herself to him. She becomes his victim ; he showers wealth and honours upon her ; she is created a duchess ; and for a time she engrosses all his attentions and love.

But Louis, like many other men, was fickle as well as heartless ; and the Duchess is forced to feel and exclaim,

“ Oh, to what a reed

We bind our destinies, when man we love !

Peace, honour, conscience lost—if I lose him,

What have I left ?”

Not only has the King's love cooled for the Duchess, but he has chosen a new mistress, and insults the former, by proposing that she should marry one of his coxcomb courtiers, the Duke de Lauzun. This is too much to be borne, and her simple nature is aroused to vindicate itself with a degree of magnanimity, of which she had hitherto afforded no symptoms. She says to Lauzun, as soon as she learns the purpose of a special visit he pays to her,

“ *Duch. de la Vall.*

So, thou art he

To whom this shattered heart should be surrendered ?—

And thou, the high-born, glittering, scornful Lauzun,

Wouldst take the cast-off leman of a King,

Nor think thyself disgraced ! Fie !—Fie ! thou'rt shameless !

Lauzun. You were betray'd by love, and not by sin,
Nor low ambition. Your disgrace is honour
By the false side of dames the world calls spotless.

Duch. de la Vall. Go, sir, nor make me scorn you. If I've erred,
I know, at least, the majesty of virtue,
And feel—what you forget.

Lauzun. Yet hear me, Madam!

Duch. de la Vall. Go, go! You are the King's friend—you were
mine;

I would not have you thus debased : refused
By one, at once the fallen and forsaken!

His friend shall not be shamed so !"

Tidings of Bragelone's death reach the Duchess. In the guise of
a Franciscan friar, he obtains an interview with her. She asks for
his blessing. He answers,

" *Brag.* Let courts and courtiers bless the favoured Duchess :
Courts bless the proud ; God's ministers, the humble.

Duch. de la Vall. He taunts me, this poor friar ! Well, my father,
I have obeyed your summons. Do you seek
Masses for souls departed ?—or the debt
The wealthy owe the poor ?—say on !

Brag. (aside.) Her heart
Is not yet hardened ! Daughter, such a mission
Were sweeter than the task which urged me hither :
You had a lover once—a plain, bold soldier ;
He loved you well !"

In the softening accents of his voice, which follow the discovery that she is not yet wholly hardened, she recognizes a once familiar tone, when he declares himself to be the brother of Bragelone, who had betaken himself many years before to a conventual life. An exceedingly touching dialogue follows : Bragelone all the time preserving his incognito, still personating the brother, and for which we have not room, since we are going to introduce a long extract, where Louis and the pretended monk encounter one another. The King has repaired to the apartments of the Duchess, to learn how Lauzun's courtship prospers, where he sees the friar, and saluting him, with " Save you, father !" the scene between them opens.

" *Brag.* I thank thee, son.

Louis. He knows me not, Well, Monk,
Are you her Grace's almoner ?

Brag. Sire, no !

Louis. So short, yet know us ?

Brag. Sire, I do. You are
The man—

Louis. How, priest ! the man !

Brag. The word offends you ?

The King, who raised a maiden to a Duchess.

That maiden's father was a gallant subject :
 Kingly reward !—you made his daughter Duchess.
 That maiden's mother was a stainless matron ;
 Her heart you broke, though mother to a Duchess !
 That maiden was affianced from her youth
 To one who served you well—nay, saved your life ;
 His life you robbed of all that gave life value ;
 And yet—you made his fair betrothed a Duchess !
 You are that King. The world proclaims you ' Great : '
 A million warriors bled to buy your laurels ;
 A million peasants starved to build Versailles ;
 Your people famish ; but your court is splendid !
 Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious reign ;
 Poets have sung the greater than Augustus ;
 And painters placed you on immortal canvass,
 Limn'd as the Jove whose thunders awe the world :
 But to the humble minister of God,
 You are the King who has betrayed his trust—
 Beggared a nation but to bloat a court,
 Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition,
 Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice ;
 And, for the first time, from a subject's lips,
 Now learns the name he leaves to Time and God !

Louis. Add to the bead-roll of that King's offences
 That, when a foul-mouthed Monk assumed the rebel,
 The Monster-King forgave him. Hast thou done ?

Brag. Your changing hues belie your royal mien ;
 Ill the high monarch veils the trembling man !

Louis. Well, you are privileged ! It ne'er was said
 The Fourteenth Louis, in his proudest hour,
 Bowed not his sceptre to the Church's crozier.

Brag. Alas ! *the Church !* 'Tis true, this garb of serge
 Dares speech that daunts the ermine, and walks free
 Where stout hearts tremble in the triple mail.
 But wherefore ? Lies the virtue in the robe,
 Which the moth eats ? or in these senseless beads ?
 Or in the name of priest ? The Pharisees
 Had priests that gave their Saviour to the cross !
 No ! we have high immunity and sanction,
 That Truth may teach humanity to Power,
 Glide through the dungeon, pierce the armed throng,
 Awaken Luxury on her Sybarite couch,
 And, startling souls that slumber on a throne,
 Bow kings before that priest of priests—*THE CONSCIENCE !*

Louis. (*aside.*) An awful man !—unlike the reverend crew
 Who praise my royal virtues in the pulpit,
 And—ask for bishoprics when church is over !

Brag. This makes us sacred. The profane are they
 Honouring the herald while they scorn the mission.
 The king who serves the church, yet clings to mammon,

Who fears the pastor, but forgets the flock,
 Who bows before the monitor, and yet
 Will ne'er forego the sin, may sink, when age
 Palsies the lust and deadens the temptation,
 To the priest-ridden, not repentant, dotard,—
 For pious hopes hail superstitious terrors,
 And seek some sleek Iscariot of the *church*,
 To sell salvation for the thirty pieces !

Louis (aside.) He speaks as one inspired !

Brag. Awake !—awake !

Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
 That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—
 Woman for lust—the People for the Palace !
 Dark warnings have gone forth : along the air
 Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne !
 Behold the young, the fair, the haughty King !
 The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests ;
 Lo ! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
 The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim !
 Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell
 If the same fate await not thy descendant !
 If some meek son of thine imperial line
 May make no brother to yon headless spectre !
 And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
 Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he find
 The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion
 Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,
 Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold—
 And the long glare of thy funereal glories
 Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave !
 Beware, proud King ! the Present cries aloud,
 A prophet to the Future ! Wake !—beware ! [*Exit Bragelone.*]

Louis. Gone ! Most ill-omened voice and fearful shape !

Scarce seemed it of the earth ; a thing that breathed
 But to fulfil some dark and dire behest ;
 To appel us, and to vanish. The quick blood
 Halts in my veins. Oh ! never till this hour
 Heard I the voice that awed the soul of Louis,
 Or met one brow that did not quail before
 My kingly gaze ! And this unmitred monk !
 I'm glad that none were by. It was a dream ;
 So let its memory like a dream depart.
 I am no tyrant—nay, I love my people.
 My wars were made but for the fame of France !
 My pomp ! why, tush ! what king can play the hermit ?
 My conscience smites me not ; and but last eve
 I did confess, and was absolved ! A bigot :
 And half, methinks, a heretic ! I wish
 The Jesuits had the probing of his doctrines.
 Well, well, 'tis o'er ! What ho, there !—

Enter Gentleman of the Chamber.

Louis. Wine! Apprise
Once more the Duchess of our presence, Stay;
Yon monk, what doth he here?

Gent. I know not, Sire,
Nor saw him till this day.

Louis. Strange! Wine!

[Exit Gentleman.]

If this be not powerful and beautiful dramatic writing, we know not where in modern times it is to be found. No single scene, indeed, in the whole performance equals it. What can be more impressive than the prophetic denunciations which Bragelone utters?—what more appalling? The emotions also which swell and occasionally struggle with the recollection of his holy vows, mark how successfully the author's fine conceptions have been sustained throughout the whole passage—how nice is his perception of character—how powerful the poetry of sentiment.

It is not necessary to the understanding of the story in the play, that we enter much farther upon its outline. The King's coldness and heartlessness, the Monk's earnest and affecting appeals fix her resolution to take the veil. She repairs to the convent of the Carmelites.

The vesper-bell tolls.

"Duch. de la Vall. Hark! the deep sound,
That seems a voice from some invisible spirit,
Claiming the world for God. When last I heard it
Hallow this air, here stood my mother, living;
And I—was then a mother's *pride*!—and yonder
Came thy brave brother in his glittering mail;
And—ah! these thoughts are bitter!—were he living
How would he scorn them!

Brag. (who has been greatly agitated) No!—ah, no!—thou
wrongst him!

Duch. de la Vall. Yet, were he living, could I but receive
From his own lips my pardon, and his blessing,
My soul would deem one dark memorial raised
Out of the page most blistered with its tears!

Brag. Then have thy wish! and in these wrecks of man
Worn to decay, and rent by many a storm,
Survey the worm the world called Bragelone.

Duch. de la Vall. Avaunt!—avaunt!—I dream!—the dead
returned

To earth to mock me!—No! this hand is warm!
I have one murder less upon my soul.
I thank thee, Heaven!—*(swoons)*.

Brag. (supporting her.) The blow strikes home; and yet
What is my life to her? Louise!—She moves not;
She does not breathe; how still she sleeps!—I saw her

Sleep in her mother's arms, and then, in sleep
 She smiled. *There's no smile now!*—poor child! One kiss!
 It is a brother's kiss—it has no guilt;
 Kind Heaven, it has no guilt. I have survived
 All earthlier thoughts: her crime, my vows, effaced them.
 A brother's kiss!—Away! I'm human still;
 I thought I had been stronger; God forgive me!
 Awake, Louise!—awake! She breathes once more;
 The spell is broke; the marble warms to life!
 And I—freeze back to stone!"

When Louis finds that the Duchess is about to be lost to the world for ever, remorse, returning affection, and selfishness all conspire to make him hasten to regain her. He employs all his blandishments and former arts to win her to his will. Our last extract presents their latest interview.

Duch. de la Vall. No; thou canst not tempt me!
 My heart already is the nun.

Louis. Thou know'st not
 I have dismissed thy rival from the court.
 Return!—though mine no more, at least thy Louis
 Shall know no second love!

Duch. de la Vall. What! wilt thou, Louis,
 Renounce for me eternally my rival,
 And live alone for—

Louis. Thee! Louise, I swear it!

Duch. de la Vall. (raising her arms to Heaven.)
 Father! at length, I dare to hope for pardon,
 For now remorse may prove itself sincere!
 Bear witness, Heaven! I never loved this man
 So well as now! and never seemed *his* love
 Built on so sure a rock! Upon thine altar
 I lay the offering. I revoke the past;
 For Louis, Heaven was left—and now I leave
 Louis, when tenfold more beloved, for Heaven!
 Ah! pray with me! Be this our latest token—
 This memory of sweet moments—sweet, though sinless!
 Ah! pray with me! that I may live till death
 The thought—we prayed together for forgiveness!"

Louis. Oh! wherefore never knew I till this hour
 The treasure I shall lose! I dare not call thee
 Back from the Heaven where thou art half already!
 Thy soul demands celestial destinies,
 And stoops no more to earth. Be thine the peace,
 And mine the penance! Yet these awful walls,
 The rigid laws of this severest order,
 Yon spectral shapes, this human sepulchre,—
 And thou, the soft, the delicate, the highborn,
 The adored delight of Europe's mightiest king,—
 Thou canst not bear it!

Duch. de la Vall. I have borne much worse—
Thy change and thy desertion!—Let it pass!
 There is no terror in the things without;
 Our souls alone the palace or the prison;
 And the one thought, that I have fled from sin
 Will fill the cell with images more glorious,
 And haunt its silence with a mightier music,
 Than ever thronged illumined halls, or broke
 From harps by mortal strung!

Louis. I will not hear thee!
 I cannot brave these thoughts. Thy angel voice
 But tells me what a sun of heavenly beauty
 Glides from the earth, and leaves my soul to darkness.
 This is my work!—'twas I for whom that soul
 Forsook its native element; for me,
 Sorrow consumed thy youth, and conscience gnawed
 That patient, tender, unreprouched heart.
 And now this crowns the whole! the priest—the altar—
 The sacrifice—the victim! Touch me not!
 Speak not! I am unmann'd enough already.
 I—I—I choke! These tears—let them speak for me.
 Now! now thy hand—O, God! farewell, for ever! [*Exit Louis.*]

Duch. de la Vall. For ever! till the angel's trump shall wake
 Affection from the grave. Ah! blessed thought.
 For ever! that's no word for earth; but angels
 Shall cry 'for ever' when we meet again:
 Be firm, my heart, be firm!

(*After a pause, turning to Bragelone, with a slight smile.*)
 'Tis past! we've conquered!"

In some particulars Mr. Bulwer has departed from the precise facts in history, especially in making Bragelone assume the monkish guise, whereas he died of a broken heart on hearing that his adored one had become the victim of Louis. This re-creation of him, however, was necessary to the upholding of the interest and dramatic development of the piece; and, as we have seen from the more serious portion of the play which we have quoted, the liberty with history has been turned to good account.

Let us now consider the character of the play; first, as a contribution to our dramatic literature; and secondly, as respects its aptitude for the stage. A few sentences under each of these heads will sufficiently convey our estimation of it.

As a literary production to be studied in the closet, it has many beauties and excellencies. Its distinguishing features, and indeed the characteristic points in all Mr. Bulwer's writings are the poetry of sentiment, a mental philosophy which is refined and subtle, rather than broad or obtrusive, and a remarkable delicacy of artistic power, whereby his representations gain upon the mind the longer they are studied, rather than dazzle the eye at the first glance,

or arouse the soul by their resistless and immediate force. The fragmentary shape in which our extracts from "The Duchess de la Vallière" appear, necessarily withhold from the reader the delicacy but combined and real amount of this power; neither can the courtliness of the language, or the gradual progress of the plot with its fine movements, be fully appreciated from our pages.

The author's chief effort seems to have been to idealize Bragelone's character, and to picture him as the purest, the most gallant, tender, and refined of chivalric knights. The simplicity and enthusiastic love of the heroine has also greatly engaged his imagination. The passion of the profligate King, the gradual declension, and the fickleness of his selfish affections, are also happily traced. There are in the character of the inferior or less prominent actors in the drama many tokens of skilful delineation and accurate conception.

But when we come to ask, under the second head of our inquiry, whether this gracefully-written and refined dramatic poem will keep possession of the stage, we think that the very points praised—that the most favourable words which can be uttered in its behalf as a closet study—reply to the question, and pronounce its popularity to be brief and uncertain. The play contains none of those sudden and violent bursts of passion which enter into most of our best dramas; neither does it produce such an intense anxiety, or maintain it throughout as alone can make amends for the absence of these whirlwind passages. Not a few of the speeches, especially in the more humorous parts, are cold, bald, or inflated; while the extraordinary length of the piece as a whole is sufficient to wear out the patience of any one who desires to witness the history of various minds and stirring periods, brought by dramatic art into one picture.

Of the moral, in as far as repentance of the heroine is concerned, we cannot speak very favourably. She thinks not of the consolations of religion till she cannot command any longer the love of the King. It is like, indeed, becoming devout when she had nothing better or more pleasant to engage her; and her repentance, after all, is rather uneasiness under the consequences of her sins, than a sense of their own enormities. According to all these views now stated, we, therefore, neither think that Mr. Bulwer has materially added to his literary fame, nor to the purest and most deserving specimens of the drama, by his "Duchess de la Vallière."

ART. VI.—*The Christian Citizen, A Sermon, preached in aid of the London City Mission.* By the REV. JOHN HARRIS. London: Ward. 1837.

FREQUENTLY in reviewing the statistical accounts of the British empire, or those works which treat of English life and manners,

we have noticed wonderful statements regarding the actual condition of London ; it may have been concerning its population, its commerce and wealth, or the scenes of misery and vice, as well as its immense provisions for securing the best interests of mankind. The truth is, that this metropolis is a world of itself, at least if the term may be applied to a community which contains every element of human nature that exists, or has ever existed in times past upon earth ; so that he whose duty or whose taste it may be to select any one element, or feature, and to give it all the importance and magnitude which it is capable of sustaining, is sure to produce a representation that is altogether marvellous, and too great for the mind adequately to contemplate. If, for example, it be the object of the delineator to calculate and designate the amount of benevolent feeling, or the tokens of advanced civilization—whether this consists in learning, liberal sentiment, unimpeachable integrity, or refined taste—he may dilate through volumes of dense and concise writing, and yet leave himself and his readers to feel that he has not done his theme ample justice. Or, if his endeavours be to take the dark side of the picture, and fulfil an object similar to the one which has engaged the author of this Sermon, he may waste all the most impressive description which our vocabulary can furnish, and yet fail to characterise in any degree at all approaching its frightful virulence and extent that which he labours to set before the public. And why does all this hold true ? Whence is it that man should be unequal to the delineation of his own species, or of single specimens of the race, whether virtuous or vicious ? Because man's capacities and his destinies are eternal, and defy all language, all thought—however intellectual or impassioned—to measure or fathom. If the pure and exalted motives, actions, and sacrifices of many of Adam's descendants are to be descanted upon, or the reward that awaits the good, who can set these things before us ? Let a depraved individual be selected, whose career is every day bringing him to a lower depth of vice, till at last it leaves him to be bound as with chains of lead to the entire service of Satan, when it is not too much to believe that a worse evil is his doom—that the Almighty has finally withdrawn the chidings of his spirit from him—and when he has become the victim of unmitigated misery, as well as a pest to society—tell us whose tongue or pen can compass in description the interests that are then and thus sacrificed—thus ruined for ever ! It is possible to fatigue and sicken the sense by details of this kind, and yet not by any means to reach the frightful truth that attaches to the theme. And yet we think it is possible that the man who sets his mind almost exclusively upon one order of the phenomena alluded to—say those on the dark side of the picture—may present an exaggerated, and therefore a false, view of society—the society of London, for instance—and this, just because his descriptions,

though in themselves inadequacies and imbecilities, are not duly balanced, even by similar feeble efforts on the other side. It is thus, as it appears to us, that the author of the present Sermon has erred: he has not fairly disposed his lights and shadows; he has, therefore, if we be right, given a false representation; and if so, he may be assured that it will fail of producing that amount of good in the service of virtue and religion, which, beyond all question, he earnestly desired and laboured to bring to pass, and which might have been more extensively secured by a more judicious treatment of his subject.

The words of the author's text are these—"Let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ," which he paraphrases in this manner—"Conduct yourselves (as citizens) in a way worthy of the Gospel of Christ;" which, if the Scriptural phraseology will bear it, was a very suitable injunction upon which to dilate before the patrons and supporters of the "London City Mission." The character of this Institution we give in the words of a note to the Sermon.

"The London City Mission has existed about one year and a half. It employs only paid agents, who are daily engaged, for six hours, in visiting from house to house in their respective districts.

"The support of the Christian public, and the results of the labours of the institution have, through God's blessing, been of the most gratifying character. Detailed instances of usefulness appear every month in the City Mission Magazine. It appears, while this is passing through the press, that there are now 60 agents. During the past six months they have paid 100,642 visits, 10,432 have been visits to the sick poor; they have held 1912 meetings for prayer and the reading and exposition of the Scriptures; they have distributed 137,542 religious tracts, and have furnished on loan 402 copies of Holy Scripture. I know that the Mission is singularly blessed; that an increase of its operations is greatly needed and I feel assured, that it merits the countenance and assistance of all who wish to see an extensive reformation among the ignorant, degraded, and profligate portion of London society. Upwards of thirty females have been rescued from prostitution, and provided with asylums, or restored to their parents, by its instrumentality."—pp. 104, 105.

The author, in the Preface, says, that if Christians, that is, the religious part of the community, will use the means of becoming acquainted with the actual condition of London, "they will find that they are living in the midst of a moral necropolis—a *city of the dead*." Taking this as a general truth, he treats his subject under the text in the following manner:—by calling the attention of those he addresses "to the immense population of the metropolis—to its responsible position, and moral importance in the Divine administration of the world—to its spiritual condition—to the employment of the Gospel as the only remedy for that condition—and to the method in which that remedy should be employed." In

filling up this outline, our readers will soon have an opportunity of judging whether our general preliminary observations do not fitly apply to the Sermon. They will also be enabled to say, whether, when we characterize his style as being sometimes eloquent, it be not more frequently excessively laboured and inflated, just as might be anticipated from a one-sided effort.

Under the first head of division we find the following striking outline:—

“Remember the vast population of London. When the Almighty would vindicate his gracious conduct in sparing Nineveh, he sought to impress the rebellious prophet with the greatness of its population. “Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left?” The magnitude of London is sublime. Almost every foreign visitor, who writes of the metropolis, expresses astonishment at its vastness. It is computed that there are generally about 120,000 strangers in it—a number exceeding the *resident* population of most cities. We are assembled this evening in the midst of more than 1,500,000 human beings—a number which, though figures can describe, the mind cannot grasp. From the place in which we are met, there diverge in all directions about 12,000 streets, squares, courts, and avenues, covering a space of about eight miles in length, and four in average breadth, and twenty-five in circumference—a nation in itself. It may be safely affirmed, that within this teeming area there exist large districts which few, perhaps none, present have ever explored—untrodden wildernesses of human life. London is, at once, a commercial city, a manufacturing city, the seat of legislation, the home of royalty, the centre of literature, and philosophy, and art. Here the gay flock for pleasure—the armies of the enterprising find a field for the conflicts of ambition and skill—the hives of industry daily swarm—and the victims of poverty and woe hide themselves and die, by thousands, unwept and unknown. So vast is the *aggregate* of its population, that the *individual man* is forgotten—so immense is the *multitude*, that a single person, like a wave in the Atlantic, is lost in the mass. But looking in imagination at these congregated myriads, the Christian will reflect—these are all spiritual essences, immortal beings. All these are to die, and will be judged, and are actually on their way to the tribunal, and are carrying with them there, each in his own bosom, the seeds of endless joy or endless woe. What a harvest for death! What a prey for the Grand Enemy! What a field for Christian effort! And how loud the call on every Christian inhabitant to ‘live and act the citizen as it becometh the gospel of Christ!’”—pp. 12—14.

We have little to say with regard to this impressive outline, except it be to suggest that it carries a certain symptom of gloom in its front, which yet has no support from the facts it contains. Nay, we think these facts, to a rightly constituted mind, would suggest, that the city of which all this can be asserted, cannot have long *been dead*! Why does the author declare but in accordance with the gloomy prepossessions with which he set out, and is deter-

mined to maintain, that "so vast is the aggregate of its (London) population, that the individual man is forgotten—so immense is the multitude, that a single person, like a wave in the Atlantic, is lost in the mass?" It would afford a moral sentiment just as striking and valuable, to say, that of all these myriads that are passing on, there is not one, comparatively speaking, around whom the sympathies of a certain sphere are not shed; that there is not one for whom a sanctuary exists not, though humble and wretched in many ways perhaps, where yet there are gleams of happiness, and passages of moral beauty—fears, hopes, and joys, that constantly bear testimony that its inmates are the offspring of an inscrutable Providence, who will be just and also merciful; and who, while from such as have received much he will require much, will, on the other hand, weigh the circumstances which condition or opportunities may impose. For, though each individual in the world, or in London, may, to the human imagination appear, but as a wave or a single drop in the ocean of life, his destinies are far more enduring, his soul is far more precious than all that the eye can scan. But take the countless and unnoticed individuals that swarm in London, and without allowing the imagination to penetrate their private habitations, or soar into futurity, it is really not upon the whole a disheartening idea that each is overlooked in the moving mass, but on the contrary, a ground of satisfaction—a medium of convenience and composure, necessary to the traffic and well-being of such a community; and one, also, which hamlets, villages, and towns, cannot boast of. We say, therefore, that the simple and plain facts contained in the cited passage, are just as fairly susceptible of interesting and pleasurable sentiments as those which the author points to. Therefore by his one-sided method of picturing London he has falsified its likeness.

The author goes on to say, under the second head viz. "the moral purpose which this great city must be *intended* to answer in the Divine government of the world,"—that "we must believe that the Divine administration of the world is conducted on a *plan*—and that, of that mighty *plan*, every individual, and every community, forms a constituent part." We do not quote these clauses to criticise the very common-place truth that they convey regarding the universality and particularity of Divine Providence; but the words which we have thrown into Italics deserve to be animadverted upon. Does the Almighty *intend* and *plan* in any sense similar to what the author has left the reader to construe as the meaning of these terms? We know that when speaking of the attributes or the works of God, we can only use that sort of imagery of which, as beings whose corporeal senses are the only medium of ideas, we are alone cognisant. But it is the duty of the teachers of Divine truth, on all such occasions, to be careful to use the phraseology, which

inspiration has sanctioned ; otherwise they are ever liable to go wrong and to mislead. Accordingly we think, where the words mentioned occur, and again when the author, speaking of the Almighty having confided extraordinary talents and power to London, saying he "has done so with *deep calculation*," impressions are conveyed which are degrading to the infinite and eternal being of the Supreme. *Intend, plan, and calculate* imply hesitation, difficulty, doubt. But to the Creator and Governor of all things there has been no past—there can be no hereafter. He does not deliberate, and then decide. He is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. All to him is one everlasting *Now*. All stands perfect at once.

But it is not our province to go far into metaphysical or theological discussions ; although we thought it proper to point out the sort of unguardedness that characterises our author's ideas, as well as that which attaches to his sentimentalism, and indeed, as we are about to see, to his statements of facts. He is rather remarkable for his random or hasty utterances ; perhaps we should set some of them down to his inordinate anxiety to be sententious and irresistible. Take as a specimen the last sentence in his Preface, which is in these words ;—"May He who wept over Jerusalem deign to bless the perusal of this Discourse to such a result, but in one instance, and the writer will deem his humble effort amply rewarded, and even honoured." This is very modest in you Mr. John Harris ; and were it on a far meaner subject, we might venture to be ironical to some extent. But the Patron and Rewarder appealed to must not be approached in an unhallowed manner ; and we only say, that when the author *deems* that he will be *even honoured* by a certain answer to his prayer, he makes use of a phraseology that sounds strangely in our ears—He to whom the appeal is addressed being the Redeemer of Mankind.

But now to our extracts. Here is a forcible and a truthful representation.

"But if the cities of *antiquity* held so responsible a position in the economy of the world, how much greater the responsibility of those which have been called into existence since the coming of Christ. *That* was an event which, by erecting an empire of truth, and infusing regenerating principles into the heart of society, raised the scale of human responsibility a hundred-fold. But if this be true of other modern cities, with what an emphasis does it apply to London, the capital of the nations, and the metropolis of the world ! Reflect, and you will find that in London there meets, at this moment, all that can render a city the centre of the world's responsibility. For example ; the advantages peculiar to cities are numerous ; advantages of situation, of commerce, government, art, science, wealth, religion ; one city may enjoy one class of these advantages, and one another ; but is there, on the face of the wide earth, a city which unites and enjoys them all ? London is that favoured place. Is there a city which could command respect on the grounds of its immense

population alone? London—in itself an ocean of human life—is that place. Is there a place whose influence is such that it can make itself be heard by all the governments of the civilized world?—and whose voice is respected wherever it is heard?—that city is London. Is there one place, more than another, which, to all these advantages, adds the power of giving the gospel to the earth?—still, that place is London—the metropolis of Christianity. Politically, it stands related to about a sixth part of the human race—to an extent of territory on which the sun never sets. Commercially, it has access to every part—it has the ear of the world; while its resources of wealth and moral influence are equal, under God, to an attempt at the evangelization of the whole.”—pp. 16—18.

The third head of Discourse, inquires “What is the spiritual condition of this great community?” Part of the answer follows.

“My brethren, were you now about to hear of its moral state for the first time, I should be greatly disappointed if I did not perceive in your faces, as I proceeded, marks of astonishment, compassion, and alarm. But I take it for granted that you have already availed yourselves, in some degree, of the information extant on this subject. To suppose that you have not, would be almost a reflection on your piety. All that can now be necessary is, to condense and present that information, with a view to the enforcement of certain practical remarks.

“One of the most affecting pages in the book of the world, is that which presents to the eye of the Christian a tabular view of its religious state. If we suppose, according to the usual estimate, that the inhabitants of the world amount to 800,000,000, then the whole, in round numbers, may be thus divided:—Pagans, 482,000,000; Christians, 175,000,000; Jews and Mahometans, 143,000,000. O what shame should cover the Christian church, that such should be the state of the world—of Christ’s world—eighteen hundred years after he has died for its redemption! More than three-fourths of the human race in ignorance of him, or in avowed alienation from him! But there is a fact, which should be felt, by every Christian inhabitant of this great city, more deeply still—the fact that the religious condition of London forms a striking epitome of the religious condition of the world. Divide its 1,500,000 inhabitants—as we have just divided the population of the world—into three classes; let these be, the openly irreligious; the occasional and worldly attendants on the ordinances of religion; and the regular worshippers of God. Let the *first* class stand for the Pagan, and the *second* for the Jewish and Mahometan, and the *third* for the Christian division of the world—and you will find that the proportion which they respectively bear to the whole population of London, is about the same which those three great divisions respectively bear to the whole population of the world.

“For example, is more than one half the species Pagan? A distinguished metropolitan clergyman calculates the number of the lower classes who are living in London in utter disregard of all religion as half a million at the very least. ‘But,’ says a later writer, ‘my impression is that the number is nearer 800,000’—more than one half of the whole. Are three-sevenths of the *remainder* of the world’s population Jews and Mahometans? About three-sevenths of the *remainder* of the population of London rank

as heterodox, inconsistent, worldly professors of Christianity—a disgrace to the Christian name. Do only the other four-sevenths of the human race profess the Christian religion? The same small proportion of your city population—yes, and less than that—only about 300,000—a fifth of the whole—are regular and orthodox worshippers. Appalling, then, as is the religious state of the world, it is, I repeat, still more startling to think, that the religious condition of London—London in the nineteenth century of the Christian era—in the third of the Protestant Reformation—of *favoured* London, is just its epitome.

“But do you ask for a brief description of the state of that first great division of 500,000 or 800,000, or, taking the middle number, 650,000 ungodly human beings? What is their state? It is a condensed mass of heathenism, which, if drawn out and diffused over a large space in which it could be examined in detail, would amaze and alarm you into benevolent activity. What is their state? It is a concentration of depravity so virulent that it might suffice to inoculate a continent—a world with vice. What is their state? It is as bad as the most perfect system of evil which the tempter could devise, and keep in constant operation, with no other check than the feeble voice of human law, can make it. What is their state? 12,000 children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity: 3000 persons are receivers of stolen property—speculators, and dealers in human depravity: 4000 are annually committed for criminal offences: 10,000 are addicted to gambling: above 20,000 to beggary: 30,000 are living by theft and fraud. That this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is plied and fed with three millions’ worth of spirituous liquors annually: 23,000 are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets. Above 150,000 are habitual gin-drinkers; and about the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy. Such is their *ordinary* state. Nay, it has grown worse while I have been describing it. Like the magic erections in Pandemonium, in addition to the 5000 temples of drunkenness and vice already existing, other ‘fabrics huge rise like an exhalation.’ The statistics of evil are ever on the increase.

“But does not the return of the Sabbath form an exception to this state? It does—but an exception of the most fearful kind—for it consists in their state *then* being aggravated tenfold: 650,000 human beings then stand up and say, in the face of heaven, ‘*there shall be no Sabbath*. As far as the scriptural observance of the day is concerned, *there shall be no Sabbath*. We will rest from our ordinary labour only to toil in sin—the day shall be set apart to evil.’ And in obedience to this fearful decree, issued as from the throne of wickedness, the temples of vice are early thrown open, and thronged with impious devotees; the press issues its weekly manual of slander and sedition, impurity and blasphemy; every minister of evil is then in full employ, aided by numerous helpers, called in for the occasion; in many districts, the ordinary market is quickened into the bustle and riot of a fair; the quiet of the week is broken up by the carnival of the Sabbath; the great volcano of iniquity heaves, and rises, and discharges its desolating contents into the country for miles around; every available form of art is pressed into the service of sin: the whole satanic system of

depravity is in active and universal operation; and vice holds its saturnalia. Such is their *Sabbath* state."

"There must be theatres—with a numerous priesthood pandering on impurity—and offering up the youth of both sexes at the shrines of sensuality. There must be splendid porticos, the entrances to which must be inscribed—*Hells*; and on the breast of each of those entering must be written, in letters of fire, *Hell*. There must be a busy Sunday press, worked by the great enemy himself, in the guise of an angel of light; and dispatching myriads of winged messengers in all directions, on errands of evil. There must be infidel demagogues 'mouthing the heavens;' and gaping crowds admiring the skill that blindfolds them for destruction. There must be gorgeous palaces in which death and disease shall appear holding their court; in which busy hands shall be seen distributing liquid fire to crowds of wan and squalid forms;—and each of those palaces must be shown standing in the midst of a jail, a poor-house, a lunatic asylum, and a cemetery, all crowded—and leaning over the mouth of the bottomless pit. And over the whole must be cast a spell—an all-encompassing net-work of satanic influence, prepared, and held down, and guarded by satanic agency. And, to complete the picture, three hundred thousand Christians passing by without scarcely lifting a hand to remove it."—pp. 26—27.

This is a frightful account; but is it a true one? If it be, strangers may well dread to set their faces towards the metropolis of the British empire. From no inconsiderable experience, however, we declare it to be greatly overcharged and unfair: first, on account of its being in part contrary to facts; secondly, on account of its spirit of exaggeration; thirdly, of its rash declarations about matters on which no human intelligence can pronounce anything like accurately; and lastly, to resort to our opening observations and distinctions, on account of its want of that relief in colouring, which the subject legitimately, not to say charitably, admits of. After enumerating the heads of our *objections* to the author's picture, we do not intend to bestow more than a sentence or two in *their* support. But let us for a moment pause, before expressing ourselves particularly under any of these objections to the author's statement, and ask whence has he derived his information? Has it been from long residence in London, and frequently traversing the streets? These means of information are necessarily very fallacious and inadequate. Has it been from having often visited the haunts of misery and vice, in the course of charitable or religious duties? Persons so habituated must be apt to form a sort of exclusive code of moral statistics, and therefore an inaccurate one. It appears, however, that Mr. Harris chiefly grounds his assertions on the testimony of certain clergymen, whose statements on the subjects handled are added to the Sermon in the way of Notes, on the authority of certain metropolitan returns (which by-the-bye are very

meagre, and anxiously selected), and on the descriptions of certain literary aspirants, who have of late disported themselves by drawing lively and sparkling sketches of London, in which the fancy has been far more employed than precision of detail, or solicitude about the exact truth. Who indeed, who seeks to amuse either by pen or pencil, ever thinks of presenting his subject in other than effective lights? Would our readers believe it, that Mr. Harris has taken many of his statements from the work called "The Great Metropolis," and from Mr. Webbe's "Glances at Life in City and Suburb?" As to the character of these books we need not now utter a word, but refer the reader to our late reviews of them. One indisputable thing can be asserted of them however, which is, that whatever may be their literary merits as works of sentiment or fancy, no reliance can be placed in them as statistic records.

But to return to our *objections* to the author's picture, as given in the passages we last quoted from his Sermon, we say, that it is contrary to the truth, and that every competent and impartial party that has been examined particularly, has declared that London is far more orderly and moral in its external appearance than it was in past times, especially in respect of the Sabbath-day. Why did not Mr. Harris quote from Mr. Webbe's Glances a strong passage to this effect? Because one object rather than the whole truth was to be served. We demur to the author's style of inflation, both of language and ideas. When speaking of gaming-houses for example, was it becoming to designate them from the pulpit, by their slang or *flash* title, Hells? However bad these places may be, and we defy the reverend gentleman to represent them in all their deformity, it is not the truth that "on the breast of each of those entering must be written, in letters of fire, *Hell*." Again, who can tell how many are infidels, or heterodox, and orthodox in London? One thing is to be presumed, that while hypocritical professors of religion are fond of ostentation, the contrite, and the pious are humble and unobtrusive. And at last, to return to our preliminary ground, we confidently entertain the opinion that the author has been unjust to his subject, not so much by positive as by negative error, consisting in that want of light to his shades before insisted on.

Our concluding paragraph will contain our general and shortest method of replying to Mr. Harris, and all such painters. We say, if the metropolis of England were so dead and so rotten at the core as they represent, it could not for any considerable length of time adhere as a social community—that if it were so worthless and unprincipled, it could never have attained, and could not longer maintain, the matchless character, which, in the Discourse before us, has justly been allowed it—and that although many citizens who neither profess nor believe in the Christian religion, are, in their public dealings, and in private, men of good character, yet

that to the spirit and influence of Christianity shed abroad over society much of this decency, much of the unacknowledged obedience to Divine truth is to be attributed. We therefore believe that those, who in this city form its salt, are neither few nor poor in point of virtue. When prophets and priests venture upon counting the numbers of those who "bow the knee to Baal," they are ready to be uncharitable and disheartened.

What our author says of the indecencies which characterize the London theatres, may be heightened; it cannot be contradicted. His reference to the Sunday publications we leave to those journals. The charge concerns not us; we will not be their advocates. His strong appeal in behalf of the "London City Mission," whose cause he pleads, speaks for itself. The institution is one which, in principle, in promises, and past performances, deserves to be universally applauded, encouraged, and imitated; it is one of the best, even in this charitable, enlightened, and improving metropolis, without which and other benevolent establishments London would soon become a *city of the dead*. May this Mission, and similar associations, be the speedy means of removing from its bosom all taint of moral disease and death!

"In imitation of Him who chose to move in a humble rank, that he might identify himself with the people, this society proposes to employ, as its agents, a class as little as possible removed from the rank of the class they visit. But, at the same time, they are to be men of good understanding: and especially men of approved piety, and familiar with the Scriptures; men imbued with a tender compassion for souls, and with an earnest desire to win them to Christ. These agents it sends from house to house, and from family to family, to read to the inmates the word of God—to induce them to an attendance on public worship—to supply those who are destitute with copies of the Scriptures—to introduce children into Sunday, and other schools—to circulate tracts and approved religious books—and to hold religious meetings; and thus it seeks to domesticate the gospel—to erect the cross in the centre of every habitation.

"Christian Brethren, what is your impression of this plan? Does it not commend itself to your judgment? Are you not constrained to admit its necessity? Have you sufficiently considered its merits? Remember, that in taking the gospel from house to house—which is its distinctive principle—it is only leading us back to the apostolic plan of diffusing the gospel. The first ministers of Christ taught the gospel, not only in the sanctuary, but also from house to house. And they doubtless felt that an *obligation* to do this was involved in their Lord's command, to preach the gospel to *every* creature: that while some *would* not, others *could* not, hear of salvation, unless it should be thus conveyed to them. The principle, then, is no novelty. It is as old as Christianity. It is a part of Christianity. It is Christ's own ordinance; as much so, I submit, as *preaching* the gospel in the sanctuary. And the church has been guilty, in allowing it to fall into disuse. From the period when it was discontinued, the mode of propagating the gospel became incomplete; and to the

present time has remained incomplete. Can we wonder at the little progress which the gospel has made, when we remember that, of two methods for diffusing it—public preaching, and domestic teaching—one of them has for ages been laid aside and forgotten? Could the heathenish parts of the metropolis have sunk into their present degraded condition, had this plan always been acted on by the Christian church? Then, as the continuance of the plan would have preserved them from that degeneracy, let us feel assured that, by the Divine blessing, the resumption of the plan can yet recover them from it. And while carrying the principle into operation, let us be quickened and encouraged by the recollection, that we are only resuming the apostolic plan; that now, at the eleventh hour, we are simply filling up the outline of the plan, prescribed in Scripture, for the diffusion of the gospel.

“Another recommendation which this plan possesses is, that it enables the Christian church to keep just ahead of the world, in its methods of activity. It will, I think, be found, that almost every other plan is imitated. Infidelity has mimicked some of them. Science has copied nearly all but this. It has its societies, and schools, and tracts, and missionaries, and Sunday lectures. The church has adopted scarcely a single method of activity, but the world have done the same with their enchantments. But in this excellent plan of domiciliary visitation, the church stands alone; this, at present, is all her own.

“As a further recommendation, let me remark, that it is a *tried plan*; and that wherever it has been fairly put to the test, it has eminently succeeded. It has taken possession of some of the worst districts of this great city; and, already, its Reports inform us of tears which it has been the means of wiping away—of dark haunts of depravity where it has kindled the light of life—of men reclaimed from the last stages of vice, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. It has made itself friends among the ministers of Christ, solely on the strength of its evident usefulness; ministers, who attest an increased attendance, in consequence, both at their Sunday-schools, and on their own religious ministrations. It is an invaluable auxiliary to other religious societies. It has been the means of originating collateral methods of usefulness; for like an elementary principle in the natural world, the parent principle of this society branches off, and puts itself forth in an unceasing variety of useful forms. All its fertility is not yet developed; it is only awaiting your consent, your earnest supplications, to make itself be felt in additional forms of practical application.”—pp. 40—44.

“And do you not see that success in this respect, will include success of every other kind, and to an indefinite amount? The churches of Christ will be filled and multiplied. Other religious societies will glorify God in you—for you will be enlarging their sphere of operations, providing them with agents, and replenishing their funds. The country at large will bless you; for, besides that your example will lead to general imitation, the heart of the empire being renewed, the whole of the body politic could not fail to reap the advantage. The government itself will be benefitted—for you would be doing more than any parliamentary enactments to secure the real sanctification of the Sabbath, and to promote the ends of a true political economy. The self-sufficiency of human science

will stand rebuked in the presence of your spiritual triumphs; and then you will be proclaiming in the halls, not merely of British, but of continental science, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' 'And they shall call thee, the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel.'"—pp. 53, 54.

ART. VII.—*Correspondence of Horace Walpole. A New Edition.*
3 vols., 12mo. London: Colburn. 1837.

LITERATURE, politics, fashion, and scandal, which are ever varying in their forms, were, during a period that extends considerably beyond half a century, the themes which engaged, and by turns engrossed, the taste of Horace Walpole. He is also acknowledged to be a prince among letter-writers, although, we think, in Lady Mary Montagu a rarer and more exquisite genius for this same epistolary trade is to be found. These Letters have been long and extensively read, and therefore it is unnecessary to say much about their merits or their style. They present to us in lively colours the trifling, the sensitive, the worldly-minded, sensible, and accomplished gentleman, from his youth to old age. But their chief value consists in the chronicle and the picture they give of manners—of kings, warriors, statesmen, beauties, authors, and artists, for upwards of sixty years—embracing some of the greatest names in English history, and pointing to events of no common interest in the annals of nations. Walpole wrote before Johnson was generally known, while Swift and Pope were living wits. Before this Correspondence closed, Rogers, Wordsworth, and other names dear to fame, and who are still amongst us, were giving promise of their brilliant career. He witnessed the triumphs of the two Pitts, and could record the loss and gain of colonies, as well as the horrors of revolutionary hurricanes.

One of Walpole's excellencies is, that the reader feels himself irresistibly carried back to the days and the scenes described in these Letters—to Strawberry Hill and to Ranelagh—to listen to the *bon-mots* of George Selwyn, and to gaze at the beauty of Lady Aylesbury. Then, as regards the character of this new edition, we must praise it for certain omissions, which modern refinement and ears required, and also for the numerous notes, treasured in the memory of the writer, and originally poured forth to amuse a sick friend, but now enlarged from various sources to enrich the present publication. These notes are generally extremely curious, and not less frequently valuable illustrations of the past.

Of a reprint of the present kind, little more is required at our hands than such short notices and remembrances as those we have offered. The author of the Correspondence, and the furnisher of the notes ought now alone, to be heard, and from them we select a

few specimens—from the former taking such as struck us most forcibly when hurrying over its pages, and from the latter that which appeared most illustrative of the text, and of the times and persons it treats of.

We have already hinted at a comparison of Horace Walpole with Mary Montagu. It is interesting to see how one wit treats another; but perhaps our readers could not name any other two rivals, whose reciprocal estimate would be more worthy of attention, than that of the pair we have been alluding to. We are enabled by these volumes to show what sort of figure the gentleman would have made in such a contest; but had we the versatile and brilliant Sappho to reply, we augur that though the exhibition might remind us of the "diamond-cut-diamond" retort, the latter would be the keener gem. The sketch now to be introduced was taken when the lady was turned of fifty. The scene is in Paris.

"But for the Academy; I am not of it, but frequently in company with it; 'tis all disjointed. Madam ***, who, though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalized with the other two dames, especially with Moll Worthless, who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with Lady Walpole for a certain Mr. ***, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you; he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here; whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my Lady W., and was happy to catch her at Platonic love; but as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses, when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naughty. Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagonist, she literally took him out to dance country-dances last night at a formal ball; where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharoah two or three times at Princess Craon's, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining. I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript; but they are too womanish; I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of Lady Pomfret to Mr. ***, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? 'Lord, Sir,' says she, 'I am sure any one that knows me never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it'—pointing to her two daughters."

We have alluded above to the process which proverbially goes by the title of "diamond-cut-diamond;" and from the notes to this Correspondence find a happy instance of its application, by certain rival caricaturists.

"Lord Townshend was very fond of drawing caricatures, in which he excelled. He published a set of twelve, to which he affixed the name of Austin, a drawing-master; but well known not to have been done by him. Whilst Lord Townshend was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he had an aide-de-camp, who was not far inferior to his lordship in drawing carica-

tures. His name was Captain Teasdale. One day that Teasdale was the aide-de-camp in waiting, and sitting at the foot of the vice-regal table, he observed Lord Townshend taking a sketch of his face, which was by no means remarkable for beauty: Teasdale immediately took his pencil from his pocket and drew a portrait of the lord-lieutenant, who was too much engaged with his own drawing to perceive what his aide-de-camp was about. Lord Townshend, greatly satisfied with his performance, handed it to the person who sat on his right hand; and Teasdale, at the same moment, presented the portrait of the lord-lieutenant to his nearest neighbour at the bottom of the table on his right hand; and the two caricatures simultaneously made the tour of the table. Lord Townshend took it with great good humour, and was not offended."

Before parting finally with Lady Mary Montagu, we quote some notices of Mr. Wortley himself and of his residence, now Wharncliffe Lodge. The letter was written a number of years after the one from which our first extract is taken.

"Well, you have had enough of magnificence; you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did—only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen, stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects: he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste; it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One's scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain-ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers the picture—

'On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes.'

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy; but could not put the question to *Avidien* himself."

If this last sketch of scenery be truthful, it cannot be denied that the following of a genius is its equal. It is of the elder Pitt.

"I never heard as much wit, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagonists endeavoured to disarm him; but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better. I never suspected him of such an universal armoury; I knew he had a Gorgon's head composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate on these famous treaties, last Wednesday, Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt (and hereafter perhaps Fox), attacked the former for *eternal* *invectives*. Oh! since the last Philippic, of Billingsgate memory, you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned; Hume Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think how

charming a ridicule must that be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half! Some day or other, perhaps, you will see some of the glittering splinters that I gathered up."

Walpole had, his literary anxieties like meaner men. He wrote a tragedy, which, he says, "Gray approves, but that he himself is not intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though he wishes to see it acted. He laments that Mrs. Pritchard is about to leave the stage, after whom he knows of no one who can play "the Countess;" nor is he disposed to submit himself "to the impertinence of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases." In those days there were loud complaints, as there are now, about want of taste in theatrical matters, as well as in others.

"I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public; at least not till I am 'food for worms, good Percy.' Nay, it is not the age to encourage anybody that has the least vanity to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste; our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal; the theatre swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor?"

Hear how our predecessors were spoken of by aristocratic authors in past times! But the attack would be an unsuccessful one during the present supremacy of the press.

"I have not seen the Review you mention, nor ever do but when something particular is pointed out to me. Literary squabbles I know preserve one's name when one's work will not; but I despise the fame that depends on scolding till one is remembered, and remembered by whom?—The scavengers of literature. Reviewers are like sextons, who, in a charnel-house, can tell you to what John Thompson or to what Tom Matthews such or such a skull belonged; but who wishes to know? The fame that is only to be found in such vaults is like the fires that burn unknown in tombs, and go out as fast as they are discovered."

The portrait which this correspondence uniformly furnishes of its garrulous and gossiping author, through all the stages of life, is a point that deserves to be noted. It is touching to hear how such a buoyant temperament and hale constitution felt, when old age had shorn the writer of all his early and dearest associates. Our first succeeding extract marks certain feelings to which every public man must be subject, as also the progress which time was making in the experience of Walpole, by the time he had reached the confines of old age. He is here in his sixty-fourth year.

"Mr. Godfrey, the engraver, told me yesterday that Mr. Tyson is dead. I am sorry for it, though he had left me off. A much older friend of mine

died yesterday, but of whom I must say the same, George Montagu, whom you must remember at Eton and Cambridge. I should have been exceedingly concerned for him a few years ago; but he had dropped me, partly from politics, and partly from caprice, for we never had any quarrel; but he was grown an excessive humorist, and had shed almost all his friends as well as me. He had parts, and infinite vivacity and originality till of late years; and it grieved me much that he had changed towards me, after a friendship of between thirty and forty years."

The next letter is to the Countess of * * *, dated 13th January, 1797, when the writer was eighty-one.

"You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honour me with writing; but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have any thing particular to say. I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows any thing; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family: and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, Madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? and can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old, and reduced to dictate? Oh, my good Madam, dispense with me from such a task; and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shopboards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray, Madam, accept the resignation of
Your ancient servant."

There can be no necessity for any connecting observations to the few Notes which we now string together at random from these volumes. First, take a sketch of a celebrated fruit-girl,

"Betty Neale, who for many years lived in St. James's Street, in a small house with a bow-window, on the western side, afterwards occupied by Martindale. It had not the appearance of a shop, but was exactly as it now is. It had been built by subscription for her, and was, in fact, the rendezvous of the opposition party, who met at her house every day. She never admitted chance customers; and one day, upon Colonel Luttrell's calling and asking for fruit, Betty desired him to walk out, as she only kept fruit for particular persons. Betty Neale was greatly in the confidence of the heads of the opposition party, and often employed by them in gaining intelligence."

Let dandies and dress-designers take a hint from the following.

"In a publication of this period (1755) mention is made of a most magnificent ball having been given in February by the Russian ambassador, in

Somerset House, at which were present his majesty, and the royal family; they went first to visit the Duchess of Norfolk in St. James's Square, who received masks that evening. The king went at eight, and retired at eleven o'clock (what a contrast with the present hours of fashionable assemblies!) He was dressed in a black domino, tye wig, and gold laced hat. The Princess of Wales, in a blue and silver robe, and her head finely ornamented with jewels. The Prince of Wales (George III.), in a pink and silver dress, with a large plume of feathers on his head. Prince Edward (Duke of York, who died 1767), in a pink satin waistcoat, with a black belt adorned with diamonds. Princess Augusta, in a rich gold stuff. The Duke was in a Turkish dress, with a large bunch of diamonds in his turban."

A man of right-feeling, and a wedding—

"Lady Rochford was the daughter of Edward Young, Esq., and had been maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. She was a beauty, and, to the end of her days, an exceedingly fine woman. Lord Rochford had paid her attention for a considerable time without coming to a declaration, till, one night that he was with her at Vauxhall, some of the ladies belonging to the household of the princess, as they passed Miss Young, sneered, and made remarks so wounding to her feelings, that she burst into tears; and Lord Rochford, indignant at this illiberal and unmerited treatment, made her an immediate offer of his hand, and the next morning she became Countess of Rochford."

The art of prolonging a smooth brow.

"The Count de Haslang was for very many years minister from Bavaria to the British court. He appeared to be of a great age; but so anxious about his person, that one of the ridiculous *on-dits* of the day (some fifty or sixty years ago) was—that, to preserve his forehead from wrinkles, he slept every night with a *raw veal cutlet* bandaged upon it."

The will of the Duchess of Bolton.

"Formerly Miss Fenton, the original *Polly* of the 'Beggars Opera.' Charles, Duke of Bolton, took her off the stage, and, after having children by her, married her. According to Walpole, 'after a life of merit, she relapsed into Pollyhood.' Two years before her death, she picked up an Irish surgeon at Tunbridge, who, when she was dying, sent for a lawyer to make her will; but he, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. Another less scrupulous was found, and she left her three sons a thousand pounds a-piece, and the surgeon about nine thousand."

How to get the better of Quaker scruples.

"The lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania (Mr. Morris) had ineffectually urged the assembly of that province to grant a sum of money, and pass a bill for raising a regiment of militia for its defence against the French; who, with a large body of Indians, were committing great cruelties in the back-settlements, some of which they had destroyed, and massacred the inhabitants; but the assembly, being chiefly composed of Quakers, used their utmost endeavours to oppose the governor's views, alleging that it was contrary to their tenets to make preparations of a warlike nature, and that the province of Philadelphia being under the immediate protection of heaven, it

was unnecessary to take any steps to prevent the entrance into it of the French. The Quakers resisted all the attempts of the lieutenant-governor, till, on the 19th of November, 1755, several hundreds of the back-settlers arrived at Philadelphia, with a wagon-load of the dead bodies of their friends, who had been murdered and scalped by the Indians, only sixty miles from the city. The lieutenant-governor, to whom they first applied, assured them of his readiness to afford them every relief and assistance in his power—shewed them an order from Governor Penn for a large sum of money, as his gift for the defence of the province, and referred them to the assembly for the necessary supplies. They proceeded immediately to the stadt-house with the wagon, and, at the door of the assembly-house, laid down the bodies of their wives, children, and friends; using, at the same time, such imprecations and threatenings against the assembly, as at once had the desired effect; and a grant of 60,000*l.*, and a militia-bill, passed without further demur or delay. 5000*l.* of the 60,000*l.* voted by the assembly, was the gift of the proprietors, the Penn family."

Strength and fidelity of first love.

"Among the persons killed at St. Cas was Sir John Armitage. The fate of this gentleman was excessively lamented; he was a volunteer, but without having intended being one upon this expedition: his mind was far differently engaged, in making preparations for his approaching marriage with Miss Howe, sister of the three gallant brothers who successively bore the title of Lord Howe. Sir John went to the levee, at the time when officers and volunteers were taking leave of his majesty to join the army. The brave old king (whose mind was bent upon the expedition), supposing Sir John, who had been a volunteer upon a previous occasion, had still the same military spirit, asked him, 'When he meant to set out?' Taken, as he was, by surprise, Sir John answered, 'To-morrow;' and unhappily kept his word. The lady, several years afterwards, married Sir William Pitt. A black collar, which she always wore around her neck, concealed a splendid brilliant necklace, given to her as a nuptial present by her ill-fated lover—a man very greatly and generally esteemed. He was member of parliament for York."

It will by this time be apparent to our readers, that this new edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence is decidedly the best that has been presented to the public. It furnishes also a gratifying evidence that instead of drugging the world with compendiums, compilations, and cheap publications, which profess to make every one a Stagyrte in knowledge without labour, and before being out of their *teens*—publishers begin to find that the public are returning to a more hopeful taste, and becoming desirous to drink at fuller and purer streams, that are able to quench literary thirst for ages to come.

ART. VIII.—*The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations.* By FRANCIS J. GRUND. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1837.

THE year 1836 was not so prolific of English books on the characteristics and condition of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic as some of its predecessors; but come when such works may, they always receive a hearty welcome in the mother-country. There is a deep-seated interest in British bosoms concerning the Americans of the United States; and although the chidings, the complaints, the misrepresentations of the parent have been far too often indulged in, this interest is not thereby shown to be malevolent or unaffectionate, but on the contrary, intense and enduring. Nor can the petulance and waywardness of the child always be excused, or even be said not to have provoked the ire and the chastising ridicule of the elder branch of the family. The former has not unfrequently been over-sensitive or forgetful of filial respect. But whatever may have been the provocations or irritations on either side, it is quite clear that the greater degree of liberality, which is every year infusing itself into civilized life, and the increasing interchange of sympathies that is established between the two nations that stand in the relationship to each other above alluded to, are circumstances and facts which have nearly reduced all mutual complaints and misrepresentations to fractions, or to little pieces of caricature, which ought to excite as much good humour on the part of that one who has been its subject, as of that whose wit and fancy find amusement in such disportings, concerning the weak points, or slight deformities of others.

The author, however, whose work is now before us, is by no means one of this laughing tribe, at the expense of the citizens of the United States, but belongs to another class of writers, who perceive little in the condition and prospects of that great nation which is not lovely, good, and permanently great. Still we do not believe that his picture is more truthful than that of many whose pencils have been engaged on the opposite side, or for the sake of raising a laugh. In short he is too enamoured, and his views too Utopian, to be worthy of entire reliance. He is equally sincere and earnest; we wish that it were in our power to say he is always equally lively and engaging.

It appears that Mr. Grund has resided in America for fifteen years, and that he is a German by birth. He cannot therefore be supposed to have imbibed any undue prepossessions in behalf of England. As to America, he has made himself very familiar with many features in her social, moral, and political relations, and these

he has described with the affection of an adopted son. He admits, for example, that the manners of the American people have not the high polish of the superior ranks in Europe, but he maintains that the fact stands in an opposite form with regard to the inferior orders. The picture he draws of domestic life throughout the United States is very favourable; and this he accounts for on the grounds that there is no law of primogeniture to encourage idleness, and to accumulate in the hands of a few, enormous or independent inheritances; at the same time that the ease with which a comfortable livelihood may be obtained, and respectability supported, more than neutralizes the perpetual division and fluctuation of wealth. If we regard him on the subject of the arts of design, on music, or on literature, his colouring is roseate. He does not laud their theatricals, because, he says, the people are too much devoted to business to patronise the drama, excepting in the light of a curiosity. As to their religious feelings, the principles and state of their educational establishments, and their habits of industry, Mr. Grund offers many sensible, as well as striking, graphic and philosophical views. He is also on these, and on other general but great national features, often either superficial, or bald and laboriously dull. According to him, there is little which is not as good or better in America than anywhere else—be it their commercial practices, or their means of national defence by sea or land. We like him much when he pictures the condition of the working classes; we dislike him most when he defends slavery, as practised in the Southern States. As might be expected of such a writer, in his support of such an untenable doctrine, he is forced in his manner, and sophistical in his matter. Indeed, what he gives us upon this subject, and some others, might have fully as well been written by a reader of a few of the modern books of travels and sketches concerning America, if a laborious penman, although he had never been twenty miles from St. Paul's.

We are desirous, however, to be on good terms with the author, and to let our readers see him in his best suit; and therefore present him in some of those passages where he discourses of manners, business, and the political provisions which have grown up and been established to secure national existence.

In treating of the peculiar manners of the American people, and the causes which have tended to produce these manners, Mr. Grund sensibly observes, that in proportion as the liberties of a people are enlarged, and their franchise extended, they must become more active and serious, which doctrine he illustrates by comparing the character of the French, since the three days with that which they exhibited previous to the Revolution of 1798; and also the buffoonery of "merry England" under Elizabeth, with the demure

composition of John Bull, since the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act and the Revolution. He continues—

“ Well, then, the Americans are, in common with the English, a more sober, calm, and reflecting people, than perhaps any other in the world; and, for this very reason, able to bear a larger proportion of rational liberty.

“ The influence of this character on the sociable circles of America is undoubtedly felt; but not in the manner generally described by Europeans. Thus, for instance, it does not destroy the spirit of hospitality for which the Americans were always distinguished, although it has too often been ill requited; it does not prevent them from receiving their friends in a cordial manner, or enjoying their own domestic fire-side; but being always accustomed to thought and reflection, their minds are, perhaps, too fraught with the events of the day, and the apprehensions of the future, to preserve throughout that fashionable indifference on all topics, which can neither affect nor cheer any of the company present, and which, for that very reason, is considered essential to good manners in Europe. Their sentiments are often expressed with warmth bordering on enthusiasm, and require, therefore, a greater degree of attention and sympathy on the part of their audience, than Europeans of rank are willing to bestow on ordinary subjects of conversation. On this account American society is sometimes fatiguing; and the complaint has often been made by foreigners, that it requires a certain preparation in order to understand or enjoy it. Its demands on a stranger are more numerous than is always agreeable; and if he be a man of talent or reputation, he is expected to show off and entertain the company. The Americans on such occasions are always willing to listen, to learn, and, perhaps to question: but Europeans are not always ready to teach or to answer, and still less disposed to receive instruction from their entertainers. In this manner society proves often a task to men of consideration and learning, instead of offering them a convenient respite as in Europe.”

We have already slightly referred to the author's view of the manners of the higher orders in America, as compared with those which obtain among the aristocratic ranks in Europe. He is undoubtedly right in saying that the abrogation and absence of the law of primogeniture have done more towards equalizing all conditions in the former country, than the spirit of exclusiveness will ever be able to surmount; and that it is there, in fact, the strongest pillar of democracy. He says, there is not more than one-fourth of all the men who possess property in the United States, who have inherited it. Society, we hence infer, is ever finding a leveller, a moderator, a raiser up, and a breaker down. Industry, not inheritance, is the great source of wealth; therefore, few have succeeded to, or been bred up in the elegancies of fashionable life. Nay, although, in the large cities there be certain coteries, composed principally of wealthy families of some standing, they are perfectly powerless when opposed to the great mass of the people; and even their elevation is very uncertain, since we find no principle or provision in the constitution to preserve their wealth to perpetuity.

The sons of the opulent have hence to join personal application to inheritance, and hence, also, must there be acquired, certain habits different from those which the aristocracy in Europe cherish. Still many have maintained that there is not merely a democracy but an aristocracy in America. But do these belong to the same species that are found, for example, in England?

"Nothing indeed is more common than to hear Americans themselves aver, that 'there is a great deal of aristocracy in their country, of which Europeans generally are entirely unaware.' Now I have remained nearly fifteen years in the United States; but I have never been able to discover this aristocracy; nor its trappings, power, influence, or worshippers. I have, assuredly, known a variety of fashionable coterie—at least what in America would be called fashionable; composed of highly respectable merchants, literary and professional men, politicians and others, who, it was evident, considered themselves the nobility and gentry of the land: but they never had the courage of avowing their sentiments and pretensions in public; and have, of late, been as much excluded from the government of the country as they avoided being confounded with the rest of their fellow citizens. On the other hand, I have had an opportunity of observing a class of society, again composed of highly respectable merchants, literary and professional men, politicians, and others, who never exhibited the least symptoms of imaginary superiority over their countrymen, but always acknowledged themselves to be public servants, paid and provided for by the people; and who, in fact, possessed considerable more power and influence than their aristocratic neighbours with the exclusive sentiments. One party was always dreaming of influence and distinction; the other actually possessed them. This is all the difference I have ever known between the aristocracy and democracy of America."

Let us now see what is said by Mr. Grund of the Americans as men of business, and mark the influence which the habits described must have on their ordinary manners in all the relations of life.

"From the earliest hour in the morning till late at night, the streets, offices, and warehouses of the large cities are thronged by men of all trades and professions, each following his vocation like a *perpetuum mobile*, as if he never dreamt of cessation from labour, or the possibility of becoming fatigued. If a loungeur should happen to be parading the street, he would be sure to be jostled off the side-walk, or to be pushed in every direction, until he keeps time with the rest. Should he meet a friend, he will only talk to him on *business*; on 'change, they will only hear him on *business*; and, if he retire to some house of entertainment, he will again be entertained with *business*. Wherever he goes, the hum and bustle of *business* will follow him; and when he finally sits down to his dinner, hoping there at least to find an hour of rest, he will discover to his sorrow that the Americans treat that as a business too, and dispatch in less time than he is able to stretch his limbs under the mahogany. In a very few minutes, the clang of steel and silver will cease, and he will again be left to his solitary reflections, while the rest are about their

business. In the evenings, if he have no friends or acquaintances, none will intrude on his retirement; for the people are either at home with their families, or preparing for the business of the next day."

"Whoever goes to the United States for the purpose of settling there, must resolve in his mind to find pleasure in business, and business in pleasure; or he will be disappointed, and wish himself back to the sociable idleness of Europe. Nor can any one travel in the United States without making a *business* of it. In vain would he hope to proceed at his ease; he must prepare to go at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, or conclude to stay quietly at home. He must not expect to stop, except at the places fixed upon by the proprietors of the road or the steam-boat. And if he happen to take a friend by the hand the instant after the sign of departure is given, he is either left behind or carried against his intention, and has to inquire after his luggage in another state or territory. The habit of posting being unknown, he is obliged to travel in company with the large caravans which are daily starting from, and arriving at, all the large cities, under the convoy of a thousand puffing and clanking engines, where all thoughts of pleasure are speedily converted into sober reflections on the safety of property and persons. He must resign the gratification of his own individual tastes to the wishes of the majority who are travelling on *business*, and with whom speed is infinitely more important than all that contributes to pleasure: he must eat, drink, sleep, and wake, when they do; and has no other remedy for the catalogue of his distresses, but the hope of their speedy termination. Arrived at the period of his sufferings, he must be cautious how he gives vent to his joy; for he must *stop quickly*, if his *busy* conductor shall not hurl him on again on a new journey."

The uses and advantages of local government, as exemplified in the settlements of the West, are admirably set forth in the following passages.

"The Western States from their peculiar position, are supposed to develop all the resources and peculiarities of democratic governments, without being driven to excesses by the opposition of contrary principles. Their number, too, augments the intensity of Republican life, by increasing the number of rallying-points, without which the principle of liberty would be too much weakened by expansion. It is a peculiarly happy feature of the constitution of the United States, that every State has itself an independent government, and becomes thus the repository of its own liberties.

"The inhabitant of Arkansas, Illinois, or Indiana, living on the confines of the State and the very skirts of civilization, would, in all probability, be less of a patriot if his attachment to the country were only to be measured by his adherence to the general government. He would be too remote from the centre of action to feel its immediate influence, and not sufficiently affected by the political proceedings of the State, to consider them paramount to the local interests of his neighbourhood. Political life would grow fainter in proportion to its remoteness from the seat of legislation; and the energies of the people, instead of being roused by the necessity of action, would degenerate into a passive acknowledgment

of the protection offered by the Government. This is more or less the case in every country except England and America, and perhaps the principal reason of their little progress in freedom. Hence the feverish excitement in their capitals and large towns, and the comparative inertness and palsy of the country. Every town and village in America has its peculiar Republican government, based on the principle of election; and is, within its own sphere, as free and independent as a sovereign state. On this broad basis rests the whole edifice of American liberty. Freedom takes its root at home, in the native village or town of an American. The county, representing the aggregate of the towns and villages, is but an enlargement of the same principle; the State itself represents the different counties; and the Congress of the United States represents the different States. In every place, in every walk of life, an American finds some rallying-point or centre of political attachment. His sympathies are, first, enlisted by the government of his native village; then, by that of the county; then, by the State itself; and finally, by that of the Union. If he is ambitious, he is obliged to make a humble beginning at home, and figure in his native town or county; thence he is promoted to the dignity of representative or senator of his State; and it is only after he has held these preparatory stations that he can hope to enjoy the honour of representative or senator in the Congress of the nation. Thus the county is the preparatory school for the politician of the State, and the State furnishes him with a proper introduction to national politics."

A better defence of the democratic institutions of the United States we have never met with, than that which our last extract furnishes.

"Democratic institutions, as they exist in America, are without a precedent in history. The ancients never dreamed of a government similar to that of the United States; and its very existence was precluded by the ignorance of the masses and the absence of a periodical press. Never before have the people at large participated in or assumed the government of a state. All the arguments in the world in favour or against Democracy must, therefore, remain conjectures, till time shall have solved the problem. The question, in America, is no longer *whether Democracy is to be established*, but *whether it is to be changed*. It exists there already, and cannot be abolished without a most dangerous and violent revolution. The Tories are the Revolutionists in America; the Democrats are the Conservatives, and adhere to the government. The point at issue is, whether the latter are to give up a form of government under which they have prospered and made such immense improvements, merely because doubts are entertained as to the possibility of retaining it for ever?—whether they shall surrender a power which, once departed from them, will never return to its source, and to obtain which they would have to make new and additional sacrifices?

"The face of the world is changed; why should the old forms of government be the only ones adapted to its new character? The people have acquired information and power; why should they not use them in the establishment of governments, when they can do so without commit-

ting an act of injustice to others? Democracy in America is a *legitimate* and *historical* form of government, and does not clash with the established manners and customs of the country. The most perfect despotism—that of China—has lasted for thousands of years; why should liberty alone be for ever banished from the earth? If tyranny could find such a basis, should justice be built in the air? I much rather believe that the liberty of the ancients was not established on a basis *sufficiently large* to withstand the attacks of factions, and that the overthrow of their republics was chiefly owing to the *little* power which was vested in the majority of the people. A whole nation is seldom deceived about her true interests, and cannot be bribed by a party. The people may make faults; but they have always the power of repairing them, and where they have a share in the government, are identified with its continuance and progress. If it be true that 'universal history contains the judgment of the world,' we must consider the downfall of Rome as the punishment of its political crimes, and may hope for the freedom of America as long as her people shall be worthy of it."

We have before hinted at some of the author's objectionable, as well as exaggerated pictures. In conclusion, we add, that he indulges in not a few groundless or fanciful theories, and that he generalizes, sometimes without offering a sufficient induction of facts, and sometimes again in opposition to that induction. Upon the whole, however, we look upon his work as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of America, and an able illustration and defence of free institutions. But surely he speaks without the authority either of experience or Divine inspiration, when he fancies that the republic which he so much admires, is at some future day, to include the whole of the American continent, and become "one and indivisible."

ART. IX.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.* By DR. MILLENGEN.
2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1837.

ALTHOUGH we have not seen the whole of this work, parts of which, we believe, have previously appeared in a periodical publication, yet a sufficiently accurate account may be given of its character, from observing the peculiar qualities of the portion that has come to our hands. The work is one of the most entertaining of those that we have seen for many months; but while it amuses by means of a great mass of anecdotes that are singularly curious and wonderful, and comprises the results of an extraordinary extent of reading, detailing these in an agreeable and a learned manner, we are also instructed, not only in reference to the many strange and various fashions that have been prevalent in medical practice during different ages of the world, but are benefited by being led to see the delusive, absurd, and mischievous fancies and practices which men are capable of countenancing. It is neither the history nor the

science of medicine which Dr. Millengen here presents, and yet there are many excellent things said, and facts recorded, that would greatly enrich any regular or philosophic performance on kindred branches of knowledge, whether body or mind were the immediate subjects of illustration.

Some of the most striking portions of the work treat of various uncommon diseases both of the body and the imagination, of deviations from nature as in the case of Gigantic and Dwarfish Stature, of Obesity and Leanness, &c. There are sections on Insanity, Plague, Love Potions, as well as on Frightful Idiosyncracies. There accompany the record of these wonders, the results of the author's studies, experience, and reflections as to their origin, and the methods of cure that have been, and also those that should have been adopted. There are discussions on many analogous subjects, such as Enthusiasm, Medical Fees, the Burial of the Dead in Churches, Varieties of Language as well as Races among Mankind, and many other topics which, in desultory works of the kind are to be expected, but which there is no occasion for us anxiously to specify.

We have said that Dr. Millengen has produced an agreeable and a learned work. It must, however, be added, that he not only draws largely from antiquated authorities, with respect to facts and anecdotes—nor, according to the nature of the work, could this be avoided—but the theories thereon built are frequently erroneous, far-fetched, or in opposition to the most approved methods of philosophy. But it is with the anecdotes and the reported facts, rather than with profitless controversies regarding opposing medical theories and systems of practice, that we have to do.

It is by no means new to hear the application of the *rod* strongly recommended in behalf of certain urchins; but probably many of those who take their doctrine from Solomon, are unaware that flagellation has other immediate uses.

"Various expedients, in addition to a better diet, have been resorted to, to restore lean persons to a better case; but amongst the most singular that we have on record, is that of flagellation. Galen says, that horse-dealers having been observed to fatten horses for sale by flogging them, an analogous method might be useful with spare persons who wish to become stouter. He also mentions slave-dealers who employed similar means. Suetonius informs us, that Musa, the favourite physician of Augustus, used to fustigate him, not only to cure him of a sciatica, but to keep him plump. Meibomius pretends that nurses whip little children to fatten them, that they may appear healthy and chubby to their mothers. No doubt but flagellation determines a greater influx of blood to the surface, and may thus tend to increase the circulation and give tone to parts which would otherwise be languid. With this intention, *urticatio*, or whipping with nettles, has been frequently used in medical practice with great advantage.

Xenophon thawed his frozen soldiers by flagellation. In amorous despondency and grief, Cœlius Aurelianus recommended this process; and Eliæus Paduanus precognizes it to bring out tardy eruptions. The most singular effect of this castigation is recorded by Meibomius, in his work *De Flagorum Usu*, &c. dedicated to a councillor of the Bishop of Lubeck, with the following epigraph—

'Delicias pariunt Veneri crudelia flagra.
Dum nocet, illa juvat; dum juvat, ecce nocet.'

It is well known, that food, rich and abundant, materially influences the corporeal condition of mankind, and generally tends, if judiciously taken, to improve the aspect; but it is also frequently observed, that enormous eaters are miserably lean. Dr. Millengen mentions that during the late war, a French prisoner was known "to eat four pounds of raw cow-udder, ten pounds of raw beef, and two pounds of candles, per diem, diluting his meals with five quarts of porter;" yet, he adds, this carnivorous monster was "a perfect skeleton." It does not appear that gluttony was the cause of emaciation in the following cases:—

"A remarkable case of leanness is mentioned by Lorry, in a priest who became so thin and dry in all his articulations, that at last he was unable to go through the celebration of mass, as his joints and spine would crack in so loud and strange a manner at every genuflexion, that the faithful were terrified and the faithless laughed. One of these miserable laths once undertook a long journey to consult a learned physician on his sad condition: and having begged to know, in a most piteous tone, the cause of his dessication, was favoured with the following luminous answer: Sir, there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so. Another meagre patient, being told that the celebrated Hunter had fattened a dog by removing his spleen, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, O, Sir, I wish Mr. Hunter had mine."

Before leaving the instances amongst these curiosities that are not less monstrously disgusting than wonderful, we select some accounts of certain individuals, who are called "Homophagous" and "Polyphagous." These persons are gifted or cursed with an omnivorous digestion. We pass over the cases drawn from Ovid and other ancient accounts, to come to modern times. "To this day," says our author, "in India, some voracious mountebanks devour a live sheep in an exhibition." Again, "Dr. Boehmen, of Wittenberg, witnessed the performance of one of these polyphagous individuals, who commenced his repast by eating a raw sheep, a sucking pig, and, by way of dessert, swallowed sixty pounds of prunes, stones and all. On another festive occasion, he ate two bushels of cherries, with several earthen vases, and chips of a furnace. This meal was followed up by sundry pieces of glass and pebbles, a shepherd's bagpipe, rats, various birds with their feathers, and an incredible

number of caterpillars. To conclude his dinner, he swallowed a pewter inkstand, with its pens, a penknife, and a sand-box. During this deglutition, he seemed to relish his food, but was generally under the influence of potations of brandy. His form was athletic, and he could convey four heavy men on his shoulders for a league; he lived to the age of seventy-nine, but died in a most emaciated state, and, as might be imagined, toothless." These, and similar accounts, certainly stagger belief; but many physicians in Paris, says Dr. Millengen, knew the celebrated gluttonous monster Tarrare, who commenced his career as clown to an itinerant quack, and used to attract the notice of the people by his swallowing enormous quantities of corks, apples, &c. We need not wonder, when told that these experiments obliged him to seek assistance in the Hôtel Dieu of Paris. But he had not yet learned to moderate his monstrous propensities; for, he once was about to swallow the house-surgeon's watch, chain and seals, and was only prevented by having been told that he would be ripped up to recover the property. Yet this is not all.

"In the revolutionary war, Tarrare joined the army, but was soon exhausted on the spare diet to which the troops were obliged to submit. In the hospital of Sultzén, although put upon four full rations, he was obliged to wander about the establishment to feed upon any substance he could find, however revolting, to subdue his voracious hunger. These singular powers induced several physicians to ascertain how far these omnivorous inclinations could carry him in his unnatural cravings. In presence of Dr. Lorentz he devoured a live cat, commencing by tearing open its stomach, and sucking the animal's blood with delight. What was more singular, after this horrible feat, like other carnivorous brutes, he rejected the fur and skin. Snakes were to him a delicious meal, and he swallowed them alive and whole, after grinding their heads between his teeth. One of the surgeons, Mr. Courville, gave him a wooden lancet case to swallow, in which had been folded a written paper. This case was rejected undigested, and the paper being found intact, it became a question whether he might not be employed to convey secret correspondence; but having been taken up at the Prussian outposts as a spy, being disguised as a peasant, without a knowledge of the language, he received a severe bastinado, which effectually cured him of an appetite for secret service; and, on his return, he had recourse to the safer means of obtaining food in kitchens, slaughter-houses, and dunghills. At last, a child of fourteen months old having disappeared under suspicious circumstances, he was driven out of the hospital, and lost sight of for four years, when he applied for admission into the hospital of Versailles, in a state of complete exhaustion, labouring under a virulent diarrhoea, which terminated his hateful existence in his twenty-sixth year. He was of the middle size, pale, thin, and weak; his countenance was by no means ferocious, but, on the contrary, displayed much timidity; his fair hair was remarkably fine and soft; his mouth was very large, and one could scarcely say that he had any lips: all his teeth were sound, but their enamel was speckled; his skin was always hot, in a

state of perspiration, and exhaling a constant offensive vapour. When fasting, the integuments of his abdomen were so flaccid that he could nearly wrap them round him. After his meals, the exhalation from his surface was increased, his eyes and cheeks became turgid with blood, and, dropping into a state of drowsiness, he used to seek some obscure corner where he might quietly lie down and digest. After his death, all the abdominal viscera were found in a state of ulceration."

"There were giants in those days," without doubt, of which the philosopher writes, who says, that "Adam's stature was one hundred and twenty-three feet nine inches; Eve's, one hundred and eighteen feet nine inches and three quarters; Noah's, twenty feet short of Adam's; Adam's, twenty-eight feet; Moses', thirteen; and Hercules', ten." This precise calculator and antiquary must, of course, have known everything about the dimensions of Noah's ark, and, we suppose, allowed room for its human tenantry. But we need not go so far back, or far away, for great men.

"At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Sugars, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754, died, Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing, in Essex. His body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds; requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington, near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keysler mentions a young man in Lincoln, who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker in Pye Corner, weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Mr. Collett, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone. When twelve years old, he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed; one of whom, in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw, in Cornwall, there was a man, known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat."

Dwarfs, we are told, generally die of premature old age, and giants from exhaustion. We are anxious, however, to escape from these monstrous "Curiosities," that we may refer to some more interesting facts connected with the mind's weakness and irregularities. When speaking of "Unlawful Cures," our author refers to the desperate bigots, who, in our own country and in modern times, condemned from the pulpit the introduction of vaccination, declaring that we were not warranted to seek in the brute creation a human remedy. He traces a similar idea in India, where the poor blind

worshippers of a malicious deity, objected to the same means of preserving life, by maintaining that the natural small-pox was an incarnation of the Goddess alluded to, into the person who was affected. The lesson and reproof which such a coincidence implies, is not without scope for practical application in the case of other absurd prejudices. On "Unlawful Cures," we find other curious information in the pages before us.

"Nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures: a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps; which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak-tree prevented the toothache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for a headache, when tied round the head; this affection was equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumours of the glands, by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, then interring it in any filth; and, as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall. The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the night-mare; hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet, tied to the key of a stable door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country,"

Spectacles, these valuable handmaidens in the service of the most excursive of our senses, obtain from the author appropriate testimonies. Their origin is uncertain; but although it is believed that the ancients were acquainted with the laws of refraction, yet it is supposed they were first brought into use in 1313 by one Salvino, or Salvinio Armati, whose tomb in the cathedral church of Florence speaks to that effect. "Another circumstance," continues our author, "seems to add weight to this presumption: Luigi Sigoli, a contemporary artist, in a painting of the circumcision, represents the high-priest Simeon with a pair of spectacles, which from his advanced age, it is supposed he might have needed on the occasion."

Many surprising phenomena have arisen from the disorders of the imagination.

"The most melancholy record of the miseries of hypochondriacism is to be found in the diary of Dr. Walderstein, of Gottingen. He was a man much deformed in person, and his mind seemed as distorted as his body. Although of deep learning and research, and convinced of the absurdity of his impressions, yet he was unable to resist their baneful influence. 'My misfortune,' says the doctor, 'is, that I never exist in this world, but rather in possible combinations created by my imagination to

my conscience. They occupy a large portion of my time, and my reason has not the power to banish them. My malady, in fact, is the faculty of extracting poison from every circumstance of life; so much so, that I often felt the most wretched being because I had not been able to sneeze three times together. One night when I was in bed I felt a sudden fear of fire, and gradually became as much oppressed by imaginary heat as though my room were in flames. While in this situation, a fire-bell in the neighbourhood sounded, and added to my intense sufferings. I do not blush at what might be called my superstition, any more than I should blush in acknowledging that my senses inform me that the earth does not move. My error forms the body of my judgment, and I thank God that he has given it a soul capable of correcting it. When I have been perfectly free from pain, as is not unfrequently the case when I am in bed, my sense of this happiness has brought tears of gratitude in my eyes. I once dreamt,' adds Walderstein, 'that I was condemned to be burnt alive. I was very calm, and reasoned coolly during the execution of my sentence. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I am burning, but not yet burnt; and by-and-by I shall be reduced to a cinder.' This was all I thought, and I did nothing but think. When, upon waking, I reflected upon my dream, I was by no means pleased with it, for I was afraid I should become all thought and no feeling.' It is strange that this fear of thought, assuming a corporeal form in deep affliction, had occurred to our poet Rowe, when he exclaims, in the 'Fair Penitent,' 'Turn not to thought my brain.' 'What is very distressing,' continues the unfortunate narrator, 'is, that when I am ill I can think nothing, feel nothing, without bringing it home to myself. It seems to me that the whole world is a mere machine, expressly formed to make me feel my sufferings in every possible manner.' What a fearful avowal from a reflecting and intelligent man! Does it not illustrate Rousseau's definition of reason—the knowledge of our folly?"

Now for a fling at the Faculty, and yet it may be "Truth severe in fairy fiction drest."

"There is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirits of the departed. He had long laboured under a painful chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and appearance of a dervish. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see it so thronged with ghosts, that, had they been still inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay when he saw that they were all grouped with anxious looks round the door of his royal father's physician, haunting, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was also surrounded with reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to

the Prophet that he was still in being, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other renowned practitioners to a similar visit, and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Heartbroken, and despairing of a cure, he was slowly sauntering back to the palace, when, in an obscure street, and on the door of a humble dwelling, he read a doctor's name. One single, poor, solitary ghost, leaning his despondent cheek upon his fleshless hand, was seated on the doctor's steps. 'Alas!' exclaimed the prince, 'it is then too true that humble merit withers in the shade, while ostentatious ignorance inhabits golden mansions. This poor neglected doctor, who has but one unlucky case to lament, is then the only man in whom I can place confidence.' He rapped; the door was opened by the doctor himself, a venerable old man, not rich enough perhaps to keep a domestic to answer his unfrequent calls. His white locks and flowing beard added to the confidence which his situation had inspired. The elated youth then related at full length, all his complicated ailments, and the still more complicated treatment to which he had in vain been submitted. The sapient physician was not illiberal enough to say that the prince's attendants had all been in error, since all mankind may err; but his sarcastic smile, the curl of his lips, and the dubious shake of his hoary head, most eloquently told the anxious patient that he considered his former physicians as an ignorant, murderous set of upstarts, only fit to depopulate a community. With a triumphant look he promised a cure, and gave his overjoyed client a much-valued prescription, which he carefully confided to his bosom; after which he expressed his gratitude by pouring upon the doctor's table a purse of golden sequins, which made the old man's blinking eyes shine as bright as the coin he beheld in wondrous delight. His joy gave suppleness to his rigid spine, and, after bowing the prince out in the most obsequious manner, he ventured to ask him one humble question: 'By what good luck, by what kind planet, had he been recommended to seek his advice?' The prince naturally asked for the reason of so strange a question, to which the worthy doctor replied, with eyes brimful with tears of gratitude, 'Oh, Sir, because I considered myself the most unfortunate man in Bagdad until this happy moment; for I have been settled in this noble and wealthy city for these last fifteen years, and have only been able to obtain one single patient.' 'Ah!' cried the prince in despair, 'then it must be that poor, solitary, unhappy-looking ghost that is now sitting on your steps.' "

ART. X.—*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the Year 1807 to the Year 1814.* By W. F. P. NAPIER, C. B. Colonel H. P. Forty-third Regiment, Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Military Sciences. Vol. 5. London: Boone. 1836.

It is unnecessary in noticing the fifth, and, we believe, the last volume but one of this great work, which must in future always be regarded as a standard in European history, to do more than slightly refer to its leading subjects, and select a few passages from

it, that the reader may see with what a confident, sure, and energetic step the Colonel holds on in his career. There are some things in his style and capacity, which in no preceding volume that he has written, have appeared more remarkable than in the present. In the first place, we have the same fervour of temper, the same impatience of contradiction, and the same familiarity with the subjects treated as before. In the second place, a perfect mastery over the principles and details of the military profession are everywhere manifest, joined to which the author uniformly evinces that sort of magnanimity and vastness of comprehension, which alone can render the art of war, or the history of battles, glorious themes. It is when reading a work of this kind that the ambition and genius of great warriors, and the sacrifices of patriots, acquire a grandeur that carries the mind into the presence of heroes, and shows how much nobler the game of arms may be made to appear by one writer than another. In these respects Colonel Napier has no superiors. Indeed, we think, when regarding the gigantic ambition of Napoleon, for example, and tracing the proofs of his prodigious plans and deeds, the transient glory of ambition and of its exploits becomes far too dazzling, while the real horrors and wickedness of such a career are shorn of their enormities. Neither the penetration and scope of Bonaparte's genius, nor the speed of his conquering steps, should ever blind the world to the despotism of his character, the selfishness of his purposes, and his wanton sacrifice of life and liberty whenever these stood in the way of his ambitious projects.

The present volume carries down the history of the Peninsular War to the middle of 1813, when Napoleon in Germany was opposing the allied powers, after his ruinous retreat from Russia, and when Wellington, "stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror." The principal topics discussed in these pages are the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria; the entry into Madrid; the Siege of Burgos; the oft-described retreat to Portugal; the Partida warfare; observations on the state of parties and politics in Europe at the time, &c. &c. There are some other subjects handled in this volume, which at the present moment, possess a more than usual degree of interest, and to which we are about to call the reader's particular attention. These passages, indeed, will furnish sufficient specimens of the author's manner and opinions; from them the rich and animated current of his narrative, the decision of his tone, and the political doctrines which he scorns, are pretty accurately indicated.

We wish that our space would allow us to give the author's account of the battle of Salamanca and its immediate consequences, concerning which his penetrating and sagacious views are admirably disclosed. To us he renders Wellington's consummate judg-

ment and cool calculation more apparent by every paragraph that he writes on this and every other battle. "Nevertheless," he says, "Salamanca was as most great battles are, an accident; an accident seized upon with astonishing vigour and quickness, but still an accident." But the declaration that Salamanca was an accident, is not made to fix a stain upon Wellington's name, but rather to show how resolutely and speedily his genius could take advantage of the occurrence with all its unexpected bearings. The English General, Colonel Napier, says, had pre-calculated all the superior resources of the enemy, and it was only Marmont's flagrant fault, on the 22nd, that could have wrung the battle from him; "yet," continues our author, "he fought it as if his genius disdained such trial of his strength. I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, shewed in the darkness how well the field was won; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory, as an earnest of greater things."

Let us see what the Colonel says was the condition of Madrid and its inhabitants after the British entered the city, and also how the citizens regarded our people.

"That city exhibited a sad mixture of luxury and desolation. When it was first entered a violent, cruel, and unjust persecution of those who were called '*Afrancesados*,' was commenced, and continued, until the English general interfered, and as an example made no distinction in his invitations to the palace feasts. Truly it was not necessary to increase the sufferings of the miserable people, for though the markets were full of provisions, there was no money wherewith to buy; and though the houses were full of rich furniture, there were neither purchasers nor lenders; even noble families secretly sought charity that they might live. At night the groans, and stifled cries of famishing people were heard, and every morning emaciated dead bodies, cast into the streets, shewed why those cries had ceased. The calm resignation with which these terrible sufferings were borne was a distinctive mark of the national character; not many begged, none complained, there was no violence, no reproaches, very few thefts; the allies lost a few animals, nothing more, and these were generally thought to be taken by robbers from the country. But with this patient endurance of calamity the '*Madrilenos*' discovered a deep and unaffected gratitude for kindness received at the hands of the British officers who contributed, not much for they had it not, but, enough of money to form soup charities, by which hundreds were succoured. It was the third division, and I believe the forty-fifth regiment which set the example, and surely this is not the least of the many honourable distinctions those brave men have earned."

"It was affecting to see the earnest and true friendship of the popula-

tion. Men and women, and children, crowded around the troops bewailing their departure. They moved with them in one vast mass, for more than two miles, and left their houses empty at the very instant when the French cavalry scouts were at the gates on the other side. This emotion was distinct from political feeling, because there was a very strong French party in Madrid; and amongst the causes of wailing the return of the plundering and cruel *partidas*, unchecked by the presence of the British, was very loudly proclaimed. The '*Madrileños*' have been stigmatized as a savage and faithless people, the British army found them patient, gentle, generous, and loyal; nor is this fact to be disputed, because of the riot which occurred in the destruction of the magazines, for the provisions had been obtained by requisition from the country around Madrid, under an agreement with the Spanish government to pay at the end of the war; and it was natural for the people, excited as they were by the authorities, to endeavour to get their own flour back, rather than have it destroyed when they were starving."

Our author, in the course of the present volume, is led to examine and compare the conduct of the English and French armies respectively, during the Peninsular War; and also to compare Wellington's retreat to Portugal, with Sir John Moore's to *Coruña*. In both of these examinations the account contains the most manifest tokens of a master-mind in the writer, both as a military tactician and a historian. The affinities between the two retreats are thus marked.

"This last-named general Sir John Moore, marched from Portugal into the North of Spain, with the political view of saving Andalusia, by drawing on himself the French power, having before-hand declared that he expected to be overwhelmed. In like manner Wellington moved into the same country, to deliver Andalusia, and thus drew on himself the whole power of the enemy; like Moore declaring also before-hand, that the political object being gained, his own military position would be endangered. Both succeeded, and both were, as they had foretold, overwhelmed by superior forces. Moore was to have been aided by Romana's Spanish army, but he found it a burthen; so also Wellington was impeded, not assisted, by the Gallicians, and both generals were without money.

"Moore having approached Soult, and menaced Burgos, was forced to retreat, because Napoleon moved from Madrid on his right flank and towards his rear. Wellington having actually besieged Burgos was obliged to raise the siege and retire, lest the king, coming through Madrid, should pass his right flank and get into his rear. Moore was only followed by Soult to the *Esla*, Wellington was only followed by Souham to the *Duero*. The one general looked to the mountains of Galicia for positions which he could maintain, but the apathy of the Spanish people, in the south, permitted Napoleon to bring up such an overwhelming force that this plan could not be sustained; the other general had the same notion with respect to the *Duero*, and the defection of Ballesteros enabled the king to bring up such a power that further retreat became necessary,

"Moore's soldiers at the commencement of the operation evinced want

of discipline, they committed great excesses at Valderas, and disgraced themselves by their inebriety at Bembibre and Villa Franca. In like manner Wellington's soldiers broke the bonds of discipline, disgraced themselves by drunkenness at Torquemada, and on the retreat from the Puente Larga to Madrid; and they committed excesses every where. Moore stopped behind the Esla river to check the enemy, to restore order, and to enable his commissariat to remove the stores; Wellington stopped behind the Carrion for exactly the same purposes. The one general was immediately turned on his left, because the bridge of Mancilla was abandoned unbroken to Franceschi; the other general was also turned on his left, because the bridge of Palencia was abandoned unbroken to Foy.

"Moore's retreat was little short of three hundred miles; Wellington's was nearly as long, and both were in the winter season. The first halted at Benevente, at Villa Franca, and at Lugo; the last halted at Duenas, at Cabeçon, Tordesillas, and Salamanca. The principal loss sustained by the one, was in the last marches between Lugo and Coruña; so also the principal loss sustained by the other, was in the last marches between the Tormes and the Agueda. Some of Moore's generals murmured against his proceedings, some of Wellington's generals, as we have seen, went further; the first were checked by a reprimand, the second were humbled by a sarcasm. Finally both generals reproached their armies with want of discipline, both attributed it to the negligence of the officers generally, and in both cases the justice of the reproaches was proved by the exceptions. The reserve and the foot-guards in Moore's campaign, the light division and the foot-guards in Wellington's, gave signal proof, that it was negligence of discipline, not hardship, though the latter were severe in both armies, that caused the losses. Not that I would be understood to say that those regiments only preserved order; it is certain that many others were eminently well conducted, but those were the troops named as exceptions at the time.

"Such were the resemblances of these two retreats. The differences were, that Moore had only twenty-three thousand men in the first part of his retreat, and only nineteen thousand in the latter part, whereas Wellington had thirty-three thousand in the first part of his retreat, and sixty-eight thousand men in the latter part. Moore's army were all of one nation and young soldiers, Wellington's were of different nations, but they were veterans. The first marched through mountains, where the weather was infinitely more inclement than in the plains, over which the second moved, and until he reached the Esla, Moore's flank was quite exposed, whereas Wellington's flank was covered by Hill's army until he gained the Tormes. Wellington with veteran troops was opposed to Souham, to Soult, to the king, and to Jourdan, men not according in their views, and their whole army, when united, did not exceed the allies by more than twenty thousand men. Moore with young soldiers was at first opposed to four times, and latterly to three times his own numbers, for it is remarkable, that the French army assembled at Astorga was above eighty thousand, including ten thousand cavalry, which is nearly the same as the number assembled against Wellington on the Tormes; but Moore had little more than twenty thousand men to oppose to this overwhelming mass, and Wellington had nearly seventy thousand. The Partidas

abounded at the time of Wellington's retreat, they were unknown at the time of Moore's retreat, and this general was confronted by Napoleon, who, despotic in command, was also unrivalled in skill, in genius, and in vigour. Wellington's army was not pressed by the enemy, and he made short marches, yet he lost more stragglers than Moore, who was vigorously pressed, made long marches, and could only secure an embarkation by delivering a battle, in which he died most honourably. His character was immediately vilified. Wellington was relieved from his pursuers by the operation of famine, and had therefore no occasion to deliver a battle, but he also was vilified at the time, with equal injustice; and if he had then died it would have been with equal malice. His subsequent success, his great name and power, have imposed silence upon his detractors, or converted censure into praise, for it is the nature of mankind, especially of the ignorant, to cling to fortune."

This brings us to the most interesting chapter in the volume, as regards the subjects that engross the mind of England at the present time, and to which we have above alluded, viz., to the author's method of exposing the errors and incompetency of the Tory Ministry, who swayed the destinies of the empire at that period. The Colonel, following Lord Wellesley's charges in the House of Lords, directly throws the whole blame of Wellington's difficulties, which he experienced about the period of his retreat, upon the contracted policy of Percival's government; and assuredly if the statements here be anything like correct, a more blundering, wiful, narrow, and yet foolishly profuse set of men never existed; for had it not been the fires and snows of Moscow combined, they would not have had to boast of the glory of England, or of many of the trophies that were won by the hero of Waterloo on the fields of the Peninsula. It would appear, indeed, that but for Wellington's accuracy of head, and constancy as well as strength of heart, the cause would frequently have been lost, and not so for want of men (though these were sometimes deficient, when they might have been had) as for want of money, and those other provisions that are indispensable to the health and existence of an army. Are our readers aware that when the English general was, for want of specie, obliged to have recourse to commercial speculations in grain to pay and feed his troops, that the ministry at home were spending a hundred millions annually? Yet such is the charge made by the author.

"The subsidy granted to Portugal was paid by the commercial speculation of Lord Wellington and Mr. Stuart, speculations which also fed the army, saved the whole population of Portugal from famine, and prevented the war from stopping in 1811; and yet so little were the ministers capable even of understanding, much less of making such arrangements, that they now rebuked their general for having adopted them, and after their own imbecile manner insisted upon a new mode of providing supplies. Every movement they made proved their incapacity. They

had permitted lord William Bentinck to engage in the scheme of invading Italy when additional troops were wanted in Portugal; and they suffered him to bid, in the money-market, against lord Wellington, and thus sweep away two millions of dollars at an exorbitant premium, for a chimera, when the war in the Peninsula was upon the point of stopping altogether in default of that very money which Wellington could have otherwise procured—nay, had actually been promised at a reasonable cost. Nor was this the full measure of their folly.

“Lord Wellesley affirmed, and they were unable to deny the fact, that dollars might have been obtained from South America to any amount, if the government would have consented to pay the market-price for them; they would not do it; and yet afterwards sought to purchase the same dollars at a higher rate in the European markets. He told them, and they could not deny it, that they had empowered five different agents, to purchase dollars for five different services, without any controlling head; that these independent agents were bidding against each other in every money-market, and the restrictions as to the price were exactly in the inverse proportion to the importance of the service: the agent for the troops in Malta was permitted to offer the highest price, lord Wellington was restricted to the lowest. And besides this folly lord Wellesley shewed that they had, under their licensing system, permitted French vessels to bring French goods, silks and gloves, to England, and to carry bullion away in return. Napoleon thus paid his army in Spain with the very coin which should have subsisted the English troops.

“Incapable however as the ministers were of making the simplest arrangements; neglecting, as they did, the most obvious means of supplying the wants of the army; incapable even, as we have seen, of sending out a few bales of clothing and arms for the Spaniards without producing the utmost confusion, they were heedless of the counsels of their general, prompt to listen to every intriguing adviser, and ready to plunge into the most absurd and complicated measures, to relieve that distress which their own want of ability had produced. When the war with the United States broke out, a war provoked by themselves, they suffered the Admiralty, contrary to the wishes of Mr. Stuart, to reduce the naval force at Lisbon, and to neglect Wellington's express recommendation as to the stationing of ships for the protection of merchant-men bringing flour and stores to Portugal. Thus the American privateers, being unmolested, run down the coast of Africa, intercepted the provision trade from the Brazils, which was one of the principal resources of the army, and then, emboldened by impunity, infested the coast of Portugal, captured fourteen ships loaded with flour off the Douro, and a large vessel in the very mouth of the Tagus.”

Never, says our author, was a government better served than that of Britain by Lord Wellington and Mr. Stuart; they had made themselves masters of all that related to the Portuguese policy, foreign and domestic, military, civil, and judicial, faithfully representing every cause of mischief to the Portuguese, as well as to their own government, and also devising the proper remedies. But the former met them with vexatious opposition, and the latter

with absurd and unjust schemes, which went to evade for a brief space, not to remedy the evils that pressed. One of these was to sell the crown and church property of Portugal, which was to be effected by commissioners—one of them a Protestant. Another plan was the establishment of a Portuguese bank; the coining of Spanish dollars—a system of enormous depreciation—was also suggested; and when nothing else could be invented by the sagacious and moral ministry, who had such respect for established rights—those of legitimacy and the church, for instance—that they waged a protracted war in their defence, they concocted what they called a modified system of requisitions, after the manner of the French armies. The character of this measure may be learned from the following opposition to it on the part of one of the governments' true servants.

"Mr. Stuart, firm in opposition, shortly observed that it was by avoiding and reprobating such a system, although pursued alike by the natives and by the enemy, that the British character, and credit, had been established so firmly as to be of the greatest use in the operations of the war. Wellington entered more deeply into the subject.

"Nothing, he said, could be procured from the country in the mode proposed by the ministers' memoir, unless resort was also had to the French mode of enforcing their requisitions. The proceedings of the French armies were misunderstood. It was not true, as supposed in the memoir, that the French never paid for supplies. They levied contributions where money was to be had, and with this paid for provisions in other parts; and when requisitions for money or clothing were made, they were taken on account of the regular contributions due to the government. They were indeed heavier than even an usurping government was entitled to demand, still it was a regular government account, and it was obvious the British army could not have recourse to a similar plan without depriving its allies of their own legitimate resources.

"The requisitions were enforced by a system of terror. A magistrate was ordered to provide for the troops, and was told that the latter would, in case of failure, take the provisions and punish the village or district in a variety of ways. Now were it expedient to follow this mode of requisition there must be two armies, one to fight the enemy, and one to enforce the requisitions, for the Spaniards would never submit to such proceedings without the use of force. The conscription gave the French armies a more moral description of soldiers, but even if this second army was provided, the British troops could not be trusted to inflict an exact measure of punishment on a disobedient village, they would plunder it as well as the others readily enough, but their principal object would be to get at and drink as much liquor as they could, and then to destroy as much valuable property as should fall in their way; meanwhile the objects of their mission, the bringing of supplies to the army and the infliction of an exact measure of punishment on the magistrates or district, would not be accomplished at all. Moreover the holders of supplies in Spain being unused to commercial habits, would regard payment for these requisitions by bills of any

description, to be rather worse than the mode of contribution followed by the French, and would resist it as forcibly. And upon such a nice point did the war hang, that if they accepted the bills, and were once to discover the mode of procuring cash for them by discounting high, it would be the most fatal blow possible to the credit and resources of the British army in the Peninsula. The war would then soon cease.

"The memoir asserted that Sir John Moore had been well furnished with money, and that nevertheless the Spaniards would not give him provisions; and this fact was urged as an argument for enforcing requisitions. But the assertion that Moore was furnished with money, which was itself the index to the ministers' incapacity, Wellington told them was not true. 'Moore,' he said, 'had been even worse furnished than himself; that general had borrowed a little, a very little money at Salamanca, but he had no regular supply for the military chest until the army had nearly reached Coruña; and the Spaniards were not very wrong in their reluctance to meet his wants, for the debts of his army were still unpaid in the latter end of 1812.'"

Such were the schemes which Wellington had forced upon him, the fallacy, fraud, inefficacy or cruelty of which he had to show to the ministry at home, when all his faculties were demanded on the field of battle; but, continues the Colonel, such was the hardness of his intellect, that he was able to sustain the additional labour.

It is not unimportant to notice the high compliments which are paid in the present volume to Clausel, whose skill and bravery have lately been so seriously impugned. According to the Colonel's account, this general, on various occasions, surprised the most experienced judges, and made the boldest efforts with consummate effect, which is a duty worthy of the historian, whose general estimate must not be founded upon clamour, or isolated failures.

In a work professedly treating of war and the battle-field, the reader naturally judges of the writer's abilities and pictorial representations, from the description which may be given of some celebrated trial of skill and valour by the contending armies. For a specimen of this kind, we return in our last extract to Salamanca, where a mighty and dreadful scene is pictured, with an extraordinary vivid and graphic pencil, to the mind's eye. The main force of the French are retiring, and Foy's and Maucune's divisions are skilfully used by Clausel to protect the retreat.

"Foy throwing out a crowd of skirmishers retired slowly by wings, turning and firing heavily from every rise of ground upon the light division, which marched steadily forward without returning a shot, save by its skirmishers; for three miles the march was under this musketry, which was occasionally thickened by a cannonade, and yet very few men were lost, because the French aim was baffled, partly by the twilight, partly by the even order and rapid gliding of the lines. But the French general Desgraviere was killed, and the flanking brigades from the fourth division having now penetrated between Maucune and Foy, it seemed difficult for

the latter to extricate his troops from the action ; nevertheless he did it and with great dexterity. For having increased his skirmishers on the last defensible ridge, along the foot of which run a marshy stream, he redoubled his fire of musketry, and made a menacing demonstration with his horsemen just as the darkness fell ; the British guns immediately opened their fire, a squadron of dragoons galloped forwards from the left, the infantry, crossing the marshy stream, with an impetuous pace hastened to the summit of the hill, and a rough shock seemed at hand, but there was no longer an enemy ; the main body of the French had gone into the thick forest on their own left during the firing, and the skirmishers fled swiftly after, covered by the smoke and by the darkness.

" Meantime Maucune maintained a noble battle. He was outflanked and outnumbered, but the safety of the French army depended on his courage ; he knew it, and Pakenham, marking his bold demeanour, advised Clinton, who was immediately in his front, not to assail him until the third division should have turned his left. Nevertheless the sixth division was soon plunged afresh into action under great disadvantage, for after being kept by its commander a long time without reason, close under Maucune's batteries which ploughed heavily through the ranks, it was suddenly directed by a staff officer to attack the hill. Assisted by a brigade of the fourth division, the troops then rushed up, and in the darkness of the night the fire shewed from afar how the battle went. On the side of the British a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached, yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain ; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fulness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Maucune's task was completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were in the darkness."

To this volume there are certain Answers and Counter-remarks, which the Colonel has penned for the ear of those who have impugned previous portions of his History. All who read these replies and criticisms must perceive that he is as able as he is willing to enter the lists with an opponent, and that he is truly a rough customer. His thrusts are marvellously direct and numerous ; he leaves not his antagonist till he has not only floored him, but disabled him from ever again getting up. We also learn from a letter by the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Dudley Montagu Percival, inserted among the Counter-remarks, that his Grace expresses great respect for Colonel Napier and his History, but that he has " never read a line of it," and the reason assigned is, " I wished to avoid being led into a literary controversy, which I should probably find more troublesome than the operations which it is the design of the Colonel's work to describe and record." The Duke's generalship has always been of a first-rate order, and he never fought needlessly.

ART. XI.—*Philosophy and Religion with their Mutual Bearings Comprehensively Considered, and Scientifically Determined, on Clear and Scientific Principles.* By WILLIAM BROWN GALLOWAY, A.M. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

IN his preface to the present work, the author after declaring that "much evil has resulted both to philosophy and revealed religion from the want of a proper understanding of their mutual bearings," and that "the evils in question have principally arisen from moral and metaphysical philosophy, and are of such a nature as require not a superficial, but a thorough and radical examination," states, that it is not "impossible to treat the subject in a perspicuous and engaging style," and that he has been led to undertake the investigation, "from having, at one period, suffered much from the erroneous and ill-defined notions of philosophy above alluded to." He also states, that neither in the writings of divines nor philosophers is a satisfactory solution of the difficulties in question to be found—that to supply the deficiency, the present work has been written,—and that he is not "without some expectation that it may contribute to introduce more unity of opinion among Christians, and may tend to simplify the study of theology by reducing it to principles."

In these and similar sentences, such as when the author asserts that his work is "a *desideratum* both in philosophy and religion," we think it is not difficult to discover evidences of an over-sanguine imagination, and of a writer whose years have not permitted him to experience an extensive or close intercourse with mankind. The passages quoted, at least, convince us—and there are very many more in the volume, to some of which reference hereafter may be made, that speak a similar and even more preposterous language—that the author is not troubled with an inconvenient share of diffidence, be he young or old. In short, we hesitate not to pronounce a great proportion of the work as being either entirely conjectural and fanciful, or presumptuous, or unsatisfactory, and the farthest removed from introducing unity of opinion among Christians of any that we ever read. It gives us pain to be obliged thus to express ourselves concerning a writer whose ingenuity and zeal are so remarkable as these qualities here appear. But since he has laid his hand not upon a segment only, but upon the whole circle of abstrusest science, moral and metaphysical, as well as upon the doctrines and mysteries of the Christian religion, and treated each and every branch with a dogmatism, which surely never was surpassed, whether in the matter of assumption or assertion, it becomes our duty to show that the great pretensions set forth in the Preface and elsewhere of the book, have been very far from being realized in the details.

Nor is it necessary to the performance of our duty, or for the exposure of many of the author's crudities and gratuitous conjectures, that we enter upon any lengthened arguments by way of overturning his theories. Were we to do so with a tithe of the subjects which he handles, the entire pages of a single number of our Journal would not afford room for what might be pertinently said in the shapes of criticism and reply. We adopt a shorter, and, we believe, a more effectual method of exposure; and this is, to select a few of Mr. Galloway's opinions and methods of argumentation, upon which any sober and cautious thinker will easily find an answer, or pronounce a doubt. For ourselves, we can confidently declare, after not an uncareful perusal of the volume, that we have neither found what may be called our old-fashioned opinions in matters of philosophy and religion, either confirmed or demolished in any perceptible degree, by the author's fancies and ingenuities. Nay, we do not admit that these ingenuities ever amount to originalities, except in point of extravagance; and still less do we concede, that the great *desideratum* contemplated has been realized, viz. a fuller or a clearer display than what before existed, respecting the mutual bearings of philosophy, moral and metaphysical, and religion. Perhaps, still less is the effort likely to be *engaging*, as promised by a hint in the Preface. It is at least our firm opinion, that few of Mr. Galloway's readers will find his volume *perspicuous*—that not one in five hundred will ponder it from the beginning to the end, and that far fewer will recur to it time after time. But now for the "Mutual Bearings," which are said to be "Comprehensively considered, and satisfactorily determined, on clear and scientific principles."

In a style worthy of the modesty of the author, we are informed in the Introduction, that the temple of wisdom, which is seated on a rock, is "the stronghold of philosophy," which may well "draw from the weary campaigner a sigh for its lofty and serene security;"—and after pursuing the allegory for a considerable space, the fortunes and history of David, as king of Israel, are adduced, as in some respect prefigurative of the progress of Christianity. Especially is our attention directed to that passage in the royal history, where the stability of his kingdom was secured—viz. the taking of the fortress of Zion, "the last stronghold of the infidels in the heart of the dominions of Israel—a place reputed impregnable, where the Jebusite insultingly boasted himself in the stronghold of his natural bulwarks." Now for the modest application of this event in David's history to the present times, and the present work—

"And if any one inquires what Zion is, it is evidently, in a spiritual sense, the stronghold of philosophy, which we have already characterised. This must be taken before the kingdom of the Messiah be consolidated, or his universal reign commenced.

"It is therefore at once evident how deeply every man should feel

interested in a work professing the object which I have assumed for this. The pretension, indeed, may at first seem too lofty, as if the author of this book would arrogate to himself a parallelism with the achievement of the monarch of Israel. God forbid ! He does but fight as a humble soldier under the banner of the Messiah—ambitious of his approbation, and cheered on by his encouraging voice, ‘Now for the man who smites the Jebusites and reaches within their intrenchments.’ And surely he may well be content if, boldly prosecuting the assault, he may be the first fairly to plant the standard of Christ on the rock of **ETERNAL AND IMMUTABLE TRUTH**, and may see its peaceful ensign at length floating over the high ramparts of **PHILOSOPHY**. Humbly confident of having accomplished what I profess, I wait with lowly and submissive reverence the decision and award of my rightful King, my invincible Leader, who is ‘God over all blessed for ever.’ To Him belong the honour and the glory, and to Him alone I humbly ascribe them ; for his word is indeed a light unto the feet, and a lamp unto the path.

“How should the midnight mariner pilot his way into a sure and safe harbour, through a sea troubled and dark, and a channel perplexed and intricate, but for the beacon lights exhibited afar, by the Lord of that peaceful haven, or by his servants at their respective stations. Even so, without the blessed light of revelation, my feeble reason never could have reached that happy port where she now knows herself to be in safety. Small merit to the man, who, with so true a beacon, has brought the conclusions of reason up to the port of Christianity : but everlasting shame to him, who may hereafter fail to follow in a track now easy, and may lose his vessel on the rocks, for the vanity of having his shipwreck recorded.”

Before closing the volume, we shall enable our readers to judge whether the author is the “first fairly to plant the standard of Christ on the rock of Eternal and Immutable Truth ;” and whether he is entitled to lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he has so steadily followed the light of revelation, as to have “reached that happy port,” where reason “knows herself to be in safety,”

We have before stated, that it would be impossible to enter with the author into many of the subjects of which he has treated ; and, when we name a few of these, this will be clearly seen. His chapters on the intellectual and moral capacities of man might furnish discourses for an ethical and metaphysical course of lectures of six months’ endurance. He gives us, for example, treatises under the following titles :—Analogy of Mental and Natural Philosophy ;—Of Power, Cause, and Effect ;—Of Matter and Spirit ;—Origin of our Ideas of the Material World ;—Mental Feeling of Existence ;—Of Emotion, Desire, Volition, &c. ; Of Automatic and Voluntary Action ;—*A priori* Consideration of Phrenology, &c. &c. Now, upon each and all of these, and such like subjects, he combats by turns some of our great fathers of abstract and mental science—Hume, Reid, Stewart, Brown, Locke, and many others. Now we are far from maintaining that a correct and lucid exposition of the

mental powers of man, may not throw great light upon the provisions made by revelation for the temporal and eternal, or the religious interests of mankind ; but we say that the author has not, to our apprehension, succeeded, either by closeness or perspicuity of arrangement, or forcible elucidation in his attempt to render his system of philosophy auxiliary to the other cause, either to the extent that might have been done, or has often been accomplished. Did it not occur to him—does it not occur to every one of our readers—that in a single volume, treating of so many abstruse and important subjects as the present, and which combats so many authorities as we have referred to, there is a great probability that the author's estimate of his performance will be extravagant and overweening ? Besides, many reasoners, and it seems to be with strong evidence in their support, look upon metaphysical discussions and theories, concerning the mind, as but uncertain props to revealed truth, and as affording but a fallacious groundwork upon which to build a religious creed ; and this, not merely on account of the subtle nature of the subject, but of the inadequacy, misapprehension, and confusion of language, which metaphysicians have employed in such researches. Our author, indeed, is perfectly aware of these obstacles ; for he admits that in this sort of philosophy “the eye of the judgment has no stationary spot from which to look upon the moral universe ; the mind in which it resides is itself changing its relations to other minds, and its active powers are ever in motion.” But he adds, “the first step, therefore, which we take in this branch of philosophy, must be a strict investigation into the principles and tendencies of our own minds. When this knowledge is attained (yes, we admit, when the knowledge which a faithful and full *investigation* of the kind has been completed !), and due (*due*, we echo, also) allowance made for the misapprehensions to which these make us liable, the moral universe of God will appear in a new light, and his providence will be fully justified ; beauty, order, and simplicity will be everywhere beheld, and God will be glorified in all.”

We have indicated, within parentheses, certain assumptions that refer to processes of investigation, which, we believe, have never been followed out, and which, it is probable, never will be by man in his mortal condition. But admit the possibility—nay, that our author has accomplished the philosophical achievement—is it manifest that afterwards the government and character of the Supreme Being will also be appreciated ? We think not, and that without His own revelation, all such knowledge of human nature as has been supposed, would not even clearly show the light regarding the duties and the destinies of man, much less God's government and character. At any rate, we repeat, that for ourselves, we do not feel that our author, with all his pretensions to the self *strict examination* demanded, and with all the ingenuity and strength of illustration or

argument, which, we admit, he has put forth in some of his chapters—on Sensation, Human Agency, and others—has added materially either to moral light or theological truth. But we are not going to tarry much longer in his speculations about the philosophy of mind; for, after quoting part of what he says about Language, not on account of its originality, but its felicity of expression, we proceed to view some of those important conclusions in Natural and Revealed Religion, at which he arrives.

“Language in its first origin may be considered not as the conventional use of arbitrary signs, but as the natural articulate expression of emotion. If we can conceive the newly formed man introduced into the world in the full vigour of his mental faculties, the first opening of his eyes upon the bright and varied scene with which he was surrounded would call forth indescribable emotions: The novelty, the change of his own feeling would probably first seize his attention; and, the idea of power arising, as we have seen, from the contrast of *state* and *change*,—while his eye, lost and bewildered, wandered over the endless variety of colours and of forms, his mind could only rise, in one general impression of astonishment, delight, and admiration, to the Great FIRST CAUSE of all. But the flight of an eagle, the motion of a tree in the breeze, the course of a horse, or the song of a bird, would arrest his attention, and would call forth an articulate expression of the particular emotion which was awakened. Amid the gambols of the animals around him, he would be led by the action of one animal to observe the passion of another, and where both action and passion were wanting, this very circumstance would become characteristic, and he would form the idea of simple state. Here then we have the three classes of verbs constituting the germ of his language,—active, passive, and intransitive;—and these may be reduced to the two classes of *state* and *change*, thus demonstrating how prominent a place the radical idea of power must have assumed in unsophisticated human nature.”

“Language would be of gradual growth, and the formation of it would afford a pure source of mutual harmony and delight. If we conceive our first parents in the midst of a country where every object possessed the charm of novelty, the course of a beast on the plain might arrest their attention. The man, being of a more excursive disposition of mind, might first observe it, and the emotion of wonder at the motion amid surrounding stillness, would give rise to an articulate exclamation. The attention of the woman being caught at once by his exclamation, and by the sight of the animal, a similar emotion would take possession of her. With ready pliancy of organ and facility of imitation, she would repeat the exclamation of her husband. Hearing his own voice repeated, he would renew it, and, delighted to find her animated by the same feelings, and possessed of the same natural expression with himself, he might at the same time reward her with an affectionate caress. Another animal might present itself:—life and motion again observed would suggest the same feelings and the same name; but on longer observation a difference would be noticed, and a new emotion would arise on the discovery; another articulate exclamation would be used, repeated, and sealed, as the

name of that particular kind of beast. The first exclamation would then designate the genus animal, or the verb to live and move generally, the second would designate a species of that genus. Thus language would proceed from general to particular names; and the same word would serve as the name of the animal, and of its distinctive motion, or cry, or colour. The commencement of a language being thus formed, its gradual progress would be the necessary consequence of the natural powers of man. A more determinate meaning would be given to words by musical intonation, and expressive accentuation in the utterance, assisted by the use of appropriate signs and gestures; and the vocabulary would be gradually extended by the employment of metaphor, and by the suggestion of fanciful and remote analogies. All ideas of spiritual things are thus expressed by the metaphorical use of sensible images. The name of *spirit* is taken from the breath, which gives the nearest approach to the idea of that subtle substance, being also essential to life: *animus* signifies the wind, also the soul or mind, courage, inclination, disposition. The faculty of expressing spiritual ideas, and very abstract relations, with that degree of accuracy which we now possess, has been of very slow and gradual growth; and, thanks to the Aristotelian instrument of logic, however useless the disquisitions of the schoolmen must be considered in themselves, they had perhaps some effect in refining upon words, and improving language to a fitting instrument of philosophical disquisition. But from the same cause a danger has arisen of our using words without attaching ideas to them, and increased care is necessary to guard against the prejudices of language. There are no prejudices more strong, more insidious, or more lasting than these. Perhaps nothing will so thoroughly eradicate them as a diligent, etymological, and critical study of different languages, especially such as are primitive, together with a close and constant attention to the philosophy of human nature."—pp. 192—194.

The subjects which the author next proceeds to treat of, are chiefly these:—Of the Being and Attributes of God;—Of the Providence of God;—Of the Immortality of the Soul;—Of the Resurrection;—Of Rewards and Punishments;—Of the Origin of Evil;—Of Right and Wrong;—Of Duties;—Of the Moral Sentiments of Men;—and of the Deeper Mysteries of Revealed Religion.

The mere mention of these subjects will show that our author has taken a vast range; and some of them, such as the Origin of Evil, and the Deeper Mysteries of Revealed Religion, might well stagger any ordinary inquirer. But Mr. Galloway is not so timid or weakly nervous; for he not only professes to elucidate such subjects, but to bring strictly philosophical arguments to their support, and independently of what he says, revelation has taught.

There are two general remarks which we feel it proper to offer, before proceeding to notice some of the strong and startling opinions advanced in the latter half of the volume. One of these is, that the author, who very often refers back to some previous chapter or argument, makes use of such phrases as these—"I have before shown," "I have already proved," yet all the while the thing has been only

assumed, or asserted, or attempted to be philosophically demonstrated. A few examples may be given, from the very many we have pencilled. Thus at page 237—"Is the human mind above that precise ratio to the body, which we have marked as necessary—namely, such a ratio, that, by separation from the body, the conscious state of the soul shall not be entirely altered, nor so altered as to destroy remembrance? Now this is *proved* to be the case by our remarks on the phenomena of memory in old age." Again—page 246—"In the preceding part of this work it has been *proved*, that our bodies are the seat of sensation, and that our minds have an immediate knowledge or conception of each sensation that is felt by the body." And again—

"Farther, since the soul's immortality has been proved, and since it appears from our reasoning, that in a state of separation from the body the soul must be deprived of intercourse with its fellow-creatures, and excluded from the acquisition of any new knowledge, except such as is imparted directly by the Spirit of God, or deduced from past experience, a just view of the wisdom and goodness of God will lead to the conclusion, that he intends to unite it afterwards to another body, in which it shall be restored to the exercise of all its former powers, in a more perfect degree. In short, the deductions of just reasoning, independently of revelation, tend to prove, not only the immortality of the soul, but its after reunion with the body. Where, then, are the jests of the infidel, and what becomes of the ridicule and contempt which he has lavished on the doctrine of the resurrection?—pp. 248.

Now, as may be gathered from the last extract, the author has hitherto been careering independently of revelation; and yet he is constantly talking of having proved doctrines which all will allow have never before been demonstrated without such aid. We declare, however, that with the exception of bold flights of fancy, we have not found his *proofs* one whit stronger or more novel than what more diffident men have only called hypotheses. The truth is, Mr. Galloway aims at too much, and too high; and when he fails in argument, he supplies the deficiency by charming his own ears with strong assertions.

Our second general remark, concerning the course of reasoning pursued in the present work, is, that although the writer repeatedly declares his reasoning is not rested upon the doctrines of Scripture, till near the close of the work, when he comes to consider the deeper mysteries of revealed religion, yet, that he very frequently mingles his speculations concerning the discoveries by the light of reason, not only with such apt illustrations as the phraseology of the Bible affords him, but with its *dicta* as a part of his argument; thus reason and revelation are made to bend to one another, and supply the alternate deficiencies, which the writer may find to mar the direct line to his conclusion. Take an example from a part of the work, in which

the authority of the Bible, it is declared, has not yet been drawn upon. The author is discoursing of the providence of God, according to the light of human reason, and asserts the reality of *spiritual influences*.

"Have not men of sound and philosophic spirit borne testimony to the reality of spiritual influences, not merely as the dictum of revelation, but as their own experience, and their own observation? Do infidels object that *they* have no experience of this kind? Is it to be expected that the natural influence can operate where the natural relation is broken? For God dispenses his Holy Spirit, like all the other gifts of his goodness, by general laws. The Almighty is no respecter of persons: nor in the distribution of his grace is he guided by caprice, but by general rules, as in every other department of Providence. Scripture teaches us that it is so. We are there instructed that prayer is the medium through which God dispenses his spiritual blessings. 'Ask,' says our Saviour, 'and ye shall receive; for every one that asketh receiveth.' 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.'"—pp. 225, 226.

We now proceed to cite certain passages from the author's chapters, illustrative of the great doctrines of Natural Theology; remarking that on the Being and Attributes of God, he holds that the proof, as exhibited by Dr. Samuel Clarke *à priori*, is convincing, as well as that stated by Paley and others, *à posteriori*. On these, however, and many other mighty themes, we do not meet with much that has not been better stated before. But in the chapter on the Immortality of the Soul, will be found some opinions, which, though not important to man, are, at least, uncommon.

"We may even go farther and affirm, that annihilation is contrary to the essential attributes of God, and therefore impossible. For first to create, and then to annihilate, would suppose mutability of nature in the being who did so: since the purpose to create, and the purpose to annihilate the same thing, are so opposite that they cannot exist together in the same nature at the same time, for if they did they would neutralize each other, and nothing would be the result. And mutability we have shown to be utterly at variance with the very first idea of God.

"But it may be said, if any other animals beside man have immaterial souls, (and it will be manifest to every unprejudiced person that the same proof which evinces the immateriality of the human soul, proves also that of the souls of those animals which exhibit undeniable signs of thought and reasoning, as the dog, the horse, the elephant,) then the same argument of immortality will apply equally to their spirits. Dost thou think this a paradox, reader? Courage! I desire thee to cast off every prejudice, and to follow me along this dark and lonely cavern of entrance to the shades. Be not frightened by phantastic shadows, by apparitions of faces grinning at thee, or by seeming obstacles which are but emptiness. These ever hover round the gloomy entrance of this untrodden descent, for no foot of man hath yet passed through its dark recesses, and reached the light

of that nether world. But if thou hast followed me hitherto, follow me still."—pp. 233, 234.

He does not allow, however, to the inferior animals the same sort of immortality as that which awaits mankind. And now for some pretty bold conjectures.

"What then shall we think regarding some of the lower animals, if they have spirits of a lower class which will exist for ever, and yet have no proper immortality? In answer to this question, I ask another. What becomes of the other parts of the animal after dissolution? They are organized anew under other forms. What hinders, then, but that the thinking part may be placed in another body, whether of the same or of another species? If any one thinks that this doctrine may be refuted by applying to it the name of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, he is mistaken. For, in the first place, the doctrine here delivered is not the same with that which has hitherto been known by that name, being altogether divested of its more objectionable parts: and, in the second place, the partial coincidence of it, with the belief of China, Hindostan, ancient Egypt, and perhaps some other nations, ought to entitle it to respect rather than to ridicule; seeing that these nations all adhere to the old traditional and dogmatic philosophy, and their agreement in respect of this doctrine demands for it, or for one like it, a very remote antiquity, carrying us back to a period when just ideas were more common than afterwards. Accordingly, Pythagoras, the father of Greek philosophy, received it from Egypt, along with the true idea of the solar system. Much amusement have both these doctrines afforded to the world, but the latter having been demonstrated to be true, it is time to stop laughing at the former, when a rational basis is shown for a certain modification of it. This may probably have been the pure and simple doctrine of the old patriarchal philosophy, of which the later metempsychosis was an easy corruption."—pp. 238—240.

The author calls this philosophy, and such trifling fancies form a part of his treatise, which professes to show the *mutual bearings* between religion and the discoveries of human reason! But we come to more serious matter than any speculations concerning the beasts "that perish," can ever be. We come to the chapter which treats of "the Divine Justice in respect of Rewards and Punishments;" and see how the reader is invited to proceed, as also who is to be the skilful guide.

"We tread now on difficult and dangerous ground, and I entreat the reader to be wary and circumspect. Yet let him not desist from proceeding:—to return is more difficult than to advance. Caution is wise, but timidity is equally dangerous with rashness. The hand of a skilful operator must be bold and steady, as well as cautious; and he, who, after infixing the knife, shrinks, with trembling hand, from the danger and tenderness of the operation, only leaves his poor patient bleeding and lacerated, and, if death be the result, his ignorant cowardice is the cause. If, therefore, the student would not see truth expire beneath his tardy and unskilful

treatment, bleeding at every vein, let him finish the excision of those roots of error—I bid him in the name of God, of religion, and of truth, to advance boldly.”—p. 294.

It appears to us that the author very ably shows the distinction between the retributive justice of God, and the vindictive feelings which man is ready to cherish towards the person who has injured him. But when he speculates regarding the endurance of man's future punishment in the eternal world, according to what he conceives to be the dictates of reason, we think he goes beyond his depth. Let him be heard for himself.

“ We know not how extensive an end may be served in the universe of God, by the example of this small world ; and, were even the whole of its inhabitants doomed for ever to suffer the penalty of sin, the amount of suffering thus supposed might be but a drop, to the amount of sinless happiness, secured, by this dreadful example, to the rest of the universe. I apprehend, however, that this would not be consistent with God's *distributive* justice, which implies an equal regard and consideration for all his creatures, and therefore forbids the happiness of one world to be procured by the everlasting misery of another. The same reasoning applies to individuals. It follows, therefore, that the inviolability of God's laws cannot, in accordance with his demonstrable perfections, be maintained by the eternal sufferings of a part of his creatures, and consequently, that the future punishments of men dying in their sins, will not be never-ending, or eternal, in the strict and *absolute* sense of these words ; at least, if they be so, it must be owing to some *necessary imperfection* in his work, and not to his voluntary design, for he desires the happiness of each, and is not willing that any should perish. Now whether there be such necessary imperfection as this we cannot perhaps tell ; but it seems probable that there is no imperfection in his work, for which his wisdom cannot devise a remedy ; and if his wisdom *can*, his benevolence *will*. Farther, it is manifest that the eternity of punishment supposes the eternity of sin, for it is impossible that any being should continue to suffer eternally, who has long ceased from sin, and become holy, and such as God may approve and love ; and this makes it more and more evident, that the supposition of eternal punishment implies eternal and irremediable imperfection in God's work, for *sin* is imperfection. But as we have reason to believe that God will make his work perfect, we have thus ground to think, that he will ultimately make sin and suffering to cease. And, if it be so, that glorious eternity will make all temporary disparity of condition, of whatever degree and whatever duration, to be as nothing—at least, not to be named as affecting the distributive justice of God. For there may be differences of happiness, and degrees of glory ; but these do not interfere with his impartiality. It is not necessary that all should be made perfectly alike in these respects, any more than that all should possess equal intellectual powers. It is enough for each to know, that he has deserved nothing, and that God has given him all things ; and the goodness of God may thus be vindicated to every individual separately. But his goodness could not so well be vindicated to individuals, if he created them, foreknowing that their lot would be eternal misery ; for in that case, it had been better

for them never to have been created. Therefore, whether we reason on the general distributive justice of God, or on his goodness to his creatures individually, we equally arrive at the conclusion, that no creature shall inherit eternal sufferings, in the *absolute* sense of the words—unless it be from some necessary imperfection in the Creator's work, which Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Power, and Infinite Benevolence, could not remedy. Such is the evident conclusion of reason."—pp. 300—302.

Well may our author ask, as he next does, whether Scripture has not declared the eternity of punishment, without supposing any such imperfection in the work of the Creator? After admitting that its language is plainly opposed to the conclusion at which he has arrived, he asserts that it is not so in reality, and founds his argument upon a distinction between truth *absolute* and truth *relative*. Let us now hear how he endeavours to show that what is absolutely true, may be relatively untrue.

"A proposition may be relatively true, without being absolutely so; or it may be absolutely true, without being relatively so. Thus it is *relatively* true that the sun rises and sets—it is *absolutely* true that the sun has no motion of this kind, the earth only revolving about its axis—but the former proposition is true relatively to our perception. It is *relatively* true that the sun and moon are the two great lights of the heavens, because they are so relatively to our eyes—but it is *absolutely* true that the moon is a small secondary planet, and that the sun is a vast body, the centre of our planetary system. It is *relatively* true that God is jealous, because that is the best idea that could be given of him relatively to the minds of those to whom these words were addressed—a people just emerging from idolatry—but it is not *absolutely* true that he is subject to a passion resembling human jealousy. We tell many things to children which are true relatively to their capacities, but yet not absolutely true, nor even perfectly true relatively to our capacities. It is relatively true that the earth is at rest, fixed on its foundations—it is absolutely true that it is in very rapid motion through the realms of space. It is relatively true that God is long-suffering and repents him of the evil which he has spoken against his people—it is absolutely true, that 'God is not a man that he should repent.' And, similarly, when threatening the deluge, God declares, 'I will destroy both man and beast from the face of the earth, for it *repenteth* me that I have made them;' and in another place, 'It *repenteth* me that I have set up Saul king over Israel;'—these propositions are relatively true, but not absolutely."—pp. 290—292.

Maintaining that the design of Scripture is chiefly to exhibit *relative* truth, with the purpose to bring men nearer to truth *absolute*, "and for this end couching the latter behind the veil of the former," Mr. Galloway goes on to say—

"A full revelation of God's ultimate designs throughout eternity, is what could be of no service to us here, therefore God has not given it. It is enough for us to know, that, by refusing Christ, we are left under the ban of misery *naturally everlasting*, and kindled to deeper intensity by God's *eternal* and *unchangeable* hatred of sin. God is not wont to propound any of his schemes, till the time when the knowledge of them

becomes necessary. Thus, when our first parents were in paradise, they received the command 'Thou shalt not eat of this fruit; in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die.' The sentence was pronounced without affording any hope of deliverance. But when the penalty had been actually incurred, then, and not till then, was the promise given, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. Had God given that promise prior to the fall, men would have been apt afterwards to have regarded it as injudicious, weakening the fear of the unknown evil, and so far operating as an inducement to make the trial. Not so after the misery had been incurred. Then it was as a hand stretched forth to sustain the sinking spirit, a beacon in a dark and troubled sea, an ark to preserve the shattered remains of virtue, a prestige of the dawn of a better day. So is it with the hope of universal restoration. God's accredited ministers are not authorised to declare it to the people now, but only to denounce the penalty, and leave the future counsels of the Eternal to himself. Yet I presume not to interpret this sentence as utterly irremediable, any more than the first. I will not be so bold with heaven as to charge the Most High with falsehood, if he should hereafter afford a hope which he has not yet declared. I rather contemplate the folly of Jonah, who was angry, forsooth, because God remitted the evil which he had commissioned him positively and unqualifiedly to denounce against that great city Nineveh. Are his commissioned servants so fearful of the reputation of the absolute and unalterable truth of the dreadful denunciation which they bear, that they had rather see a great part of the human race consigned to eternal misery, than that God should *even seem* to depart a little from the word spoken by them? Let them study the history of Jonah.

"Thus the declarations of scripture and the deductions of philosophy, are not contrary one to another on this point. Philosophy, indeed, anticipates a universal restoration, which scripture has not yet so fully revealed, though I apprehend some obscure indications of it are not wanting even there. But there is this to be said in favour of such an arrangement. The man who, by the diligent and humble use of his reason, has arrived at this conclusion, is secure from the danger that might attend the declaration of it to another, who had not been prepared by such a discipline of his faculties. God permits us the use of reason even to the utmost, whatever we can discover by that divine instrument, we are at liberty to place among the archives of our knowledge. Revelation was given to supply the deficiencies of reason, not to put it out of office, or to discourage its exercise. It was wise in the Supreme Being to annex the knowledge of this truth as a reward to a diligent course of meditation on his works, and ways, and character, rather than to reveal it alike to all. It was wise to afford only such confirmation of it in scripture, as may give a reserved and cautious assent to the truth so discovered, amounting rather to a look of approbation, than to a positive proof. 'God is love.'—his predominant character is regard for the order and happiness of his creation. 'The Lord shall rejoice in his works,' but how can this be, if from a part of his works for ever and ever ascend the groans of the damned, the wailings of unutterable woe? Can God rejoice in these? No: never."—pp. 415—418.

We are not going to say one word in way of controversy upon the awful theme concerning which the author has used so much labour and subtlety of language. We merely ask three questions : first, he has admitted, that "the eternity of punishment supposes the eternity of sin." But when or how after death is a stop to be put to the wickedness of those whom the author says are to suffer unimagined punishment, to an extent that will be *relatively* everlasting ? Secondly, does he believe that he has on the subject of future punishment, adduced arguments which are likely to introduce more unity among Christians than existed before the appearance of his book ? Thirdly, does his method of explaining the most awful declarations, and seemingly the most plain and unreserved in the Bible, tend to add to the authority of that code of laws and doctrines, or in any way strengthen the cause of morality ?

Were we anxious to bring together all the strong, rash, and unsupported speculations of the writer of the present work, we could be at no loss to muster a goodly list ; we might, for example, from the discussion on the Origin of Evil, quote these words—"it was impossible for God to create a system, into which sin might not, and would not enter." Yet the author takes it for granted that sin never will enter among the redeemed in heaven ; nay, that hell will be "left empty of its victims," when there will be "no ravage of sin the destroyer, no breach in the fair universe of God ;" but he does not tell us how this total and everlasting banishment and obliteration of sin is to be secured, unless it be through the grace and benevolence of God. Then, why was it impossible for the same eternal Being to have as effectually exerted these benign and infinite attributes before sin entered the world, as after it is to be entirely swept away ? The truth is, that whenever a person allows his imagination to run riot, and to go beyond the sacred record, he is sure to stultify himself by incongruous and contradictory statements and suppositions.

It is not our usual practice to criticise theological works closely, or even to take notice of the controversies that exist between various sects and churches. But in a case like the present, when a writer assumes so much as Mr. Galloway has done, both in the walks of metaphysical and theological literature, it surely cannot be wrong in a Journal of the character which has long attached to the *Monthly Review*, to call the attention of a large list of readers to some of the grounds on which such a writer builds his high pretensions ; to a writer, who not only professes to throw a flood of new light across the paths of philosophy, but to show how illustratively this philosophy may act as the handmaiden or twin-sister of religion. Accordingly, let us once more behold how such an efficient coadjutor is enabled, under the direction of Mr. Galloway, to elucidate the "*Deeper Mysteries of Christianity.*"

Mr. Galloway advances a theory, which he thinks it is highly probable is correct, according to the light of reason and astronomical philosophy, viz., that there is something analogous to a geometrical scale in the gradations of created intelligences. He supposes, that, rising above man, there are planetary, sidereal, arch-sidereal intelligences, intelligences of the Nebulæ, and so on, all according to a regular series, at last terminating in the presiding spirit, and becoming embosomed in God. But independently of reason, he finds the living creatures in Ezekiel's Vision, and the ancient doctrine of the First, Second, and Third Heavens confirmatory of his hypothesis; for he says—

"The **FIRST** was the region of the clouds, winds, and meteors: the **SECOND** was the region of the stars: in the **THIRD** was the throne of God. If now, I furnish my readers with the first and the last of these, can he tell me what is in the middle? Behold here, then, we have *first* the cloud and the rushing mighty wind, in which the others were some-while involved and hidden,—we have *last* the throne of God;—and what is there intermediate but the region of the stars, here represented in the *Wheels and Living Creatures*? These, therefore, are now plainly restricted to that scale which we formerly used, namely the three orders of Sidereal, Arch-Sidereal Intelligences, and Intelligences of the Nebulæ. Such, O Israel, is the chariot of the **LORD**, 'who rideth upon the **HEAVENS** to thy help, and in his excellency on the **SKIES**.'—'Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the **LORD**, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency! And thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places.'"—pp. 464, 465.

Our readers will judge for themselves what may be the value, either for the advancement of philosophy, or religious knowledge and piety, of these and such like fancies; but one thing appears certain, and this is, that Mr. Galloway regards them as wonderful and precious discoveries, otherwise he would not so far lose himself in irreverent and estatic exclamations, as immediately follow our last extract, crying out—"My God! it is enough: it is even so. These are not the fictions of my brain, nor dependent on the ingenuity of my argument: they are thine own eternal and unalterable truths; and I adore thee, that thou hast made me, equally with my reader, a passive and humble witness of thy glory,"—and so on, with admirable self-complacency.

But the author considers that his geometrical series of intelligences is not only agreeable to the dictates of reason and the language of revelation, but he connects it with his doctrine of the Trinity, and maintains that it exalts our ideas of the Godhead. We now quote from one of his chapters on the Deeper Mysteries of Revealed Religion, but which, according to our author's philosophy and interpretations, are no mysteries at all.

"We deceive ourselves if we suppose that the bare affirmation of Three

in One, and One in Three, makes any addition to our knowledge, unless we attach some meaning to these words. To maintain unqualifiedly that Three are One, and yet, at the same time, Three,—that the Second is begotten eternally from the First, and the Third proceeds eternally from the First and Second, thus implying dependence,—and yet that they are all Three on an eternal footing of absolute equality, and are, indeed, only one,—is merely to trifle with expressions, apparently absurd, conveying no intelligible meaning, and which certainly do not tend much to edification. To heap together contradictory statements is always unwise. Nor will the matter be much helped by the use of scholastic distinctions between *person* and *substance*, and the consequent introduction of a new and subtle phraseology unknown to scripture. There is a wide difference between the invention of new terms with arbitrary distinctions, and the attainment or communication of real knowledge, and, while we are ignorant of things, it is vain to have recourse to the coining of phrases, which can but express or cloak our ignorance.

“ But, reverting to the series which we explained in the last chapter, I would here humbly and diffidently suggest, that the nature of the union of those Intelligences so embosomed in one another, may help us to see, that the hypostatical union of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is not, as some have rashly supposed, impossible. For to that mutual penetration, and embosoming of one Intelligence in another, which we have shown actually to exist, the idea of any particular ratio of progression is not essential. But we may retain some notion how Intelligences may pervade one another, in full, perfect, and eternal union, even if the ratio should be made that of absolute equality. Far be it from me to pretend to a perfect knowledge of the mode of God's existence, or the nature of the unity of his eternal substance. How shall a weak and sinful creature comprehend the Eternal and Infinite Creator? More or less I cannot affirm than God himself has graciously revealed. I, therefore, humbly adore God the Eternal Father, Supreme, Original, self-existent: I adore the Eternal Son, who is in the bosom of the Father: I adore the Eternal Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, God working in us for our sanctification. I adore them as One, Holy, Inseparable, Infinite, Unchangeable, Almighty. Yet, though to us thus equal, embosomed in one another, co-operative, indistinguishable in their working, and worthy of our equal homage, as being all Divine, Scripture does not represent them as perfectly equal in themselves. The name of *Father*, is higher than that of *Son*; and the Father sends the Son, the Son sends the Spirit,—the sender is greater than the sent. There must surely be in such a union some subordination or dependence. The name of *Father* is relative to that of *Son*, but implies no dependence; the name of *Son*, on the other hand, implies an original, and therefore in this case, an eternal, dependence on the Father. Thus we discern, even here, some ratio of subordination.”—pp. 468—471.

“ A candid attention to the meaning of scripture equally leads me to believe, without any doubt, the distinction of the Godhead of the Holy Spirit from that of the Son and that of the Father, whose names are jointly pronounced in the holy sacrament of Baptism. And there is also equal evidence for the subordination of the Holy Spirit to the Divine Logos, the

only and well beloved Son. There is no part of scripture which affirms the absolute equality of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in themselves."—pp. 475, 476.

It need not be a matter of wonder when we inform our readers that after this Mr Galloway proceeds to elucidate "the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Logos;" and that he endeavours to buttress every opinion or conjecture he puts forth by the language of Scripture. But we must have done, without venturing to offer one observation upon the doctrines now advanced, farther than to repeat, that we have not discovered how such speculations can serve to unite Christians in one common belief, or how philosophy has been made reciprocally to bestow and to derive support from anything that is written in the present volume. Perhaps it will occur to some that no ordinary degree of presumption characterises these speculations; nor does the offensiveness of their nature appear the slightest because there is a great profession of humility and sincerity on the part of the person who advances them. To be humble, and yet to boast of one's humility, imply contradictions. For example—

"The magnitude of the conclusions to which we have been led by following out those simple principles with which we began, has made me often distrustful of my reasoning: and not without much jealous circumspection have I advanced through subjects so lofty, and of such momentous importance. The consciousness, however, of having proceeded thus cautiously, only gives me now more confidence in the result which I have obtained. No vain or idle curiosity has prompted my inquiry, no arrogant self-confidence has directed it. But now as always, having been much chastened and afflicted of God, and taught experimentally both the power of his rod, and the riches of his free goodness, I am ready to bow myself to the dust, saying with the Psalmist, 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.' But humility could not direct the suppression of that truth, to which God has affixed his sign and seal by revelation; and however men may misrepresent or calumniate, no fear of human opinion ought to deter from public avowal of the truth the man who has within him the testimony of an upright heart, and, as he may humbly trust, the concurrence of the Divine Spirit."—pp. 491, 492.

The Treatise has for its winding-up an "Ode," which the author calls "Divine," entitled the "Messiah's Coming," the last line of which may be recommended with great propriety to his frequent use—

"Be still my heart—be dumb, be dumb."

By way of Appendix, there are certain points handled which the writer conceived would have impeded the current of his Treatise; among which may be noticed some opinions regarding Dr. Adam

Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and the "Prospects of Britain." From this note it may not be ill-timed to extract a few fragments, not, assuredly, on account of the importance or sobriety of the information they contain, but just to show how our author treats particular subjects, which are not so abstruse or mysterious as most of those which he has discussed with the authority of an oracle, in the body of the work. First for poor Adam Smith—

"I have called him an amiable and illustrious philosopher. He is amiable, as the word is commonly used, as having written a beautiful theory of moral sentiments; of which the merits and defects and proper place in philosophy have already been told. He is illustrious chiefly as the author of the 'Wealth of Nations,' a work of wonderful talent and information, the principles of which have both raised this country to an unparalleled height of worldly wealth and greatness, and prepared its certain downfall by sapping the foundations of British society.

"That author states no limits to his system of production and increase of commerce and manufactures; and accordingly the system is working on without any apparent limits, and men are employed as mere tools for making money. And as the masters consider this to be all, so do the workmen. The whole race is for gain, selfish gain. Their very children are regarded, not with the fondness of parental affection, but as mere tools for more gain, shut up from morning to night in manufactories, and growing up in the ignorance of all duty, and of all religion! So much so that, between the selfishness of the masters and the selfishness of the parents, the state has to interfere with enactments for the health of the children; and yet so tremendous is the impetus of the principle, that these very enactments are resisted and cried out against! Never mind health, morals, religion!—Down with the Church, we can buy religion cheaper!—the value of every thing is what it will bring in the market! The clergy are unproductive labourers, or at the best they may be ranked as tradesmen, who work only for money, and therefore had best be paid by the job! Yes, every thing is becoming sordid and mercenary. Money! money is every thing! Never mind though the morals or religious principles of your children should be endangered, but place them where they will get most money! It is of little use to teach your son the solid wisdom of sound morals, true religion, and practical virtue; he will pick up enough of these by the bye: teach him to make money!—Take little pains to teach your daughters the quiet and unostentatious virtues of domestic life, but let them acquire those things which make a show in the world, and which are far more marketable!

"It is true that Dr. Smith did not contemplate these consequences; but nevertheless they *are* the consequences of that system of feeling and thinking, of which his book is the truest exposition."—pp. 525—528.

A prophet—

"But what need of prosecuting this melancholy subject? Verily this is a generation wiser than their fathers—a generation too wise to be taught, and too secure to be warned. I know that what I say will pass unheeded like the idle wind. I know that no human wisdom can prevent the multi-

tude from blindly following the course they have chosen, but the whole infatuated herd are running violently down a steep place, and will soon be engulfed in the waters of perdition. Nevertheless I will wash my own hands in innocence of these coming woes by giving my solemn warning. He that heareth let him hear : and he that forbeareth let him forbear."—pp. 531, 532.

Mr. Galloway proceeds to lament that the foundations of British mercantile and manufacturing society are nothing but "credit,"—"public faith and credit." And yet he sees nothing but revolution in store for the empire.

"Where is the current of innovation to stop? Think you that the House of Lords can be overthrown, (for it cannot be invaded otherwise)—think you that House can be overthrown without shaking credit throughout the nation—without breaking up that fabric of society which is based on credit—without stopping the wheels of commerce and manufacture—without suspending the employment of many, many thousands of operatives—without a clamour for bread—without the blame of their miseries being thrown upon their rulers—without their idleness being employed in organising a total revolution? Do not these things all follow in their natural order? Or think you that the church can be overthrown without the House of Lords and the Throne following? Or can the Church of Ireland be overthrown without that of England following? Or will universal suffrage mend the matter? Or think you that Ireland can renounce her allegiance after the example of Belgium, as was lately put into their heads by their great leader, without shaking credit throughout this nation? Can the Irish Corporation Bill be withheld without endangering a rebellion there—or can it be granted without giving a great accession of power to the revolutionary party? Is there nothing treasonable in telling the Irish and the whole public that it might be wrong to behead our most honoured sovereign, but that a better way would be to send him, with his royal family, a wanderer, a fugitive, and vagabond, on the face of the earth? O my honoured King, may God, may God preserve thee! May He deliver thee from such counsellors as those who take part and keep counsel with this bold and desperate traitor!"—pp. 532—534.

Is our author beside himself?

"But what need of words? I know that they will be unheeded and unheard. The mustering of opposite principles is going on; all are trusting in man, none are trusting in God. But woe to this nation when these opposite principles are mustered in their full pride and power of equality, for credit will quiver from the shock of their meeting. There will be the stoppage of the circulating wheels of trade, the ruin of manufacturers, the idleness and starvation of workmen. Next comes the stagnation and corruption of society, the coldness of the stopped current of social life and feeling, accompanied probably by some horrid and revolting manifestations of demoralization, particularly in the sister kingdom, and they whose safety it concerns ought to remember that there are perhaps as many cut-throats in that land now, as at the period of the massacre,

and that every Irishman knows one very plain sense of the lines so often repeated as their watch-word—

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, *themselves must strike the blow*—

truly an Irishman knows what striking a blow is. 'Therefore come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and of her plagues.'"—pp. 536, 537.

Lastly, for the seer again! and a magnificent close to the prophecy! Truly, Mr. Combe, you are marvellously exalted, and yet you are connected ludicrously with Mr. Galloway's descent, in spite of his inflation of argument at the close. What a splash in the mud!

"I do not mean to prophesy: there is much uncertainty in all human anticipations of the future: yet this may not hinder me from giving warning of evils which, after my judgment, are greatly to be feared. And I do mean to denounce the growing covetousness of Britain, as that which, sooner or later, will be the ruin of her present establishment, and of her present happiness. My opinion as to this stands not alone. Several authors have indicated the danger, among whom perhaps the most express is Mr. Combe."—pp. 539, 540.

ART. XII.—*Switzerland Illustrated and Described.* By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. 2 vols. London: G. Virtue. 1836.

To the readers of history, and of poetry, the Alps are a familiar name. From the days of the Romans, down to the present century, their inaccessible heights, eternal snows, and difficult and precipitous defiles, have given them a celebrity, hardly possessed by any other features of continental Europe. Placed as a natural barrier between nations frequently dissimilar, or hostile to each other, they have stood, abrupt and impenetrable, and the little that man could do, in opening their avenues, or smoothing their passes, remained almost unattempted until the nineteenth century. But within the times of the present generation, and especially within the last ten years, the aspect of these mountains has become less solitary and forbidding. Over nearly all the important defiles, smooth and spacious roads have been constructed, rocks have been penetrated, abysses have been spanned, terraces upon terraces have scaled the loftiest passes—and the traveller who now rolls over them at his ease, secure of comfortable hotels, and regular relays of post-horses, troubles himself little about the difficulties, against which Hannibal urged his elephants, and Bonaparte dragged his artillery.

The mountainous country, usually denominated the Alpine region, covers a great portion of the continental territory of the king of Sardinia, the republic of Switzerland, and the Tyrolese

dominions of Austria, together with portions of the immediately adjacent states. But the great or principal chain may be considered as forming a half oval, or crescent, having the valley of the Po in its centre, and the Gulf of Venice at its base. This chain commences in northern Italy, where it is continuous with the Appenines, and, skirting closely upon the Mediterranean along the Gulf of Genoa, turns to the north through Piedmont and Savoy, in which countries it throws up its loftiest eminences. It then passes easterly through Switzerland and the districts of Tyrol and Carniola, until it is merged in the less elevated ranges of eastern Europe. The geographical effect of this distribution is to separate the waters of the Po from those of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube.

The most interesting features in the Alpine chain, are the depressions, or passable gaps, and the extreme elevations. The depressions, or notches in the summit of the ridge, furnish avenues, over which mankind, following the tracks of the chamois, have constructed mule paths, and afterwards roads practicable for carriages. These are seldom less than five thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and are mostly named from the mountains near which they pass, as the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splügen. The great elevations are for the most part abrupt and towering peaks, many of which, from their sharpness and steep acclivities, have received the appellation of *horns* and *needles*. Among the most elevated peaks are Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin, and Monte Rosa, situated in the chain which divides Piedmont from Savoy and Valais; the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn (the horn of terror), and the Jungfrau, in Switzerland; and the Ortler-spitz in the Tyrol. The distinction of being the highest mountain in Europe has been lately contested between Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. Since the observations of De Saussure, no doubt had been entertained that Mont Blanc was entitled to this precedence. But in 1819, one of the inferior summits of Monte Rosa was ascended by Messrs. Zumstein and Vincent, who took trigonometrical observations of the higher peaks, and arrived at the conclusion that these inaccessible summits were more elevated than the top of Mont Blanc, by some hundreds of feet. Their account, published in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Turin*, immediately drew towards Monte Rosa the attention of the scientific and travelling public, new admeasurements were undertaken, and from an elaborate topographical account and survey of this mountain by Baron Weldon, published at Vienna in 1824, it would appear that the altitude of the two eminences is nearly equal, Mont Blanc, however, having the precedence by about eighty-eight toises.

Mont Blanc derives its name, though not a distinctive one, from its mass of perpetual snows—Monte Rosa from the circular distri-

bution of its peaks, which enclose a central valley or amphitheatre. Mont Blanc has been repeatedly ascended, though with great danger and difficulty, by adventurous travellers; but the upper summits of Monte Rosa, though often attempted, have never yet, we believe, been attained.

On the tops of the loftiest mountains water rests like a mineral substance from age to age, fixed in the form of consolidated ice and snow. Immense masses, which gather upon these heights in winter, seek afterwards a lower level, in obedience to the laws of nature. This fluctuation, the result of necessary influences, gives birth to scenes of unequalled sublimity and beauty, and actuates, as it were, the moving scenery of the Alps. The cascade, the torrent, the progressive glacier, and the overwhelming avalanche, are but the shiftings by which a disturbed element seeks to resume its wonted equilibrium.

The traveller, passing in summer through the valleys of the Alpine regions, sees often before him what appears to be a white thread, suspended from the mountain side. This he finds to be a waterfall, and is struck with the great length of the cascade, perhaps five or six hundred feet, compared with the slender dimensions of the stream which constitutes it. These cascades generally reach the ground by successive leaps; but now and then a case occurs, in which the fall is unbroken, and the apparent slowness, the effect of distance, with which the air is traversed by the descending waves and volumes of spray, gives to the spectator the idea of something which floats, rather than falls. We recollect to have seen instances, in which a considerable stream jetting from the top of a precipice, was dissolved in spray, and wholly lost to the sight, before it had accomplished half its destined descent. A brook, starting from beneath, and fed by the perpetual shower, gave evidence that the material of this beautiful illusion was not lost. A fall of this kind, singularly picturesque, is seen in the vale of Misocco, on the southern side of the Bernardino passage. The celebrated fall of Staubbach, in Lauterbrunnen, nine hundred feet in height, is of the same description.

The long valleys which separate the mountainous spurs, usually afford beds for torrents, constituting the head waters, from which are accumulated the great continental rivers. These frequently occupy the bottoms of deep ravines, and when swollen with rains, or melted snows, exhibit a scene of obstructed, yet irresistible violence, which impresses the spectator with the deepest awe. On the principal roads, these are crossed by bridges of substantial masonry, in constructing which it seems often wonderful how the workmen could have found support. In some cases, we are told, it was found necessary to suspend stagings upon cords from precipices far above them. In the wilder and less frequented paths, frail

wooden bridges, and sometimes trunks of fallen trees, constitute the means of passing. It has happened that, in cases of emergency, both men and animals have crossed these torrents, even without the aid of bridges, and in the face of difficulties seemingly insurmountable. In 1800, a detachment of French troops under General Bethencourt, was ordered to occupy the pass of Yéselles, and proceed upon Domo d'Ossola. Their march was interrupted by the destruction of a bridge, which led round a precipice and over an abyss sixty feet in width. A volunteer, at great hazard of his life, by supporting himself against the sides of the precipice, in the holes cut for the timbers, succeeded in carrying a rope to the opposite side. Upon this rope, suspended over the abyss, with their feet braced against the lateral wall, or such other objects as might present, the whole detachment passed, one by one, the commander setting the first example. The names of the officers are now engraved upon the rock. When the last man had left the bank, five dogs, which belonged to the party, threw themselves into the current. Three of them were carried down, while the others, by dint of greater strength, succeeded in gaining the opposite side, and couched, half dead, at the feet of their masters.

The avalanches take place whenever the mass of snow accumulated on the heights, becomes, either from its own weight, or the insufficiency of its base, incapable of supporting itself. The avalanches of different seasons are not equally dangerous. Those of summer are confined to the highest mountains, and seldom reach the places frequented by mankind. Those of winter also, though sometimes terrible in their effects, yet being often composed of the light and new-fallen snow, slide downwards in smaller masses and with less violence, so that men and beasts have been dug out unharmed from beneath them. But the avalanches of spring, which take place after the sun has begun to loosen the hold by which projecting masses are detained on the brink of precipitous summits, are by far the most dangerous and destructive. Imagination can hardly conceive the fearful sublimity and havoc with which these descents are attended. Columns of consolidated snow, whose extent the eye can hardly span, sweeping downwards for mile after mile, bearing with them the loosened rocks and uprooted forests, and discharging themselves at length on the valleys below with a violence under which the earth trembles, are the common and yearly phenomena of these romantic regions. A fallen avalanche sometimes covers more than a league of country. The concussion of the atmosphere is so great, that houses have been overthrown, and men prostrated, at a distance from the scene of devastation. At the season of avalanches, when the impending masses are just ready to lose their hold, the inhabitants believe that the smallest noise, or shock given to the atmosphere, may start them into motion. Hence, in

many places, they take off the bells from their horses and cattle, and steal silently through the dangerous paths, choosing the early part of the day, before the sun has begun to act with power. It is also common to discharge a musket, by way of proof, before entering the suspected defiles.

As in other mountainous countries, not only the snow, but sometimes the earth itself is loosened and slides downward, carrying desolation in its progress. A remarkable slide of this kind occurred at the village of Goldau, in 1806. In September, after a long continuance of rain, one of the summits of the Rossberg was detached from the mountain and fell into the valley and lake beneath, overwhelming the villages of Goldau, Boussingen, and Rothen. The houses, cattle, and nearly five hundred of the inhabitants, were destroyed by this event. Some travellers from Berne arrived at Art, and set off on foot for the Rhigi, a few minutes before this catastrophe. A part, who were behind the rest, observed that some strange commotion was taking place on the summit of the Rossberg, and immediately a flight of stones, like cannon balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard, and they fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated, as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends who had preceded them—but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos. Nothing was left of Goldau but the bell, which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. About fourteen miserable objects were dug out alive, from beneath the ruins.

The vestiges of catastrophes, similar to the above, are seen in various parts of Switzerland. At the entrance of the Val Blegno, not far above Belinzonna, may be seen the vast *debris* of a mountain, which fell across this valley, in the year 1512. The fallen mass arrested the course of the river Blegno, and formed a large lake, which continued above two hundred years; but which in 1714 burst a passage, and swept its way, with great destruction of lives and property, into the Lago Maggiore.

The name of glaciers, in its broadest sense, has been implied to all accumulations of ice and snow, which remain through the year upon elevated mountains. In its more limited meaning, it is restricted to those masses of hardened snow, which occupy the higher valleys and northern sides of ridges, extending downward to the borders of vegetation. They are generally found in the valleys and chasms, which run from east to west, in which they are more protected from the rays of the sun. Those of them which have much inclination, exhibit a diversified surface, which has been compared to the waves of the sea during a storm. The alternate

thawing and freezing of a portion of the snow, gives to the remainder, among which it percolates, a degree of density approaching that of solid ice. The depth of the glaciers is supposed to be from one to six hundred feet and upwards. Vast crevices and chasms intersect the entire mass, opposing serious impediments in the way of adventurers who traverse them, and exhibiting the interior ice of a dark blue appearance to the eye. It usually happens, that in the lowest glaciers, the heat of the earth, especially during summer, dissolves the ice at the bottom, giving rise to extensive vaults, from beneath which streams of water issue. A striking instance of this kind is seen in the source of the Arveiron, which takes its rise under the Mer de Glace, in the neighbourhood of Chamouni. Some of these vaults have been found a hundred feet in height, and sufficiently extensive to undermine portions of the glacier, which settle down upon them with tremendous noise. Where there is sufficient declivity the glacier advances, during these changes, towards the subjacent valley, and thus appears to extend itself by a sort of natural growth. When Sir J. E. Smith visited the Montanvert in 1787, the Arveiron derived its source from several cascades, which fell from the top of the glacier, a sufficient evidence that it had then settled so as to obliterate the cavities underneath. Rocks of large size are occasionally carried along on the surface of the glacier, serving as land-marks to measure the progress of the whole mass. Others are accumulated in high ridges along the borders of the ice, constituting what are called *moraines*. From Mont Blanc to the Tyrol the number of glaciers is not less than 400, many of which are six or seven leagues in length. It is not to be understood that the uniform tendency of these bodies is to extend themselves. During warm seasons they sometimes diminish in a very rapid manner, by the melting of their lower extremity.

Previously to the year 1800, and even at a later period, most travellers who entered Italy from the north, were obliged to cross the Alps by mule paths, never convenient, and sometimes extremely difficult. The transportation of merchandise, and especially of warlike stores and artillery, was an undertaking of the most arduous character, of which the passage of the Grand St. Bernard by the French invading army in 1800, is a well known example. After the conquest of the Italian states, the enterprise of Napoleon Bonaparte planned and executed two great military roads, practicable for carriages and artillery, one extending from Geneva to Milan, across the Simplon; and the other leading over the pass of Mont Cenis, and opening a communication from Lyons to Turin. These roads, it is but small praise to say, impress every traveller with astonishment, and are monuments of consummate skill in the engineers, who seem to have brought Herculean powers to subdue what nature had intended to be insurmountable. In the Strada Semplone at

Milan, a triumphal arch was begun by Napoleon, at the termination of the Simplon road, to commemorate the completion of his stupendous enterprise. It is of white marble, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the victories and treaties of the Emperor. After his fall, this structure, one of the largest and most beautiful of its kind, was suffered to remain unfinished, and was even threatened with dilapidation. Travellers who arrived from the mountains, fresh in their admiration, were accustomed to vent their displeasure upon the penurious jealousy of the Austrian government, which neglected to complete this monument, covered as it was with the testimonies of their own humiliation. But Napoleon is now a dead lion; the Austrians resumed the work, and the structure is completed. Unfortunately, however, for the objects of the founder, they have not been content to complete the structure, but have likewise gone on to complete the history. The tablets beneath, which represent the battle of Marengo, and the humiliating treaties which followed, are allowed to remain unharmed; but they are surmounted with others of equal execution, setting forth the battle of Waterloo and the abdication of Bonaparte. Broad highways are completed over the Cornice, the Col de Tende, the Genève, the Bernardino, the Splügen, the Brenner, and the Stelvio. The St. Gothard is open for carriages, and a road over the Maloya is finished. Upon most of them the yearly influx of travellers to Italy has justified the establishment of regular post houses.

To Napoleon is due the credit of having set the example, and proved the usefulness of these great avenues. But twenty-two years of peace, which have followed his dethronement, while they have indefinitely increased the amount of communication between Italy and other countries, have at the same time afforded to the governments concerned, the leisure and means requisite for multiplying these works of public utility.

The Alpine highways resemble each other in their great features, and are among the proudest constructions of art. They would almost impress us with the belief, that nothing is impracticable to ingenuity and labour. These roads usually pursue the course of streams or valleys, gaining a higher level on their sides, as occasion offers; and at length climbing the principal ridge by what are called *torniquets*, a succession of terraces connected at their ends alternately in a serpentine manner. Their course often lies along the sides of precipices, jutting out over fearful depths, or crossing torrents and ravines upon bridges of giddy height. Sometimes it appears as if the road had come to an end, against an insuperable steep, or projecting spur of the mountain. But here the skill of the engineer eludes the difficulty, sometimes by throwing a bridge through the air, to the opposite side, and sometimes by entering the rock itself with a subterranean gallery. In places particularly

exposed to avalanches, the road either buries itself in the rock, or is protected by massive stone arches, forming covered ways over the passages exposed. Much injury still is done, every year, to these roads by the descents of snow and of water, and they are kept in repair at great expense by the governments to which they respectively belong.

The highest of the passes over which a carriage road has been constructed, is that of the Monte Stelvio, on the route from Botzen to Milan. It was made by the Emperor of Austria, since 1814, to establish a communication with the Milanese, without quitting his own territory. The summit ridge, which it crosses, is more than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seven hundred above the estimated line of perpetual snow in its latitude. This great elevation rendered it one of the most arduous roads in its formation, as it is one of the most difficult to keep in repair. It was found necessary to construct from two to three thousand feet of galleries or covered ways, to shelter the road from avalanches and falling rocks, which sweep over it in certain places. On this road, the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-spitz opens suddenly on the view of the traveller, with a vast and appalling effect, as it is seen from its extreme summit to its base, robed in everlasting snows, which descend on its sides in enormous glaciers, and stream into the valley below. Immense masses of rock, in themselves mountains, throw out their black and scathed forms, in striking contrast with the brightness of the glaciers which they separate. This part of the route, or rather the whole ascent from Drofoi, is without a parallel in Alpine scenery.

The passage of the Brenner, leading from Inspruck to the Lago di Guarda and Verona, is the lowest which crosses the great chain of Alps, being only 4700 feet above the level of the sea. It is also one of the oldest of these roads. A dark narrow valley, between Sterzing and Mittenwald, is famous for having been the place of a successful resistance of the Tyrolese, under Andrew Hofer, against the French and Bavarian army in 1809. Great numbers of the latter were destroyed, by stones rolled down upon them from the heights which overhang the defile.

The pass of the Splugen, leading from Coire, the capital of the Grisons, to Lake Como, surpasses, in magnificent, sublime and awful scenery, every other carriage road in Europe. It is the deep and narrow gorge through which the Hinter Rhine makes its escape from the mountains, between mural precipices a thousand feet in height, and just far enough asunder, for about four miles, to furnish a scanty bed to the torrent. How the Romans made their way through this chasm, into Rætia, or the barbarians afterwards broke through the same track into Italy, no one at the present day can imagine, except by supposing them to have diverged to the neigh-

bouring mountains ; for the sides of the chasm are perpendicular rock, and the bottom is monopolized in a most unqualified manner, by the furious and turbulent Rhine. The modern road is a shelf, or notch, formed about midway in the precipice, and several times disappearing within the rock, for many rods together. A bridge crosses the chasm at such a height, that the Rhine, always chafed and foaming, looks from it like a white cord in the perpendicular distance ; and a large stone, dropped from the parapet, seems floating for several seconds in the air, and when it strikes the water, a loud explosion is sent upward. In November and December, 1800, a French army of reserve, under Macdonald, crossed the Splügen, enduring the horrors and hardships of an Alpine winter, being arrested by the obliteration of the path, and losing many men and horses by the avalanches. The sufferings of this passage are recorded by Count Philip de Segur, a well known historian of military disasters.

On the north side of the ridge of Splügen, and near the village of the same name, a road diverges through the valley of the Rhienwald, and crossing Mount Bernardino, follows the course of the Moesa till it joins the Ticino, and the road from St. Gothard. It then continues to the Lago Maggiore, and a branch of it to the Lugano. On the principal lakes there are now established steamboats, which ply daily between the extremities of these waters. We observed, that they generally bear the classical names of the lakes which they traverse, as *Il Lario*, *Il Verbano*, *Le Leman*, &c. The scenery afforded by the passage through Lakes Como and Maggiore is exquisitely picturesque.

Persons going from central Switzerland by Altorf to the Lake Maggiore, may now cross in carriages the pass of St. Gothard, celebrated alike for its romantic scenery and its military history. The name of Suvaroff is engraved on a rock, near the desolate summit, at a place where that commander obtained a victory over the French in 1799. The celebrated Devil's Bridge, over the torrent of the Reuss, is a single arch of seventy feet span, thrown across a rushing cataract, at the height of a hundred feet above the water. It is impossible to think of such a structure, in such a situation, without shuddering at the idea of the danger to which those who built it must have been exposed. Yet this bridge has more than once been the scene of conflicts between the French and Imperialists, in the campaign of 1799 ; and once during the heat of an engagement, while the French under Lecourbe were in the act of charging the Austrians, thirty feet of the bridge separated and fell from the parapets, precipitating all who were upon it into the gulf below.

The fame of the route of the Simplon has reached all persons, who have interested themselves about the Alps, or Napoleon Bonaparte. It has been customary for most travellers to take this road either in

going into Italy, or in returning from it, thus gaining a direct conveyance between Geneva and Milan. Considered as a work of art, the Simplon road probably exceeds all the others, in the neatness and architectural finish of its parapets and bridges; and it is exceeded by none in the magnitude of the difficulties overcome by the French and Italian engineers employed in its construction. The great gallery near Gondo is 596 feet long, and is cut through solid granite. Its southern extremity, where a bridge crosses the waterfall of Frassinone, at the entrance of an impassable gorge, is almost unequalled in picturesque and imposing effect. The gallery has lateral openings to admit the light, opposite to one of which the following inscription is cut in the rock—*ÆRE ITALO 1805*. The part of the road which is on the Swiss side of the Simplon, was completed by French engineers; but the southern half, which is by far the most difficult, was executed by Italian artificers, under the Chevalier Fabbroni, at the expense of the Italian States.

The valley through which this road passes, extending through the Canton of Valais to the Pays de Vaud, is enclosed by a rampart of the highest mountains in Europe, having the peaks of Piedmont on one side, and the Bernese Alps on the other, some of which rise more than 10,000 feet above it. It has been considered as the deepest valley in the known world. Aware of this circumstance, the traveller receives from the scenery around him, impressions of sublimity, such as belong only to the presence of natural objects, which are known to be unequalled in their kind. Beyond the immediate effect on the senses, there is a deep and commanding interest, a pervading solemnity, which call on us to pay homage, to what has never been outdone. But in this valley the beautiful also mingles with the sublime, and the solitudes which shelter in its infant growth, one of the most rapid and turbulent of rivers, have gathered round it the elements of fitness, which convey to the mind ideas of a recess and sanctuary of nature.

“ 'Tis lone,
And wonderful and deep, and hath a sound
And sense and sight of sweetness. Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch—the Alps have reared a throne.”

The pass of Mount Cenis, already mentioned, and that of Mount Genève, made by Napoleon between Grenoble and Turin, are carriage roads, possessing features of the same general kind with those which have been described. But the Cornice, or Mediterranean road, is essentially different from the rest, being not so much a pass of the Alps, as it is a passage by which the Alps are avoided. It is true that the Maritime Alps here come down to the sea so abruptly, as to leave no room for a level passage between the mountains and the water. Nevertheless an excellent road is now

constructed, which no where rises to a great height, and by which invalids travel to Nice and to Italy, at all seasons of the year. The Mediterranean way was known to the ancients, and it was by this pass that Julius Cæsar penetrated into Italy when about to engage in his contest with Pompey. This road presents, from many of its eminences, splendid views of the sea beneath, while, on the other hand, it is distinctly seen along the coast, from the steam boats, which ply between Marseilles and Genoa.

It will be observed that the roads which have been made practicable for carriages, are principally large thoroughfares, by which intercourse is carried on between Italy and the adjacent states. But a vast number of mountain passes, in less frequented directions, are still travelled only by pedestrians and mules; or in some cases by a low, narrow carriage, called a *char à banc*. Of this kind are the various avenues to the vale of Chamouni, the fearful pass of Gemmi near the baths of Lenk, the defiles of the Grimsel and Gries which approach the sources of the Rhone, the various paths by which the Oberland is traversed, numerous tracks which lead up the sides of mountains, among which should not be forgotten the Wingernalp, beautifully described by Simond, from which the traveller in mid-summer, witnesses in safety the hourly fall of avalanches from the opposite side of the Jungfran.

The passes of the Great and Little St. Bernard are interesting from their proximity to Mont Blanc, lying on opposite sides of it; also from their scenery and historical associations. The former is well known for the Hospice, situated near its summit, inhabited by a benevolent order of monks, whose business is to rescue and relieve distressed travellers. It may seem singular that neither of these long and well known passages has yet been made the site of a carriage road. But the king of Sardinia has shown himself less fond of public improvements of this kind, than his more communicative neighbours.

A controversy has been agitated with some zeal, in regard to the particular pass by which Hannibal crossed the Alps with his Carthaginian army. Different speculators, who have endeavoured to trace his track, by the histories of Livy and Polybius, have assigned the Monte Viso, the Genèvre, and the Mont Cenias, as corresponding in their situation and character to the route he is said to have pursued. In a work entitled "A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by a member of the University of Oxford," the author, after an elaborate investigation of the subject, decides on the Little St. Bernard, as the true route of the Carthaginian army. Hannibal, it seems, on his arrival from Spain, crossed the Rhone, probably somewhere near Avignon, and ascended that river above its confluence with the Isaire. He afterwards passed eastwardly towards the mountains, encountering the Allobroges and

other warlike tribes on the way. It is to be regretted that the names of places are not marked with sufficient distinctness by Polybius, the historian, who is chiefly relied on in this matter.

We ought not to quit the subject of the Alps, without pausing long enough to pay due homage to the modern exploit, which has been repeatedly performed, of ascending some of the high mountains, and particularly Mont Blanc, to the summit. This journey has now been achieved by about a score of individuals, of whom a great part are English, and whose names may be seen posted at some of the inns on the road to Chamouni. The enterprise is one of great danger and hardship, and since the small scientific harvest, which it affords, has been reaped to the gleanings, by De Saussure, the only reward, which the adventurer now obtains is the satisfaction of breathing "the cold, thin atmosphere," of the highest point in Europe, at the expense of inflamed eyes and frozen extremities, the result of successive nights passed upon icy rocks, or snows, in a highly rarified air. De Saussure's narrative is familiar to scientific readers.

With the inhabitants of the Alpine country, with Savoyards, Swiss, and Tyrolese, the book-reading, as well as the song-singing, portions of the community, are already well acquainted. Their simple, hardy, and adventurous character, and frugal mode of life, have many charms for distant ears; and the inflexible spirit with which they have maintained their independence, is deserving of all praise.

The work which stands at the head of this article, comprises a magnificent assemblage of engraved views of Alpine scenery, accompanied by a text agreeably written, and evincing historical knowledge and a talent for discriminating observation. It is, taken altogether, one of the most splendid works that has issued from the press, in illustration of the most romantic country in Europe.

ART. XIII.—*Beauties of the Country; or, Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons.* By THOMAS MILLER. Author of "A Day in the Woods." London: Van Voorst. 1837.

THE most superficial reader could not fail of forming a just opinion regarding the promise which the author of "A Day in the Woods" gave in that charming and unpretending work. The tenderness, and the freshness of poetic feeling that flowed and gushed throughout that production, manifestly came from a copious fountain, whose streams had not yet disclosed that sweeping breadth and crystal purity which they are capable of exhibiting. The volume now before us is a fulfilment of much of the promise alluded to. There are here more various tokens of power, of sound taste, and anxious

culture, than the former book evinced ; and yet there seems to be more of nature in the performance, as if the author trusted more confidently to himself, and thought less of being fine than of being forcible.

The title of the work points to a subject, that has been often treated upon a similar plan ; and yet so abundant and pleasing are the topics which the Country furnishes, in the course of a twelve-months' history, both for description and the disportings of the imagination, that no number of writers can ever exhaust the charming materials belonging to the theme, provided each has been a patient and earnest wanderer amongst its ever-changing scenery, and provided each be faithful to his own experience and individual suggestions.

Now, Mr. Miller is one of the best informed and enthusiastic observers of the Country that we have ever met with. We presume that in pursuing his laborious trade of basket-making he has often, and at all seasons of the year, had occasion to traverse the provinces far and near. Accordingly he has become acquainted with not only everything that is beautiful in rural scenery, but everything that is engaging in rural life. He not only describes the most characteristic appearances for every month in the year, which fall within the limits of botany and natural history, without, however, their technicalities, but whatever is poetical in life. Rural sports, customs, and superstitions, are thus made subservient to the main design of the work. Many an English village has been ransacked for this purpose : and while whatever that is most interesting to the imagination is brought before the reader, which such subjects can offer, a great deal of useful knowledge is communicated. The book is therefore made the vehicle of much sound morality and religious feeling, which the benevolent character of the author renders doubly attractive.

Although much of the volume consists of extracts, both in verse and prose, from the best writers who have preceded him in his peculiar line, yet these are so skilfully disposed, and set in such a becoming framework of original matter, that it may be said, all that is really good, whether belonging to the author's stores, or to others, is here to be found ; showing a deep and familiar acquaintance with the finest pastoral poets and choicest spirits who have luxuriated among rural scenes. After an introductory poem, which chaunts the Beauties of the Country, and a chapter descriptive of the pleasures and benefits of a life there spent, each month of the year, beginning with January, has an appropriate chapter. And to give the volume a more exquisite aspect, it is beautifully illustrated by engravings after the pencil of Mr. Edward Lambert.

In reviewing a work like the present, little else is required, after a short account of its plan, than to cite a few passages, to show how

the author has observed nature and rural life, and to what good purpose he has turned the things described, as matter for touching reflections. In January, take Snow for a theme.

"The snow is also very beautiful when it has first fallen. Many of our poets have had recourse to the snow-flake for images of innocence and purity; nor do I know a fitter emblem than a falling flake, ere it receives the stain of earth. There are but few things with which we can compare snow. The Psalmist says, 'He giveth the snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' It is usual to say, 'as pale as death.' Byron has written, her eyes 'were black as death.' Thomson thus beautifully describes the appearance of a heavy fall of snow:—

'All on a sudden now the cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current; low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and here the languid Sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.'

"How beautiful appears the sky at this season in frosty weather! the full round moon lighting the whitened earth, glancing upon tree and turret, mountain and river, in which the glittering stars are mirrored. We gaze upon them and think of the bygone days when our forefathers ploughed the wide waste of waters without compass or chart, guided by the stars alone. The shepherd-boy gazes upward as he returns from foddering his cattle, and thinks of the daisies of summer scattered, like them, upon the green earth. Our attention is arrested by their beauty; we see their dazzling silver twinkling in the deep blue of midnight, and wonder what they are. Oh! they may be worlds peopled like ours, with valleys flower-bordered, and greenwoods waving under sunny skies. Or are they the abodes of blessed spirits—beings who have passed through this vale of tears, and are now placed in those starry dwellings, far from care and sorrow?

'Tis midnight! on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining;
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray!

So sang Byron; and we think of those hours when care sat heavily upon the heart—when we wandered abroad in such a scene, amid the stillness of the hills, by the dreaming forest, and called death 'soft names in many a

mused rhyme,' and wished to 'cease upon the midnight with no pain,' and gazed on the blue sky, the burning stars, the serenity of earth and air, all silent as the grave. Then we fain would have peered through the azure vault, or listened to those voices which we once loved, singing now beyond the moon, far away in the echoing domes of heaven. 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?'

"I know not what effect snow has upon the air in retarding the progress of sound; but I have often observed that everything which at other times is heard distinct, is now muffled. The ringing of a bell, shouting, the firing of a gun, the barking of a dog, all appear far more distant. And in those sounds which we are accustomed to hear daily, the change is at first surprising. The whole highway is covered with snow several inches thick: the village streets appear silent; you see the usual stir, but they move more like things in dreams. The huge waggon, which at other times shakes the earth with its load, now moves along a thing of silence; even the horses' feet are muffled. You are obliged to look sharply behind and around you, or some hasty rider will be upon you as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. Even the bullock driven by the butcher lows upon your ear before you are aware of his presence. Then to see all the snow-covered cottages rising one above another on the hill-side, 'piled high like cloud on cloud,' dimly gleaming under a white sky too, as 'if earth and heaven were formed of snow.' Then to see the anxiety of the farmers in the morning, going out to examine their fields, looking over the hedges or standing upon some gate to number their sheep; and if they miss one, exploring all the hollows where the snow has drifted, and at last, perhaps, finding it grazing securely knee deep in some ditch on the few green things that yet remain."

This specimen lets the reader see how minutely and closely the author has watched the appearances of Nature, and how richly he has stored his mind with the finest reflections that have ever been recorded in reference to the same phenomena. Another extract from the same month introduces the reader to some other subjects of interest and poetic imaginings.

"Rosemary buds this month; and although it is but little noticed in our day excepting in a few out-of-the-way villages, it was held in great esteem by our ancestors. Formerly they used it to stir their foaming tankards, which held more good things than they do now. It was also usual to dip this plant in their cups at a wedding, before drinking the health of the new-married couple; and it was borne before the bride at marriages, and sometimes strewed upon the path of the bridal party as they returned from church: the couch was also decorated with rosemary. Shakespeare, who took great note of old customs, puts rosemary into the hands of Ophelia, who presents it as a remembrance. The bier of the dead was adorned with this herb; and we read of a young bride dying on her wedding-day, and the rosemary which was destined for her bridal was used to grace her funeral. In an old play, one of the characters wishes for his friend to have at his funeral

'A sprig of rosemary, dipt in common water,
To smell at as they walk along the streets.'

"Herrick in his *Hesperides* thus addresses the rosemary.

'Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my bridal or my burial.'

"The custom of dragging a plough through the towns and villages on Plough Monday, is still preserved in Lincolnshire among the peasantry. They also repeat some verses, of which I remember but little, although I have no doubt of their antiquity. They seldom failed to obtain a sufficient sum of money to furnish them with a supper in the evening; when they assembled with their sweethearts at the public-house, and danced in all the finery of paint, ribands, and masks. Generally one of them was dressed in woman's costume, and enacted the part of Maid Marian, singing also something beginning with

'When Robin Hood and me
Lived under the greenwood tree,
So merrily, so merrily.'

Their antics bore no bad resemblance to Jim Crow, having in them innumerable 'wheel-about's' and 'turn-about's,' especially the above-mentioned gentleman, who figured in a gaudy-coloured print gown, borrowed doubtless from some dairy-maid, whose waist bore a greater resemblance to an animated apple-dumpling than the Venus of Canova. Others were dressed in white smockfrocks, stitched and ornamented at the bosoms; they carried long waggon-whips over their shoulders, which they were at times compelled to use on the backs and legs of the boys, who were always ready with the epithets of 'country joskins,' 'clodhoppers,' and such like phrases; and when the 'ploughboys had drunk pretty freely, war was sometimes waged between them and the warriors of the market-town. Then followed a scene which it would be difficult to describe—Maid Marian being the point of contest, and *his* gown the banner for which the enemy struggled."

Has the reader ever met with more vivid notices of Spring than we here quote?

"Spring is come at last! There is a primrose colour on the sky,—there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April if you choose;—I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more loveable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest,—and abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm, and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty; and

if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle Sun! he, too, soon forgets the tender maiden, clothed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears.

"Oh! how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields; to set one's foot upon nine daisies—a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the skylark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

‘Singing above, a voice of light;’

to hear the blackbird's mellow flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of Summer! All these are sights and sounds calculated to elevate the heart above its puny cares and trifling sorrows, and to throw around it a repose, calm and spirit-like as the scene whose beauty hushed its heavings. There is an invisible chord—a golded link of love, between our souls and Nature: it is no separate thing—no distinct object, but a yearning affection towards the whole of her works. We love the blue sky, the rolling river, the beautiful flowers, and the green earth; we are enraptured with the old hills and the hoary forests. The whistling reeds say something soothing to us; there is a cheering voice in the unseen wind; and the gurgling brook, as it babbles along, carries with it a melody of other years—the tones of our playfellows, the gentle voice of a lost mother, or the echo of a sweet tongue that scarcely dared to murmur its love. Who is there that is not a worshipper of Nature? Look at the parties who emerge from the breathless alleys of the metropolis when the trees have put on their summer clothing!—Listen to their merry laughter floating over the wide fields from beneath the broad oak where they are seated: the cares, and the vexations, and the busy calculations of this work-a-day world are forgotten, and they loosen their long-chained minds and set them free to dally with the waving flowers. They join in chorus with the birds, and the trees, and the free streams; and, sending their songs after the merry breeze, triumph over pain and care."

An English village is also pictured to the life, and is as unlike what a Cockney would call rural, as his suburban trimmings are to the untortured luxuriance of nature.

"I never look upon the free, open green in our English villages, which no one seems to claim for his own, and see the large old solitary oak, elm, or sycamore towering in its centre, and spreading its shadowy branches above the rude benches that surround its trunk, but I think of the many good and evil tidings which have for ages been talked of there. It is so perfect an English picture, to see the old men, when their day's work is done, assemble there one after another, smoking their long pipes, and sitting down to talk over the progress of crops, the appearance of the weather, the health and prosperity or adversity of their neighbours, while their children are rolling and laughing upon the unclaimed grass, or playing with the harmless shepherd's-dog. And then to observe the knowing looks of the older children, drinking in the words of the elders with wonder, and

marvelling in their little minds how such things can be—how care can exist in a world where there are so many bird's-nests, so much good milk, such large hunches of brown bread and cheese, and so many green fields and beautiful flowers! And then the strange conclusions they leap to when among themselves,—the various versions of what they have heard, and the wonderful constructions they put upon things too weighty for their intellects! Even then you may trace dawns of the stronger minds; the doubting look, the unwillingness to give credence to the decision, the knowing shake of the head, and all those little motions which indicate doubt. The questions they put to their parents, the sparkling of their eyes when their minds are just able to grapple with the subject, and the shrewd way in which they make their inquiries, are well worth studying. Then to look round the green, and see all those little whitewashed cottages, so neatly thatched, seldom containing more than one story, but each standing upon plenty of ground, with a little garden at the front, a few beehives, or a row of milk-pans, all clean and arranged in order; some of the fronts overgrown with woodbine, which in their unchecked luxuriance have partially hidden the parlour-window. Then to think of the beauty, the health, the repose that breathe around such spots: the singing of birds, the humming-bees, the gaudy butterflies, passing or crossing each other; the waving of the trees, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, the neighing of young colts; the milkmaid's song as she walks past with well-filled pail, or sits under some pleasant tree: all these are things that sink into the heart—sights that we sigh for in the dense city, amid the roll of carriages and the vociferations of jostled passengers. Then to see the sun set upon such a tranquil scene; the blue smoke rising in unbended pillars and mixing with the deep foliage; the sloping beam gilding a distant rivulet, or bathing in crimson the top of a far-off wood; the church-spire rising in its grey antiquity, and looking down upon the lovely groves scattered at its base; the dim outline of the hills, the faint mist spreading over the valleys, a bell just heard from some neighbouring village, the falling weir, the bay of a distant mastiff, the clap of an old gate, the song of the ploughboy returning home! Live not all these images in the heart, chasing away even care while we contemplate them, and throwing a soothing tranquillity over the soul—a rest which we remember, a poetry which owns no words, a delight which can never be forgotten?

“Then to wander up some sequestered lane, scarcely different from the fields in respect to grass, so few were the vehicles that traversed it; the long high hedges on each side and the tall trees that arched overhead almost shutting out every other prospect! On the shelving bank the beautiful blue periwinkle spreads itself, throwing out its bright leaves and limber runners, or mingling its lovely flowers with the wild rose to which it has climbed. Hawthorns, which have never been pruned, but left alone to the hand of Nature, have assumed the appearance of the skirts of a forest, so thick, so high, so impenetrable have they grown. The fragrant honeysuckle dangles before you, sweeping across the face as if inviting you to inhale its odour; and the mossy banks rise high on each hand, green and cool, a couch not to be despised. Oh! what a place is that for violets and primroses! what hundreds have been gathered there!—ay, perhaps, years ago, hoary old men can tell you how they wandered there in spring when

they were children, and filled their little pinafores and came home laden with boughs of May. And many a sad mother recollects that lane, for there she plucked the flowers with which she adorned the coffin of her innocent child.—What numbers of birds assemble there! Every step you take startles some sweet songster, who hurries away until you have passed into the sunnier fields. Even their nests are secure there: the depth of the hedges and the dark umbrage of the overhanging trees conceal them from the lynx-eyes of the young urchin; or if he chance to catch a glimpse of one, the impenetrable barrier of old hawthorns and briars renders his exertions useless. These are choice places for snail-shells, some of them of the richest colours, striped with regular lines of crimson, and yellow, and black. The boys often collect them, and extracting the snail, press the points of the shells together, and he whose shell is first broken, is considered beaten: they sometimes find a shell that will break scores without being fractured, and happy is the wight who owns such a one!"

Here follow some choice sentiments with which we have often sympathized. It is the month of May that the writer is describing.

"The sap begins to flow through the trees, and the woodman is busied in stripping the bark from their long trunks. No one unacquainted with wood-scenery can imagine the rich odour that arises from a newly-felled tree;—the green boughs resign their breath with a sweet fragrance—they die

‘In the odour of scantity.’

I dislike to see these ancient druids prostrated—these

‘Green-robed senators of mighty woods,’

as Keats has happily called them. It is a sad sight to see their beautiful branches scattered around the gigantic bole which, like an affectionate parent, had so long nurtured them; and the crimson chips showered in every direction, as if staining the tender grass; while all ‘their budding honours’ look withered and mournful, and will never again shelter the gentle dove or the lute-tongued nightingale! Still the iron trunk has its glory, and will bear the dreaded thunder of Britain over stormy seas, and growl defiance in the face of our enemies, nor remember its quiet home in the green forest."

The scene that is next painted, forms a perfect landscape picture.

"How beautiful appears an old English park, with its long lines of moss-covered walls extending for miles, built of small bricks, and upheld against the crumbling finger of Time by massy buttresses! We look through the huge iron gates that swing upon the tall stone pillars, each crowned with a couchant greyhound, and see the long carriage-path, overhung with its noble rows of elms, with here and there a sunbeam bursting through the branches and making the yellow gravel glitter like gold. Farther down is seen an old fountain pouring its clear stream into a large conch-shell of granite, while a stony Triton bends above it, as if for ever listening to the music-making waters. We hear the low murmuring, and the air around us feels cooler at the sound, as if we felt the silver spray playing upon our cheek. Above the dead-eyed Triton, round whose

brow the green ivy has twined, stands a peacock with his gorgeous train expanded, screaming at intervals, and drowning the fountain's sound. We see the ancient oaks rearing their gnarled arms over the hills and valleys, and extending their shadows to the fern and gorse, and golden broom, standing with their burnished helmets in the sunlight. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of some stately swan arching its silver neck and scudding along the broad lake, just descried by the straggling beam that sleeps upon its surface, glinting between the trees above the tall rushes that skirt its margin. Herds of deer are also scattered in picturesque positions, some lifting up their antlered heads, and browsing upon the young branches that fall within their reach, while others lie upon the cool grass beneath the deep umbrage of old trees, or are trooping through the open glades at full speed; now glancing by some winding avenue, then bounding over some distant hillock, and anon lost in the far-off thicket.

"We hear the cawing of rooks as they hover round their airy city, buried in the rich foliage of the elms. The soft coo of the ringdoves comes upon the whispering wind that sweeps lazily by us laden with the perfume of the woodbine, which floated on with that mourning sound. The lowing of kine reaches us from some rich pasture hidden from our sight by the clustering beeches; we see the long-eared hare nestling on her seat in a tuft of high grass, or the rabbit hopping across some footpath, and hastening to its burrow in the sandbank by the young plantation; and the hawk wheeling above the summit of the gnarled hawthorn, or poising himself over his prey, and then dropping like a plummet from out of sight; while the heron wafts herself above the tops of the tall pines, now seen for a moment sweeping over a sea of branches, then vanishing in the distance, or alighting by the still lakes in quest of food. We see portions of the old Hall through the openings of the trees; here a turret arises, towering above the topmost bough of a large oak; there a stack of chimneys are seen, the blue smoke curling in fantastic wreaths between the foliage; while glimpses of lawns and shrubberies, and grey pillars, and glittering windows, and the cackling of hens, and the gabbling of ducks, and the deep baying of the mastiff, and the low bleating of some pet lamb, tell us that wealth, and happiness, and beauty, with all pleasant sights and sounds, are embosomed among the tall trees.

'There, plunged amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood;
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hills, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak.' "

We might go through every month, and cull numberless passages as beautiful and engaging as any now selected. Whenever it is scenery that the author describes, one sees and feels at once that he

speaks like one who has lived much in the country, and has looked on every ordinary appearance with a poet's eye, so as to connect the whole with the most impressive sentiments. His very trees look soft and feathery when he speaks of them; we see them green and alive, and love as if they could reciprocate the affection.

But we must take our leave, for the present, of Mr. Miller, nothing doubting, if length of days be his, of ere long meeting him again, and being treated to much that is as sweet, pure, and rich, as any thing that has ever been gathered from among the "*Beauties of the Country*," or in "*The Woods*." It is in September that we part with him, when he has charmed us with a little courtship story, such as one can readily believe proved true in his own youthful history.

"Scarcely has autumn assumed her garment of solemn gold before there is a change in the aspect of Nature—a furrowing of deep thought upon the woods—a silent spirit walking abroad, which speaks only to the heart—passes over the still harvest-fields without an audible word, and only shows us the falling leaf with the motion of its finger, or brings to our minds the majestic grandeur of the Scripture, where it is written that 'we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. And all thou hast shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree. For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf falleth, as oaks when they cast their leaves; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them, and they shall flee.' How beautiful are these similes! and hundreds such are scattered over the Bible,

'Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower.'

"But let us not yet look at the melancholy side of the year, for autumn is a lovely season.

"Many and pleasant are my recollections of September, for it was the long-looked-for month in which we annually sallied forth a-nutting. How the wild lanes rang with laughter, as we sauntered through them, as merry a group of lads and lasses as ever bore a bottle of berry-brown ale! Over many a pleasant meadow we wandered before we reached the old wood. At length it rose before us, green and silent, as though all its hoary trees slumbered. Then we had to find an entrance; and there was the deep dyke to cross, over which weeds and rushes hung; and the tangling fence to scale, armed with thorns and ragged brambles. At length a gap was discovered; and then we had to hand our fair companions across a ditch, who screamed at fears of their own creating, while a watching briar caught hold of their passing drapery, and claimed a portion for toll. On we rambled towards its gloomy centre, threading our way among the entangling under-wood, then making a circuit to avoid some impenetrable thicket—now stooping, or almost creeping, to pass under the low branches—anon tearing our garments with the brambles, or hunting for a lost shoe amid the furze. At last we reached an open glade where the full sun streamed upon the untrodden grass. This we claimed as our resting-place; and having drunk a

foaming bumper, we deposited our provisions at the foot of an oak, and each where his fancy led him set out to gather the nuts. Dost thou recollect, my-dear Mary, how we struck up a dark avenue together, and, after a long contest with the impending boughs, at last came upon a lovely clump of hazels where the brown nuts hung in clusters? Remember you the transparency of the slender branches as a green golden light streamed through the beautiful foliage, and the mournful cadence of a ringdove that kept cooing at intervals somewhere beyond the gloomy fir-trees? Have you forgotten how far we wandered away from our companions as we were tempted onward by the ripe brown nuts which we gathered so plentifully in that sequestered part of the wood, and then we called alternately to our comrades? O how your shrill sweet voice rang through the distant dells!—and then we listened, but heard nothing save the prolonged echoes dying away in the distance. Many an intricate maze did we thread, where the deep umbrage made an eternal twilight; and after long search, we found another couple, who, like us, were in quest of the open glade. And then we turned to gaze upon the sun, and at last saw an old tree which we remembered passing, and soon found our companions. And when our repast was spread under the broad tree, we sang our best songs, and told our oldest stories. And one lovely girl sat with her back to a young man, and pouted her rosy lip, and was busied in tearing a bunch of autumn-flowers to pieces; and when the youth spoke kindly, she threw up her head haughtily, and averted her eyes. Cruel youth! he had trifled with her love; had led her away from her companions, she in no wise reluctant, and, while busied in gathering the brown bunches, stole from her unaware, and lingering behind a large tree, had heard her call upon his name several times without answering. And when he returned, for he had not been a stone-cast from her, he saw a tear gathering in her large blue eye. Then she accused him of not loving her, or he would never have left her in that lonely place, although her heart told her that he would lay down his life for her safety. But the parting-kiss would be sweeter after this love-quarrel, their affection for each other would be more sincerely felt, and gentle dreams will hover around their slumbers."

ART. XIV.—*An Account of Jane C. Rider, the Springfield Somnambulist: the Substance of which was Delivered as a Lecture before the Springfield Lyceum. Massachusetts.* By W. L. BELDEN, M.D. 12mo. pp. 134.

JANE C. RIDER, whose remarkable and interesting history is the subject of the small volume before us, is in the seventeenth year of her age, and the daughter of a respectable mechanic of Brattleborough, Vermont, in the state of Massachusetts. In early infancy she lost her mother, who died of some disease of the brain. Jane resided with her father and the friends of her mother until April, 1833, when she removed to Springfield, where she is represented to have secured the confidence and love of all with whom she was connected.

" Her education is superior to that which is usually acquired by those occupying the middle rank in society. She is fond of reading, and especially delights in poetry, her selections of which generally evince a chaste and correct taste. Though of a full habit, her appearance is prepossessing, and her plump and rosy cheeks, by the unprofessional observer at least, would be regarded as the index of perfect health. She, however, has always been subject to frequent head-aches, and other symptoms arising from an undue determination of blood to the head; and about three years since was, for several months, affected with *Chorea*. A small spot on the left side of the head, near the region which phrenologists assign to the organ of '*marvellousness*,' has since her earliest recollection been *tender*, or painful on pressure, and the sensibility is much increased when she suffers from head-ache. During the paroxysms to which she has lately been subject, this spot, at all times painful, is frequently the seat of such intense agony as to induce her to exclaim, 'it ought to be cut open—it ought to be cut open.' Her eyes are so sensible to the light, that she invariably suffers when she goes abroad in a clear day without a veil. From her infancy she has been in the habit of sleeping more soundly, and a greater number of hours, than is usual. She is seldom conscious of dreaming, and rarely wakes of her own accord in the morning. In her childhood she was in the habit of occasionally rising in her sleep, but did not manifest any of the peculiar powers on those occasions which have since rendered her case so remarkable."

She was first attacked with the singular affection about to be described, on the night of the 24th of June; it was then supposed that she was deranged. Dr. Belden, who was called in, found her struggling to get out of bed, complaining very much at the same time of pain in the left side of the head. Her face was flushed, head hot, eyes closed, and her pulse much excited. Attributing the attack to the presence of undigested food in the stomach, Dr. Belden gave her an active emetic, which brought away a large quantity of green currants, after which she became more quiet, and soon fell into a natural sleep, from which she did not awake until morning; when she was totally unconscious of every thing that had passed during the night, and could scarcely be persuaded that she had not slept quietly the whole time. After the lapse of nearly a month she was attacked with a second paroxysm, during which, after several attempts to keep her in bed, it was determined to suffer her to take her own course, and watch her movements. Released from constraint she dressed herself, went down stairs, and proceeded to make preparations for breakfast.

" She set the table, arranged the various articles with the utmost precision, went into a dark room and to a closet at the most remote corner, from which she took the coffee-cups, placed them on a waiter, turned it sideways to pass through the doors, avoided all intervening obstacles, and deposited the whole safely on the table.

" She then went into the pantry, the blinds of which were shut, and the door closed after her. She there skimmed the milk, poured the cream into

one cup and the milk into another without spilling a drop. She then cut the bread, placed it regularly on the plate, and divided the slices in the middle. In fine, she went through the whole operation of preparing breakfast with as much precision as she could in open day; and this, with her eyes closed, and without any light except that of one lamp, which was standing in the breakfast room to enable the family to observe her operations. During the whole time she seemed to take no notice of those around her, unless they purposely stood in her way, or placed chairs or other obstacles before her, when she avoided them, with an expression of impatience at being thus disturbed.

"She finally returned voluntarily to bed, and on finding the table arranged for breakfast when she made her appearance in the morning, inquired why she had been suffered to sleep, while another had performed her duty. None of the transactions of the preceding night had left the slightest impression on her mind—a sense of fatigue the following day being the only evidence furnished by her consciousness in confirmation of the testimony of those who saw her."

After this the paroxysms became more frequent, a week seldom passing without two or three, but she was not always precisely similarly affected.

"Sometimes she did not leave her room, but was occupied in looking over the contents of her trunk, and arranging the different articles of dress. She occasionally placed things where she could not find them when awake, but some circumstances induced the belief that the knowledge of their situation was restored to her in a subsequent paroxysm. In one instant she disposed of her needle-book where she could not afterwards discover it; but after some time had elapsed, she was found one night in her chamber, sewing a ring on the curtain with a needle which she must have procured from the lost book.

"The entire paroxysm was sometimes passed in bed, where she sung talked, and repeated passages of poetry. Once she imagined herself at Brattleborough, spoke of scenes and persons with which she was acquainted there, and described the characters of certain individuals, with great accuracy and shrewdness, and imitated their actions so exactly as to produce a most comical effect. At this time she denied ever having been at Springfield, nor could she be made to recollect a single individual with whom she was acquainted here, except one or two whom she had known in Brattleborough. Even the name of the people with whom she lived seemed unfamiliar and strange to her.

"Generally her conceptions relative to place were, to a certain extent, correct—those relating to time were very commonly inaccurate. She almost invariably supposed it was *day*; hence her common reply when reminded that it was time for her to retire, was, 'What! go to bed in the day time?' And when I say her notions relative to place were in accordance with fact, the statement requires considerable limitation. She very frequently imagined herself in a different room from the one where she actually was, and almost always in the room which she usually occupied when awake.

"Still her *movements* were always regulated by the senses, and not by

her preconceived notion of things. Her chamber was contiguous to a hall, at one extremity of which was the staircase. At the head of the stairs was a door which was usually left open, but which was once closed after she was asleep, and fastened by placing the blade of a knife over the latch. On getting up, she rushed impetuously from her room, and without stopping, reached out her hand before she came to the door, seized the knife, and throwing it indignantly on the floor, exclaimed, 'Why do you wish to fasten me in?'

"Without entering into minute detail, I will only mention some of the most remarkable circumstances which occurred at this early period of the complaint.

"Allusion has been made to her sewing in the dark, and circumstances render it almost certain that she must at that time have threaded her needle also. Some time after this occurrence she conceived the plan, during her paroxysm, of making a bag, in which, as she said, to boil some squash. She was then seen to thread a needle in a room in which there was barely light enough to enable others to perceive what she was about, and afterwards, the same night, she was seen to do it with her eyes closed. In this condition she completed the bag, and though a little puckered, as she observed, it still answered very well to boil the squash in.

"In one instance she not only arranged the table for a meal, but actually prepared a dinner in the night, with her eyes closed. She first went into the cellar in the dark, procured the vegetables, washed each kind separately, brought in the wood and made a fire. While they were being boiled, she completed the arrangements of the table, and then proceeded to try the vegetables to ascertain whether they were sufficiently cooked. After repeated trials, she observed the smallest of them were done—she took them up, and after waiting a little, said the rest would do, and took them up also. They were actually very well cooked. She then remarked that S., a little girl in the family, ate milk, and procured a bowl for her—she also procured one for herself and ate it. As the family did not seat themselves at table, she became impatient, and complained that the men never were ready for their dinner. While engaged in her preparations, she observed a lamp burning in the room, and extinguished it, saying, 'she did not know why people wished to keep a lamp burning in the day time.' On being requested to go to bed, she objected, alleging, as a reason, that it was day; but was persuaded to do so by being reminded that she was not well, and that sleep would relieve her head. In the morning she appeared as usual, totally unconscious of the transactions of the preceding night.

"At first, the paroxysms occurred only in the night, and generally soon after she went to bed. As the disease advanced, they commenced earlier—she then fell asleep in the evening, sitting in her chair—or rather passed into the state of somnambulism; for her sleep, under these circumstances, was never natural. At a still later period, the attack took place at any hour during the day or evening. After she began to be affected in the day time, the fit seldom commenced when she was in bed; and even when she retired, as she often did, in this state, she usually remained quiet till the paroxysm subsided—though at times she continued to talk and sing. Sometimes she suffered two distinct paroxysms in one day."

' The following is the general description as given by. Dr. Belden, of the paroxysms during that period of the disease in which the extraordinary acuteness of vision was manifested ; after this was lost, most of the other symptoms were less marked, and many or them disappeared entirely.

" The state of somnambulism was usually preceded by a full, heavy, unpleasant feeling in the head—sometimes by head-ache, ringing in the ears, cold extremities, and an irresistible propensity to drowsiness, attended with a feeling as if weights were appended to the eyelids. There was almost always a slight contraction of the eyebrows, the cheeks were flushed, and sometimes tinged with a crimson hue. By great exertions, the fit might be put off for hours after the appearance of these symptoms; but, in order to gain this reprieve, it was necessary for her to walk, or be engaged in some active employment. The most effectual preventive was exposure the open air². The moment these precautions were relaxed, and sometimes even in the midst of her active duties, she experienced what she described as a sense of rushing to the head, attended with a loss of the power of speech and motion. If in this state she was immediately carried into the open air the fit was often arrested; but if this was delayed a moment too long, she lost all recollection, and could not by any efforts be aroused. To a spectator she appeared like a person going quietly to sleep. Her eyes were closed, the respirations became long and deep, her attitude, and the motions of her head, resembling those of a person in a profound slumber. During the fit, the breathing, though sometimes natural, was often hurried and attended with a peculiar moaning sound, indicative of suffering. At times the pulse was accelerated, but generally it did not vary much from the natural standard. I have remarked, that in her first paroxysm the head was hot, but was not commonly the case, nor was there any peculiar throbbing of the temporal arteries—the hands and feet, however, were almost invariably cold.

" Her manner differed exceedingly in different paroxysms. Sometimes she engaged in her usual occupations, and then her motions were remarkably quick and impetuous—she moved with astonishing rapidity, and accomplished whatever she attempted with a celerity of which she is utterly incapable in her natural state. She frequently sat in a rocking chair, at times nodding, and then moving her head from side to side with a kind of nervous uneasiness, the hand and fingers being at the same time affected with a sort of involuntary motion. In the intervals of reading or talking, and even when engaged in these very acts, her nods, the expressions of her countenance, and her apparent insensibility to surrounding objects, forced upon the mind the conviction that she was asleep. Occasionally she was cheerful, disposed to talk, and willing to exercise her powers; the greater part of the time she was irritable and petulant. Pain in a circumscribed spot on the left side of the head was, I believe, always an attendant on the paroxysm, and frequently occasioned a degree of suffering almost beyond endurance. To this spot she invariably pointed as the seat of her agony, when she repeated the expression, ' it ought to be cut open—it ought to be cut open.' Occasionally the whole system was thrown into agitation, and she presented the appearance of a person in a violent fit of hysterics.

"Her eyes were generally closed, but at times they were stretched widely open, and the pupil was then very considerably dilated. These different states of the eye seemed to occasion no difference in the power of seeing—she saw apparently as well when they were closed as she did when they were open. In the day time she always had the eyes covered with a bandage during the paroxysm, nor would she allow it to be removed for a single moment, unless the room was unusually dark. In order to test the sensibility of the eye, I took one evening a small concave mirror, and held it so that the rays proceeding from a lamp were reflected upon her closed eyelid. When the light was so diffused that the outline of the illuminated space could scarcely be distinguished, it caused, the moment it fell on the eyelid, a shock equal to that produced by an electric battery, followed by the exclamation, 'why do you wish to shoot me in the eyes?' This experiment was repeated several times, and was always attended with the same result. It was also tried when she was awake, and the effect, though less striking was very perceptible. The same degree of light thrown on my eyelids, occasioned no pain.

"How far she was sensible to the presence of surrounding objects, it is very difficult to determine; indeed, facts seem to prove that she was not, in every paroxysm, alike in this respect. In the early stage of her complaint, she appeared to take little notice of persons, unless they were connected with her train of thought, and then she regarded those with her only as the representatives of the persons whom she imagined to be present. Nor did the sight or the hearing have any tendency to correct the false impression. Thus, in her first paroxysm, she regarded me as her father, and continued to do so as long as I remained with her; but, in her subsequent fits, this idea was never revived. Her conception of persons was generally made to correspond with the idea of the place in which she conceived herself to be. She was in the habit, when well, of spending her evenings in the room with the children of the family, and it was in their company that she often imagined herself to be during the paroxysm. The questions which were at these times proposed to her to test her powers of vision, were cheerfully and readily answered, because they were questions which it was natural for children to ask; or, at least, she supposed them to proceed from children. Much that she said was also directed to them, though it was evident, at times, her conceptions and perceptions were strangely intermingled. In a paroxysm, soon after the arrival of her father, he asked her a question, which she answered by addressing a little boy belonging to the family, who was not then in the room; but his knife, which he placed in her hands, she immediately recognised as her father's, and wondered how that came to be in Springfield while he was in Brattleborough. At a later period of her complaint, she appeared to comprehend more of what transpired in her presence, and accordingly she obstinately refused to read cards or submit to experiments of any kind. These trials she then evidently regarded as so many attempts to impose upon her; and in adopting this conclusion she reasoned with perfect consistency; for if she actually could see as she appeared to—if to her vision, night was converted into day, and darkness into light, while she was unconscious of anything peculiar to herself, what could be more annoying than to be constantly teased with questions, which to her senses were perfectly obvious? If a

request were made of her which appeared reasonable, especially if it related to her customary duties, she really did whatever was required.

" There is abundant evidence that she recollected, during a paroxysm, circumstances which occurred in a former attack, though there was no remembrance of them in the interval. A single illustration will suffice, though many more might be given. In a paroxysm, a lady who was present placed in her hand a bead bag which she had never before seen. She examined it, named the colours, and compared them with those of a bag belonging to a lady in the family. The latter bag being presented to her in a subsequent paroxysm, the recollection of the former was restored—she told the colours of the beads, and made the same remarks respecting the comparative value of the two bags that she had done before. I had taken measures to satisfy myself in the interval that she then remembered nothing of the first impression.

" Attempts to rouse her from this state were uniformly unsuccessful. She heard, felt, and saw ; but the impressions which she received through the senses had no tendency to waken her. A pailfull of cold water was in one instance thrown upon her ; she exclaimed, ' Why do wish to drown me ! '—went to her chamber, changed her dress, and came down again. Large doses of laudanum were sometimes given her with a view to relieve her pain—it appeared to mitigate her sufferings, and she was observed uniformly to wake soon afterwards. Excitements of every kind, and particularly attempts to draw forth her peculiar powers, invariably prolonged the fits, and generally aggravated the pain in the head.

" At the termination of a paroxysm, she sunk into a profound sleep. The frown disappeared from her brow, the respirations again became long and deep, and the attitude was that of a person in undisturbed slumber. She soon began to gape and rub her eyes, and these motions were repeated after short intervals of repose. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes from the first appearance of these symptoms, she opened her eyes, when recollection was at once restored. She then invariably reverted to the time and place at which the attack commenced, and in no instance, when under my care, manifested any knowledge of the time which had elapsed, or the circumstances which transpired during the interval.

" These paroxysms were very obviously connected with the state of the stomach and digestive organs. Though the appetite was generally good, food often occasioned oppression, and she not unfrequently raised a considerable portion of what she ate. She also had head-ache, acidity of stomach, and most of the symptoms usually termed dyspeptic. These circumstances had not indeed attracted much attention till after the occurrence of the paroxysms ; but I then found that they had existed, in a slight degree, for some time, and that lately her sufferings from this source had been very considerably aggravated. Improper food and other causes affecting the stomach directly, I am confident, in several instances, occasioned an attack. The very first paroxysm occurred a few hours after she had eaten a large quantity of green currants ; and two or three times afterwards, a paroxysm was occasioned by medicine, which disturbed the stomach.

" During the fit she very often called for food, particularly for apples ; but she seldom woke so soon as usual, after having gratified her appetite.

At a time when she had invariably one or two paroxysms daily, I gave her an emetic, and afterwards allowed her to take but a small quantity of the simplest food; under this course she had but one slight attack for five days, and she was in every respect much better. The paroxysm which she had in this instance occurred also under circumstances illustrative of the nature of the complaint. It came on in the stage, when she was on the way to Worcester, and was preceded by sickness, to which she is very subject when riding in a close carriage."

The family in which Jane lived were early convinced from the confidence with which she moved, and the facility with which she always avoided obstacles, that she saw both when her eyes were closed and in the dark, but no experiments were instituted to determine the fact, until the evening of the 10th of November, when it was proposed to ascertain whether she could read with her eyes closed.

"She was seated in a corner of the room, the lights were placed at a distance from her, and so screened as to leave her in almost entire darkness. In this situation she read with ease a great number of cards which were presented to her, some of which were written with a pencil, and so obscurely, that in a faint light no trace could be discerned by common eyes. She told me the date of coins, even when the figures were nearly obliterated. A visitor handed her a letter, with the request that she would read the motto on the seal, which she readily did, although several persons present had been unable to decipher it with the aid of a lamp. The whole of this time the eyes were, to all appearance, perfectly closed.

"The second day after this exhibition of her power, she fell asleep in the morning in the act of procuring water from the pump. This was her first attack in the day time. Soon after, on going out of doors, she observed to her companion, 'what a beautiful day it is, how bright the sun shines!' It was in fact quite cloudy. When asked by one of the ladies of the family to thread a needle, she refused, saying, 'you can do it for yourself.' Soon after, she went into a neighbouring house, where there was an elderly lady to whom she often rendered this kind of assistance. This lady said, 'Jane, I am old, and cannot see very well, will you thread my needle for me?' She immediately complied with the request, and threaded the needle not only at that time, but once or twice afterwards. She awoke from this paroxysm in the afternoon, and was quite distressed to find the fits beginning to affect her in the day time.

"The next morning she fell asleep while I was prescribing for her, and her case having now excited considerable interest, she was visited during that and the following day by probably more than a hundred people. To this circumstance, undoubtedly, is to be attributed the unprecedented length of the paroxysm: for she did not awake till Friday morning, forty-eight hours after the attack. During this time she read a great variety of cards written and presented to her by different individuals, told the time by watches, and wrote short sentences.

"For greater security, a second handkerchief was sometimes placed below the one which she wore constantly over her eyes, but apparently

without causing any obstruction to the vision. She also repeated with great propriety and distinctness several pieces of poetry, some of which she had learned in childhood, but had forgotten, and others which she had merely read several years since without having ever committed them to memory. In addition to this she sung several songs, such as 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Bruce's Address to his Army,' with propriety and correctness. Yet she never learned to sing, and never has been known to sing a tune when awake. She was evidently very much exhausted by these efforts, and at times her sufferings were so extreme that she could not be induced to answer any questions.

"On Wednesday, November 20th, I took a large black silk handkerchief, placed between the folds two pieces of cotton batting, and applied it in such a way that the cotton came directly over the eyes, and completely filled the cavity on each side of the nose—the silk was distinctly seen to be in close contact with the skin. Various names were then written on cards, both of persons with whom she was acquainted, and of those who were unknown to her, which she read as soon as they were presented to her. This was done by most of the persons in the room. In reading she always held the paper right side up, and brought it into the line of vision. The cards were generally placed in her hand for the purpose of attracting her notice, but when her attention was excited she read equally well that which was held before her by another. I do not know that she ever read cards which *she had never seen*, when only the back was presented to her.

"Being desirous, if possible, to prove that the eye was actually closed, I took two large wads of cotton, and placed them directly on the closed eyelids, and then bound them on with the handkerchief before used. The cotton filled the cavity under the eyebrow, came down to the middle of the cheek, and was in close contact with the nose. The former experiments were then repeated without any difference in the result. She also took a pencil, and, while rocking in her chair, wrote her own name, each word separately, and dotted the i. Her father, who was present, asked her to write his name. 'Shall I write Little Billy or Stiff Billy,' was her reply, imagining that the question was proposed by a little boy of the name of William belonging to the family. She wrote *Stiff Billy*—the two words without connexion, and after writing them both, she went back and dotted the i in each. She then wrote *Springfield* under them, and after observing it a moment, smilingly remarked that she had left out a letter, and inserted the l in the proper place.

"A watch enclosed in a case was handed to her, and she was requested to tell the time—after examining both sides, she opened the case, and then answered the question. Afterwards, but in the same paroxysm, a gentleman present wrote his name in characters so small that no one else could distinguish it at the usual distance from the eye. As soon as the paper was put into her hand, she pronounced the name. It was thought that any attempt to open the eye would be indicated by the contraction of the skin on the forehead, but though she was closely watched, nothing of the kind was observed.

"She also at this time repeated poetry and sung, as before. This she did almost every paroxysm; and though there are some pieces which she

must have repeated in this way scores of times, her knowledge of them when she is awake is not in the least improved by the practice. These experiments were performed in the presence of several of the most respectable and intelligent gentlemen in town, and they were all convinced there could be no deception.

"While she was in a paroxysm a few evenings afterwards, the lights were removed from her room, and the windows so secured that no object was discernible. Two books were then presented to her which had been selected for the purpose; she immediately told the titles of both, though one of them was a book she had never seen before.

"Monday, Nov. 25th, she was removed to my house; but, though she had several paroxysms in the interval, nothing worthy of notice occurred till the 30th. The morning of that day, as she was engaged in her customary employments, she complained suddenly of dizziness, seated herself in a chair, and immediately became insensible. Soon after, she applied a bandage to the eyes, went to her chamber and changed part of her dress. She then came down, and taking a basket which she had purchased the day before, and which was much soiled, remarked that it was dirty, and she would wash it. This operation she performed with as much neatness and despatch as she could have done when awake.

"The room in the front part of the house she had never seen except for a few moments several months since. The shutters were closed, and it was so dark that it was impossible for any one possessing only ordinary powers of vision to distinguish the colours in the carpet. She, however, though her eyes were bandaged, noticed and commented on the various articles of furniture, and pointed out the different colours in the hearth rug. She also took up, and read several cards which were lying on the table. Soon after, observing her with a skein of thread in her hand, I offered to hold it for her to wind. She immediately placed it on my hands, and took hold of the end of the thread in a manner which satisfied me she saw it, and completed the operation as skillfully as if she were awake. Having left the room a moment, I found her on my return with her needle threaded, and hemming a cambric handkerchief. She however soon abandoned her work, and was then asked to read a little while aloud. Bryant's Poems were given to her; she opened the book, and turning to the 'Thanatopsis,' read the whole, (three pages,) and the most of it with great propriety. Something being said about her manner of reading, she observed there were parts of the piece which she did not understand, that she could read it much better if she understood it. The day before, she had procured several *samples* of calico at the shops, portions of some of which had been washed since the commencement of her paroxysm. On their being spread out before her, she not only told the shop at which she obtained each, and named its price, but compared the part which had been washed with the piece from which it was taken, and when there was any change, pointed out the difference.

"A coloured girl came in and seated herself before her: she was asked if she knew that lady: she smiled, and returned no answer. Some one said, 'She has a beautiful complexion, has she not?' Jane laughed heartily, and said, 'I should think she was somewhat tanned.'

"At dinner she took her seat at the table as usual, helped herself to

bread when it was offered, presented her tumbler for water, and through the whole time, did not, by her manner or actions, betray the least want of sight. After dinner the bandage which she put over her eyes in the morning, and which she had worn ever since, was taken off, and in its place a black silk handkerchief stuffed with cotton was bound on so as to fit accurately to the nose and cheeks. Though extremely reluctant on account of severe pain in the head, she was at length prevailed on to write a part of the 'Snow Storm,' one of the pieces which she is in the habit of repeating when asleep. She finished one stanza of six lines, and part of a second. In writing she followed for a time the ruled lines placed under her paper, but they having been displaced, she proceeded without them, continuing, however, nearly in a straight line. In one or two instances she failed to make a proper division of the poetry into lines, and several times misspelled words which she would not have done had she been awake. Twice she noticed the inaccuracy in the spelling, and corrected it at the time, but when writing the same words afterwards she fell into a similar error. A person standing behind her very carefully interposed a piece of brown paper between her eyes and the paper on which she was writing. Whenever this was done she appeared disturbed, and exclaimed, 'don't don't.' For some time I watched her narrowly to ascertain whether the bandage was constantly in place, but I could detect no change in its position.

"A watch was presented to her, the face of which was concealed by a piece of brown paper placed between it and the crystal. Instead of telling the time, she observed, 'Any thing but a paper watch!'

"In the evening, when the room was so dark that nothing but the position of the windows could be discerned by common eyes, a blue fancy handkerchief was placed before her, and she was asked if she did not wish for a beautiful pink handkerchief—she replied, 'I hope I know blue from pink.'

"The next day, during a paroxysm, she went into a dark room and selected from among several letters, having different directions, the one bearing the name which she was requested to find. She was heard to take up one letter after another and examine it, till she came to the one for which she was in search, when she exclaimed, 'Here it is,' and brought it out. She also, with her eyes bandaged, wrote of her own accord two stanzas of poetry on a slate; the lines were straight and parallel.

"One circumstance I have omitted to mention, which is, the power of imitation which she occasionally exhibits. This extends not only to the manner, but to the language and sentiments of the persons whom she personifies: and her performances in this way are so striking, and her conceptions of character so just, that nothing can be more comical.

"This, like her other extraordinary powers, is confined to the somnambulist state—at other times she does not exhibit the slightest trace of it."

Jane's disease being manifestly aggravated by the constant trials of her peculiar powers, she was removed to the hospital in Worcester, in Massachusetts, on the 5th of December, 1833. The following abstract from the record book of this institution, exhibits the pro-

gress of the case, and confirms the observations relative to her remarkable powers of vision.

"Jane had no paroxysm till the evening of December 6th, the day after her admission. 'Immediately after falling asleep she began to breathe with difficulty, her mind seemed to labour, and she was uneasy and in perpetual motion. She said nothing till questions were asked her. She told the time of day by a watch, in the dark, with her eyes closed—the fire was not extinguished, and of course it was not entirely dark. Her pulse was 72 in a minute, and without irritation. She answered questions regularly, but with an air of impatience; and said 'they kept asking her to read, but she would not.' She declared she would not go to Worcester, and said she was at Mr. Stebbin's in Springfield. Afterwards she complained she was locked up in the hospital, and did not wish to stay, and that she would not have come here if she had expected to be locked up. One hour and a half after the commencement of the paroxysm, her feet were placed in a bath of the nitro-muriatic acid. In five minutes she became calm, and went into a quiet sleep: in a few minutes more she waked very pleasant.'

"From this time till the 13th, she had from one to three paroxysms daily, in some of which 'she repeated passages of poetry very sweetly; sung some tunes with correctness; and, with her eyes bandaged, walked about the house, and from room to room, without inconvenience.' Many of these paroxysms, the Doctor observes, he is now satisfied were occasioned by improper food, particularly by the free use of fruit.

"'Dec. 13. Jane had a more interesting paroxysm than at any time before since her residence in the hospital' In a paroxysm the day previous, she lost a book which she could not afterwards find. Immediately on the access of the paroxysm to day she went to the sofa, raised the cushion, took up the book, and commenced reading. She read two or three pages to herself. Her eyes were then covered with a white handkerchief folded so as to make eight or ten thicknesses, and the spaces below the bandage filled with strips of black velvet. She then took a book and read audibly, distinctly, and correctly, nearly a page. It was then proposed to her to play backgammon. She said she knew nothing of the game, but consented to learn it. She commenced playing with the assistance of one acquainted with the moves, and acquired a knowledge of the game very rapidly. She handled the men and dice with facility, and counted off the points correctly. Had another paroxysm in the afternoon in which she played a number of games of backgammon, and made such proficiency that, without any assistance, she won the sixth game of Dr. Butler, who is an experienced player. Knowing her to be a novice, he suggested several alterations in her moves—these alterations she declined making, and the result showed the correctness of her judgment. The Doctor, a little mortified at being beaten by a sleeping girl, tried another game, in which she exerted all his skill. At its close she had but three men left on the board, and these so situated that a single move would have cleared the whole. While she was engaged in this game, an apple was taken from a dish, in which there were several varieties, and held before her, but higher than her eyes. On being asked its colour, she raised her head, like a person who wished to see an object a

little elevated, and gave a correct answer to the question. In the lucid interval, half an hour after she awoke from the paroxysm, it was proposed to her to play backgammon. She observed she never saw it played, and was wholly ignorant of the game—on trial it was found she could not even set the men.

“ *Dec. 15.* Paroxysm rather singular. She is full of mischief like a roguish child—is very pleasant all the while, but will not read. At twilight her eyes were more open than common, but she insisted she could not see. Ate too heartily and felt sickness at stomach.’

“ *Dec. 16.* Has been different in the paroxysms to-day. She opens her eyes and declares she cannot see, when they are shut. When reading, I placed my fingers on her eyes—she said immediately it was total darkness, and she could not read a word. The fact that her eyes are open in the paroxysms proves that they are less susceptible to light, and of course that her vision is less acute. At dinner her eyes were open, and all the family supposed her awake; but she declared in the evening she had not the least recollection of dining, of seeing some friends, or of witnessing a catastrophe in the gallery which disturbed the whole family, and in which she was much interested at the time.’

“ *Dec. 18.* In the paroxysm this evening her eyes are open, and she appears, in all respects, like a person awake; yet her manner is very different from that which she usually exhibits. She evidently has lost her former acuteness of sight—she protests she can see nothing when blinded, and will not attempt the least thing.’

“ *Dec. 19.* During the whole day the appearance was the same as on previous days, excepting her mind was more tranquil, and she was more disposed to melancholy. She once said her head ached, and felt strangely. She appeared very much like a person insane. I gave her a letter about four o'clock, which she read, and remarked that she did not know that her friends expected her to write to them. At nine o'clock she was asked if she had seen a letter from Springfield; she denied that she had, but recollected circumstances which transpired yesterday; and, in this respect, was different from what she usually is during the paroxysms. A stranger would say, you have got an odd or insane girl, but would suspect nothing more. My family disagreed about the time of her coming out of the paroxysm; one thought she was out of it when others thought not.’

“ *Dec. 21.* Very well, and wakeful all day, but in the evening had a paroxysm of complete insanity: talked, ran about the house, and refused to take her medicine. When forced to take it she shed tears, and fell into a sort of hysterical sobbing, which lasted some minutes.’

“ *Dec. 24.* Had a paroxysm in the evening, in which she played backgammon: at first her eyes were closed, afterwards wide open. She said she could not read a word or see at all when blinded. Lately her face has been less flushed, and her head less painful.’

“ *Dec. 30.* In a paroxysm to-day she wrote the following letter to her aunt. She afterwards remembered that she had written a letter, but could not recollect its contents.’

“ **DEAR AUNT,**

“ I feel that it is my duty to write to you, and inform you of my situa-

tion, as it is a very critical one. I received a letter from father yesterday, saying he had not written to you, and wished me to do so. I thought I would try. Perhaps you will wonder how I came to Worcester Hospital—but it is for my health. As I prize that above every thing else, I was willing to deny myself a great many pleasures only for a few months. I left home last April, and went to Springfield with a young lady of my acquaintance, and liked there so well that I concluded to stay and spend the summer. While there I was attacked with the disorder that has brought me to the hospital. The first attack was in June. It was about ten in the evening—the people called a physician; he thought it was partial derangement, and gave me an emetic that stilled me a little, and I got over it, and the next day was quite well. The people thought it was a very strange disorder, and let it pass off. But I was troubled almost every week with the same disorder, and it soon became something serious. I found I was growing worse every day, and was put under the physician's care. Medicine did not seem to have any effect, and I was still growing worse. In October I was attacked in the day time. It was Tuesday morning, and it continued till Friday morning, when I went into a natural sleep, and awoke up and knew nothing of what had passed. I will not try to give you any description of what I did, as I presume you have read it in the newspapers, as my case was the one referred to, and I think the pieces are not exaggerated in the least.

"Father was sent for when I was in one of my turns, as I do not know what else to call them, and reached Springfield in about 48 hours; and an hour after I came out of it. He expected to take me home with him; but I was taken the next morning, and continued so most of the time he was in Springfield. He said it was no place for me at home, and there must be something done. They then concluded to bring me here, as people thought if I could be cured any where it would be here; and I am happy to say I am much better than I was when I came here. I have been here about a month, and I think I shall be entirely well in two months more, as my turns are not near as often, and no two have been alike. The people of Springfield were so much interested for me that they offered to pay my board here until I was well; so the night I left Springfield I had a present of forty-eight dollars."

"In the evening of the day on which she wrote the letter she had a very distressing paroxysm, which was followed by a mild form of fever which lasted several days."

"*Jan. 10.* Did not feel well all day yesterday—had confusion of head and flushing of face. At evening she had a paroxysm in which she recollected all that was done in the day; and after the paroxysm all that was done in it. It lasted but half an hour, when she went into a quiet sleep and slept till morning."

"*Jan. 11-13.* Had slight paroxysms in which consciousness was not lost—recollected in the paroxysms what transpired in the interval, and in the interval the circumstances of the paroxysm—is greatly inclined to indulge in eating, and if she eats freely is unusually dull and sleepy afterwards."

"*Jan. 19.* Has had one or two paroxysms since the 13th similar to those last described. In the one to-day she repeated the 'Pilgrim's

Fathers' very distinctly and correctly. I had censured her for eating fried cakes and the like between meals; and she kept a fast during the paroxysm to-day, but called for pancakes, which she said might be eaten with impunity on fast-days.' "

During a recent visit to Worcester, Dr. Belden had an opportunity of witnessing the improvement in the health of his patient.

" Her face has lost the flush which it used habitually to wear—the head is now seldom painful, and there is no tenderness at the spot formerly affected, and the natural, healthful temperature of the extremities has been restored. There is still some oppression after eating, especially if she deviates from the regulations which have been prescribed respecting her diet; and any gross violation is almost certain to be followed by a paroxysm. Strong mental emotion too, or any kind of mental or physical excitement, conduces to the same effect; and, sometimes, is of itself sufficient to occasion a fit. In a paroxysm which occurred while I was there, the eyes were open and appeared nearly natural—the pupil was, perhaps, a little more dilated than common. Her manner was hurried—the speech and motions rather quick and abrupt. She appeared to be sensible of every thing which took place around her,—knew me, and answered my questions with propriety and correctness; and, so far as I could discover, had a proper conception of the relations of time and place. A handkerchief having been tied over her eyes she declared she could not see at all—said that it was perfect darkness to her. During the whole time her perceptions appeared to be more quick and vivid than natural. Her remarks, as in the earlier periods of her disease, were often distinguished for a degree of wit and brilliancy peculiar to these occasions. She also, at this time, sung as she formerly did. In the paroxysm she recollected circumstances which transpired a short time before, but did not, the next day, remember what occurred in the fit. The termination of the paroxysm is often less distinct than it formerly was, though the access, I believe, continues to be well marked."

The latest intelligence we have of the case is contained in the following extract of a letter from Dr. Woodward to Dr. Belden.

" Jane's paroxysms have ceased altogether for the last nine days, and she is in good health, excepting a distress after taking food. She has never appeared so cheerful, and in so good spirits, since her residence with us. During most of last week she did the duty of an assistant in the absence of one of our attendants, and she has done more or less work in the halls every day. During the last paroxysm I applied leeches to her head. She waked during the paroxysm not a little surprised at her new *head ornaments*."

Such is the history of this remarkable case, which we have presented in all its details, conceiving them as we do to possess extreme interest. We have not considered the question of imposture in the case, entertained by some who are ignorant of physiology and of the records of medicine, because we really entertain no suspicion of deceit. Independent, in this case, of the care with which the facts appear to have been observed, the respectability of the witnesses, the

character of the patient, the nature of the facts observed precluding the idea of imposition, and the analogous cases in medical records, there appear to us nothing so unprecedented as to excite our incredulity. Physiology, indeed, clearly points to an excited state of certain portions of the brain, as offering an explanation of most of the remarkable phenomenon of the case.

We placed a handkerchief eight times folded, over the eyes of a medical friend, who expressed his disbelief in the possibility of any object being discernible through such an envelope, and to his surprise he could distinguish the position of the windows, and on a subsequent occasion the light of a lamp in the room. Now, the retina and cerebral organs of our friend were in a normal condition, and if in this state he could distinguish the light through so many folds of linen, it seems little extraordinary that an individual whose cerebral organs of vision are in a state of extreme excitement should be capable of distinguishing objects much more distinctly. Light and darkness are but comparative terms. It is familiar to every one that a person on entering a room dimly lighted will pronounce it perfectly dark, and yet in a few minutes be able to distinguish minute objects. Persons long confined in dungeons so dark that the visitor pronounces that no ray of light enters, have after a time been enabled to distinguish objects, and even to watch the movements of minute insects; as of spiders, &c. Nor is the fact less familiar to the physician, that patients labouring under retinitis will complain of the light, and even severely suffer from it in a room which to a healthy eye seems totally dark.

We may call attention also to the extraordinary acuteness of the other senses in certain individuals, as of the sense of hearing and of touch in the blind; and still more so in those labouring under inflammation of the auditory and tactile organs. The case of Caspar Hauser furnishes us also with evidence of an acuteness of some of the senses quite as suprising as occurred in the one under notice. There appears to us, then, nothing incredible in what has excited most surprise in Jane's case, her acuteness of sight, and although we cannot so satisfactorily explain all the other phenomena, this does not afford sufficient ground for disbelief, inasmuch they are not in opposition to any of the established laws of nature.

There are innumerable other phenomena equally extraordinary and inexplicable, and which no one questions, but which only cease to excite our surprise because of their frequent occurrence—as intermittence in fevers, the perfect regularity of the paroxysms, &c.

ART. XV.—*A Practical Treatise and Observations on Trial by Jury in Civil Causes, as now Incorporated with the Jurisdiction of the Court of Session.* By the Right Hon. W. ADAM, Lord Chief Commissioner. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1836.

ON resuming our consideration of the state of the law as it at present exhibits itself in Great Britain, we find it becomes a subject of such extended and various bearings, that we must view it in a piece-meal manner, and treat of it according to its condition as observed in distinct portions of the island. In this paper, we therefore direct attention exclusively to Scotland, where, as every one knows, the principles and the practice of the law are very different from those which obtain in the sister kingdom on the other side of the Tweed. And, though for our text we adopt the able and satisfactory work of the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, as it was first established for the trial of Civil Causes in Scotland, we by no means hold ourselves as confined to that publication, but shall make use of certain Reports, which have been drawn up by His Majesty's Law Commissioners, together with other documents, by well-informed parties on the general subject of Scottish Law, its forms, and defects.

In this review of the state of the law in Scotland, it is unnecessary to travel beyond its civil department. With regard to the Criminal Code and its forms which have long been the theme of admiration, as they are administered in that country, we do not perceive any room for particular remark in the way of amendment. It is on the other hand, matter of wonder rather, that in England there should have been such a prevalent tardiness on the part of the lawyers and legislators to copy several of the excellencies of the Scottish system. In our next paper, on the subject of the state of the law in Great Britain, we hope to make the opinion which we have now generally advanced, perfectly manifest, when we come to consider certain Reports concerning the Criminal Law of England. In the meanwhile, we recur to the branch and the country with which we above set out, and hope to be able to avoid those technicalities, the introduction of which, would take the matter out of our jurisdiction. If treated in this popular form, the subject becomes not only one of great importance to all classes, but in no slight degree interesting, since it obviously has to deal with ancient customs and modes of thinking, and also becomes the gage, by which the progress of civilization is to be tried.

The trial of civil causes by Jury, at first met in Scotland with much opposition, and had to encounter many unavoidable difficulties; and, perhaps, nothing short of the wisdom, the experience, and the delicate tact of the venerable author of the

"Practical Treatise," mentioned at the head of this article, could have surmounted such obstacles. It became absolutely necessary, however, that a great effort should be made to obviate the many evils that were each year becoming more inveterate from the loose method of pleading that had such ample scope according to the forms of Scottish procedure. It was found that the appeals from that country to the House of Lords were regularly on the increase, and that wealthy litigants, owing to the peculiar vices of these forms, had many inducements to dispute the merest trifles with their poorer neighbours. The evil became even a subject of complaint to the lawyers both in England and Scotland, and attracted the attention of Lord Granville when Prime Minister. This was in 1806; and the hope of simplifying the proceedings, and of bringing matters of fact to the speediest conclusions, through the interposition of a jury, much after the method which obtains in England, but which was previously unknown in the supreme civil courts of Scotland, was suggested, and a bill for that purpose brought into Parliament. After various delays, the experimental measure was passed in 1816, and became permanent in 1819; and when other ten years had elapsed, the jury court, as a separate institution, was abolished, and has been incorporated with the Court of Session, the ancient and only supreme tribunal for the trial of civil causes in the country; before which written and verbal pleadings were wont to be addressed exclusively to the judges, who were to pronounce upon such evidence the law of the land.

The introduction of trial by jury in that part of the empire, was a necessary, but a strong measure, which had not only the prejudices of the people to combat, but the habits of the Scottish judges and lawyers. The forms of the new court, had to be modelled to a great extent upon the principles and practice of the English law, of which the people were jealous and slow to approve of; and had it not been that the prudence and knowledge of Lord Commissioner Adam, who had been in early life called to the Scottish bar, were of an uncommon character, it may be doubted whether the most flagrant evils which arose from the old methods of pleading, and of procrastination, would have, to this day, met with any considerable check. On retiring from his office of Chief Commissioner, however, and when he became a judge of the Court of Session, so as to have a voice in all matters connected with trial by jury, the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey, who was at the time Dean of Faculty, pronounced the following eulogium upon the venerable judge:—

"None can be so fully aware as the members of the bar, of the many and great difficulties which his lordship had to surmount, in introducing trial by jury in civil causes in Scotland, or of the success with which they have been overcome. This triumph, the Faculty is satisfied, could only have been accomplished by the eminent

qualifications of the venerable judge who has conducted so great and arduous a judicial experiment, and by the unremitting zeal and unvarying and devoted attention with which his lordship has dedicated his mind to the establishment and improvement of trial by jury."

It is not, however, so much with the view of tracing the progress of jury trial in civil causes in Scotland, or to mark the signal services which Commissioner Adam has performed in furtherance of that measure, as to bring before our readers certain statements regarding various defects, and mischievous forms, which have not yet met with a sufficient cure on the north side of the Tweed; which statements are advanced in certain documents and publications to which we now advert. These are Reports from His Majesty's Law Commissioners for Scotland—Bills brought into Parliament for the improvement and regulation of certain branches of the law, by the Lord Advocate, Mr. Wallace and others, as also the Practice of the Court of Session, by J. J. Darling, Writer to the Signet, written some years ago.

In our observations concerning the introduction and progress of trial by jury in civil causes, although we have characterised the measure and its effects as being of great utility to Scotland, yet it is not to be denied, that owing to its having been engrafted on another system, in which written and printed pleadings are generally extremely voluminous, all the benefit which might have otherwise been derived from the alteration, has not been realized. One obvious and enormous evil has hitherto marked the incongruous union, and this is, that as stated in the Appendix of one of the Reports referred to, "it would be useless to pursue for 100*l.* before a jury in Scotland, even with a certainty of gaining, as the costs not admitted would cover that sum." Let us, for a few minutes, attend to the progress of a civil cause and its probable, nay, ordinary gradations in the Scottish courts; and from a very slight outline, the reader will perceive how burdensome and dilatory the matter becomes, and how necessary it is that our practical reformers should have their eyes directed to such a state of things.

The courts of ordinary jurisdiction in Scotland, are, first, that of the Sheriffs substitute and depute—the Outer and Inner Courts of Session—the House of Peers, with many incidental fluctuations between one and another of these. There is also a court called the Bill Chamber, which takes cognizance of certain processes before they are ready to go before the judges of the Court of Session, though one of these judges presides in it.

The manner in which an action is brought before the Sheriff substitute of a county, who has generally been bred to a profession that is nearly equivalent to that of an attorney in England, is by a *summons*, which the defender answers by written *defences*. In

neither of these papers is it the general practice to offer a precise statement of the point that is to become the bone of contention. This is left to ulterior written pleadings, according as advantages may offer. The pursuer in his *reply*, which requires the defender's *duply*, it is to be presumed, helps to bring the parties to a closer and more definite point of dispute. But still, in these additional documents, it is seldom, that the attorneys employed, do not resort to a great deal of irrelevant matter. "If," says the Appendix to one of the Reports, "they can throw dirt on the character of the opposite party, they seem to think it enough to deprive him of the benefit of law, and to entitle their client to gain a triumphant victory."

But a great deal more of pettifoggery may go forward, ere the Sheriff substitute can let the record before him be closed. There may be a *condescendence* and *answer*, or mutual *condescendences*, or revised *condescendences*, and revised answers. Circumstances may even call for other documents, till a huge mass of papers is accumulated, which no pains-taking reader could peruse in a month. There has been lodged with the Commissioners "Notes of the procedure of a Sheriff-court process," which had been in a state of dependence for nearly three years, and not at the end of that time finished, in which the different steps amount to *one hundred and nine*; an extract from it will better indicate the vexatious, dilatory, and expensive nature of the system, than any description of ours.

' 1831.

Oct. 10. Defender's proof commences.

Pursuer objects to the admissibility of a witness.

24. *Answers* to the objections ordered in six days.

Nov. — *Petition* from the defender for more time to prepare the answers.

18. *Interlocutor* appointing petition to be answered in six days.

25. *Interlocutor*, in respect *no* answers were lodged to petition, allowing answers from defender to pursuer's objections to be received, and appointing replies thereto from pursuer in six days.

Dec. — *Replies* lodged.

9. *Interlocutor* appointing pursuer to lodge *condescendence* of facts to establish that witness is inadmissible for defender, and defender to answer the *condescendence* in other six days.

Condescendences lodged.

Answers lodged.

1832.

Jan. 11. *Proof* and conjunct probation allowed to both parties in regard to the admissibility of the witness.

Feb. 3. *Pursuer's* proof closed.

22. Time for defender proving *renewed* for three weeks under certification.

March — *Minute* for defender for more time lodged.

14. Time to defender *renewed* for fourteen days under certification.

May 4. *Interlocutor* sustaining the objection to the admissibility of the proposed witness in the then state of the process.

7. *Appeal* for defender lodged.

11. *Appeal dismissed*, and term *renewed* to the defender for fourteen days under certification.

30. *Avizandum* made.

June 6. *Interlocutor* pronounced, repelling the objections to the admissibility of the witness, reserving consideration of the effect to be given to his testimony, and *renewing* the term for the defender proving on the merits for three weeks.

7. *Appeal* for pursuer lodged.

13. *Appeal* dismissed.

Petition for pursuer for leave to advocate lodged.

22. *Petition* dismissed by sheriff substitute.

Appeal to depute lodged.

25. *Interlocutor* dismissing appeal and prorogating time for defender proving for three weeks.'

Report, Appendix 273, Notes by Mr. M. Lothian.

We might enumerate many more steps that are frequently resorted to, before the Sheriff substitute ; but let us now suppose, what generally happens, that the litigants, and still more likely their agents, are unwilling to allow the decision of the first court in the gradation to be acquiesced in, and that an appeal has been made to the Sheriff depute, who is invariably a member of the bar. Here, not only the former pleadings have to be produced, but new papers may be required ; although it has been a practice with many of these superior judges, to affirm the judgment of their substitutes without much scruple—partly to discourage encroachments upon their time, and partly because, unless when the decision of a substitute is grossly contrary to law, or the evidence of the case, he is presumed to have made himself master of all its bearings, and done it justice.

The same motives that led to an appeal from the Sheriff substitute to the depute, are likely to be in operation, whatever may be the decision of the latter, and even in greater vigour. If he has overturned his inferior's judgment, each party has something now to build his hopes upon ; if he has affirmed it, there is always admirable scope for a self-interested agent to show how little reliance is to be had on these tribunals, compared with the Court of Session. Let us now approach the threshold of this supreme authority, which, however, is not patent to the dissatisfied client, till the Bill Chamber Court has been passed through, and which, upon the security of a certain sum, corresponding to the interest at stake, grants the privilege of litigating before the Lord Ordinary in the Outer House of the Court of Session.

But it is not necessary to trace very closely the various stages which may now await the law-suit. It may be enough to state generally, that they in a great measure commence *de novo*, that written and printed pleadings, in all the tortuousness which ingenuity, learning, and talent can concoct, are employed, besides the eloquence and art of advocates at the bar. Counsel are employed in every step of the procedure; the agents are men of a superior grade to those who generally practise before the lower courts, and the fees and payments bear a proportionate elevation. If the decision of the Lord Ordinary be not acquiesced in, the case is carried before the Lords of the Inner House, there again to undergo the dilatory and tortuous treatment which has marked every stage of the litigation. Nor is this all; an appeal may be taken to the House of Lords, where the merits of the whole may be entrusted to English lawyers, and every decision that preceded set aside; but at an expense that cannot be less than "200*l.* sterling," according to the testimony of the Report.

Now we do not pretend to indicate, with any degree of confidence, what ought to be the limitation of these multifarious pleadings, or the check put upon such a system of appeal from one court to another. That there is room for great amendments, and that without many alterations the principles of jury trial can never be fully understood by the people of Scotland, cannot surely be denied. The good which local courts are capable of securing, perhaps might be extensively attained by establishing the judicial examination of parties in almost every case. But the great evil which seems to infect the Scottish system, consists in the gradation of jurisdictions, while the appeals which it allows are rather a succession of law-suits, than a reference to higher tribunals, of the facts adduced in the courts below, or of the points of law that were there applied, in order that errors of judgment may be corrected, and a uniformity of principles and practices thereby upheld and promulgated.

Two statements have been put forth by those who have attentively turned their minds to the amendment and revision of the law of Scotland, which are worthy of notice. The one is that the civil code of that country has for its foundation, in regard to many subjects, the Roman law, and that it has without derangement or great inconvenience submitted to various great changes, or had engrafted upon it new branches of foreign growth. The commercial law of Scotland has undergone many organic alterations within these twenty-five years; its feudal doctrines of former times have been also assailed, not to speak of the remarkable infusion of the trial by jury, for the purpose of establishing the precise facts in any given case, in presence of the judges who have to apply the law to them. The other subject of remark is eminently illustrative of the burdensome and unsatisfactory nature of the Scottish system of civil law and

its practice, as proclaimed by the sagacious and calculating people of that country. We cannot do better than let "The Practice of the Court of Session," by Mr. Darling, describe the facts we allude to.

"The business of the Court of Session has diminished rapidly during the last forty years, although in that period the population of the country has increased at least one-half, and its wealth and the number of transactions in a still greater ratio. Thus, the value of cottons manufactured at Glasgow forty years ago, did not amount to a million a year, now they approach six millions. The rental of the same city in 1803 was 81,000*l.*, now it is 383,000*l.* Between 1790 and 1810 the linen manufacture in Scotland was doubled in extent. In 1822 linen of the value of two millions sterling was exported, while in 1812 the exports of this article were worth only 830,000*l.* These facts show that the business of the country has greatly increased, yet the cases enrolled in the Outer House Roll averaged for the four years preceding 1798, 2,631 annually; for the four years previous to 1810, when the fee-fund was imposed, 2,594; for the four years after, 2,374. This was an annual average deficiency of 220 cases. The average of the four years before the late Judicature Act came into operation [1825] was 2,143, and for the four years afterwards only 1,998, giving an annual average of no less than 791 fewer than the year ending 11th July, 1794, when 2,789 cases were enrolled. Notwithstanding the abolition of the Commissary and Admiralty Courts, which occasioned an influx of business into the Court of Session, the whole number of cases enrolled in the Outer House Rolls in the year 1831 amounted to only 1,956."—*Practice, &c.*, p. 3.

Another extensive practitioner in the Court of Session has made a statement which is not less striking.

"I hope it is not irregular in me to mention, generally, the conviction which has for some time been settled in my mind, that the practical forms now in use in the Court of Session are complicated, expensive, and inexpedient, to a degree that has greatly impeded and frequently has disappointed the course of justice altogether; and that the *growing* dissatisfaction with the law of Scotland, which is so apparent, ought mainly to be ascribed to the pernicious forms by which it is administered. I say the growing dissatisfaction, not upon the authority of persons whose minds are otherwise discontented with the existing institutions of the country, but upon the authority of my own employers and correspondents, to whom I have in practice found it impossible to explain the endless delays and the great expense and uncertainty incurred in preliminary stages of causes—the discussions on *points of mere form*, and the other obstructions which stand in the way, both of judgments by the court, and of trials by jury. I think the obvious decline in the extent of *substantial* business before the court is sufficient evidence of the growing dissatisfaction with it; for the population and the transactions of the country are greatly increasing, and it cannot be doubted that law business would have increased in a commensurate degree, if some sufficient cause had not deterred the public from resorting to the courts. It is no

small condemnation of the existing regulations, that they work so ill before the present Outer House Judges, whose general excellence no one can reasonably hope to see surpassed."—*Report, Appendix 35, Answers of H. Macqueen, Esq. (since deceased.)*

Now, the day has departed, when the unenlightened doctrine prevailed, that to render law good in itself, and its courts the instruments of the greatest benefit to the community, it was necessary that these should be expensive, which is much the same as to say that their procedure should be tedious and uncertain. The authors of the various documents referred to in the course of this paper, whether Law Commissioners, Legislators, or Lawyers, never for a moment contemplate any alterations that go to uphold delay, or immoderate expenses. We shall, instead of going at greater length into any suggestions of our own, than what have already been thrown out, in regard to the necessary amendments and alterations, simply call the attention of our readers to some of the changes that have been proposed by some of the authors already mentioned.

Although His Majesty's Law Commissioners for Scotland have suggested a variety of reforms, it must be confessed that none of these seem to us to go to the root of the mischiefs already alluded to, and that they amount only to the gentlest method of ameliorating an evil system. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hume, however, in the Bill brought in by them in 1835, which "was to improve and regulate the Forms of Process and diminish the Delay and Expenses of Procedure in the Courts of Judicature in Scotland, and in Appeals from the Court of Session to the House of Lords,"—used less ceremony. Mr. Wallace proposes, for instance, that to do away with the accumulation of useless writings, at the very beginning of a law-suit, the defender be brought into court on a short printed writ, distinctly stating the pursuers' demand, to be followed by a declaration, setting forth the facts on which he founds his claim, *seriatim*, and without argument; and, indeed, in all papers that are interchanged, (their number being greatly curtailed), whatever is advanced on one side, be explicitly admitted or denied on the other. Equivocation, and useless papers might be prevented, by a rigid infliction of costs on the erring party, and a denial of any right of action to every lawyer for every paper improperly lodged, either for his own client, or against the opposite litigant. This would go far to purify the Scottish proceedings of that system of mixing argument with fact, and the fact with law, that has so long prevailed in that country, and rendered the introduction of trial by jury so difficult and burdensome. Another of Mr. Wallace's reforms respects the oppressive manner in which appeals, especially to the House of Lords, are managed. But, as before hinted, our purpose in the present article, has been principally to

give a plain, but short view of the vices and defects which still characterize the Scottish system of civil law ; aware that while it will require persons conversant with that system, and minds whose habits have been much directed to jurisprudence and its practical workings, to suggest improvements nothing short of the voice of the people, speaking the language of their own homely convictions, will ever ensure the passing of the most necessary and efficient reforms.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—Mrs. Maberly; or the World as it will be. 3 vols. London: Macrone. 1836.

WITH the exception of some tales and conversations, which display a considerable share of liveliness, and in a certain sphere, correct observation of life, there is nothing in these volumes that is worthy of being published, or that can be read without dislike. The writer seems to have cherished no precise or fixed purpose in the course of their composition ; or, if he did, he is not possessed of the power to make it be perceived or felt by a neutral party. He is common-place, ridiculous, and extravagant, instead of being an artist in any capacity whether as regards imagination, drollery, or caricature ; whereas the announcement, that the year 2036 is the period at which he pitches his story, required extraordinary efforts and means to excite interest or awaken sympathy. Indeed, we could not augur favourably of any promised performance, after reading the following statement, which is to be found in a very early portion of the work, viz. "I have had a most rare vision—I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was ; man is an ass if he go about to expound this dream ;" a prediction which has been verified to the letter, by the dreamer himself.

While we deny that the novel possesses the characteristics or the elements of a plot, we may mention—to show the sort of invention and method of the author—that he begins at a boarding-house in Civita Bella, a locality that is to become a fashionable watering corner. But where ? In Australia ! And where the most preposterous and convenient invention, in spite of rhyme or reason, is indulged in, about rail-road travelling, and the triumphs of civilized arts. It is quite easy to speak of zebras, elephants &c., being subservient to our ordinary or fastidious tastes ; but the author never connects with his suggestions either an original or elegant anticipation. We are carried, among other places, to a Hotel (Royal, we suppose) in Ceylon, where a good deal of love-nonsense is enacted. But probably best, or rather most foolish of all, we arrive at Vitrea, a crystal city near the North-Pole ; a city covered with plate-glass. Yet this is not enough ; there is to be an atmosphere, and conduits of rain—at the command of whom ? Why, the magistracy of the city.

Mrs. Maberly, as here put forward, has become the most stupid representative that ever encountered the vision of honest dealers, even in the matter of novels. Behold ! Mr. Macrone, the difference between "Crichton" and "Mrs. Maberly."

ART. XVII.—*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository for the Year 1837.* Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THE present is certainly the most complete, the most elegant, the most useful, and the best arranged of this series of almanacs; though for many years, no other publication of the kind, which has appeared in this country has been half so good as its predecessors. Especially to the people of Scotland, whether these be devoted to business, or desirous of obtaining general information, it has long been an indispensable publication, and companion. There is not a spinster in the land to whom it will not afford agreeable research, and minister comfort. Who is there that has dwelt on the north side of the Tweed, who does not know, that, with the exception of the Bible, no other book is so constantly consulted, as Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac? We need not attempt, for it would be a vain labour—unless we copied a specimen of every one of the infinite subjects and lists to which it directs attention, to give an account of its contents. The shortest and best method of characterising it is, not to state what it contains, but to ask, what it does not? The variety, the extent, the minuteness of the information it presents are incredible, unless to persons familiar with its plan, and the pains bestowed upon it.

ART. XVIII.—*Arithmetic Unveiled, &c. &c.* By J. M'DOWALL, Accountant. pp. 180. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

HERE are a number of very useful tables, although some of them have a complicated appearance that will appear formidable to beginners. Proper attention to the principles which Mr. M'Dowall inculcates, however, and to the excellent rules laid down towards the end of the work, will greatly simplify and explain all future progress in arithmetical studies.

ART. XIX.—*Pawsey's Ladies' Repository.* Ipswich.

THIS is an elegant, small pocket-book, that is calculated both to be amusing and useful. It contains, besides poetry, tales, enigmas, and engravings of interesting scenes, various other matters upon which it is agreeable to exercise the fancy, or to task the memory.

ART. XX.—*Etudes sur l'Economie Politique.* Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. Tome Premier. London: Treuttell and Wurtz. 1837.

THIS forms the second volume of Sismondi's work upon the "Social Sciences," and consists of a series of essays on the most important and disputed principles of the subject discussed. Like all the works of this great historian and political economist, these essays present in a flowing and graceful style, a popular, yet not superficial or unsatisfactory account of all that the author treats of. There is an essay with this title, "*Des devoirs du Souverain envers les cultivateurs Irlandais, et des moyens de les tirer de leur détresse.*" that deserves to be read in England with great attention, for it goes to the root of many great evils, and suggests remedies that ought not to be withheld any longer.

ART. XXI.—*Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator: A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By JACOB JONES, Esq. London: Ridgway. 1837.

MR. JONES is not an unsuccessful invoker of the dramatic muse. Perhaps the strongest and most correct opinion that we can express in praise of the present effort, is to say, that we think it is worthy of being brought upon the stage, and that it would be a good acting-piece. There is much vigour, rather than fine writing in the dialogue, and no lack of incident or action in the story. It is also due to the author to say, that this tragedy was composed before the Gladiator became the topic of conversation and applause, in consequence of the manner in which Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, personated the Roman character.

ART. XXII.—*A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors.* By W. S. LANDOR. London: Saunders and Otley. 1836.

MR. LANDOR, in this production, levels his reproof principally at Blackwood's Magazine. He seems, from what we here read, as well as from expressions to be found in some of his former works, to entertain a mortal dislike towards Scotchmen, especially Scotch critics of every grade. Though taking Byron for his model, as we presume, there is far more of the *amius*, than the power to be severe, in his "Satire on Satirists." Somehow, we have not been able to peruse this indignant and *would-be* withering effort, without being impressed with the notion that its writer suffers much from an unhappy temper, and that he thinks a mighty deal of himself. There is much dogmatism in his manner, and not a little obscurity in his matter. In the endeavour to be sententious and pungent, his lines frequently consist of abrupt breaks that certainly convey not half of the meaning that was apportioned to them. In short, we neither think that Mr. Landor is likely to obtain admirers through this laboured effusion, or that, if Christopher North should deign to lift his crutch in retaliation, that the admonisher shall come off with sound bones.

ART. XXIII.—*D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ; with a Linear Verbal accompaning the Text, &c. &c.* By DR. NUTTALL. London: Longman and Co. 1836.

THIS work is a great improvement upon Stirling's Juvenal, as might be expected from the well-known translator of Horace and Virgil. To the stately verse of him who may be called the last of the Roman poets, Dr. Nuttall has brought his acknowledged energy and classical accomplishments, and turned them to excellent account. The manner in which this has been done is distinctly and shortly explained in these words:—"The English translation has been so arranged, as generally to correspond, *verbatim et lineatim*, with the original text, as nearly as the idioms of the two languages would possibly permit. Thus the exact sense of the original can be obtained at a glimpse; and by those possessing the least grammatical knowledge of the Latin language, the verbal construction may be instantly discovered." It cannot but strike the student, that by following this method a much more euphonic and spirited translation is for

the most part produced, than if an attempt were made to construe the verse according to the common prose idiom of the English language. Besides the translation, Dr. Nuttall gives a Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Juvenal, a Treatise on Latin Versification, and an Index, Historical, Explanatory, and Referential. Taking the work as a whole, it supplies a desideratum as respects one of the most vehement and majestic poets that ever wrote. It is calculated to afford essential assistance to teachers and the self-taught, who make the language of ancient Rome the subject of their cultivation.

ART. XXIV.—*The Cabinet Library of Scarce and Celebrated Tracts. Law Series. The Earl of Liverpool on the Conduct of the Government of Great Britain, in respect of Neutral Nations.* Edinburgh: T. Clark.

ANOTHER admirable portion of this valuable series of reprints. The calm dignity, and the plain but triumphant reasoning here presented, regarding an eventful period in the history of Europe, and the rights which England thought it due to her own interests, and according to the soundest principles of international law, to maintain both by the pen and by the sword, are sure, in after ages, to confer upon the name of the noble author, high honour, and to furnish a standard authority, on the points discussed for all time coming.

ART. XXV.—*Zulneida. A Tale of Sicily.* By the Author of "The White Cottage." In 3 vols. Macrone.

WE have had considerable difficulty in coming to any decided judgment concerning the merits of this romance. That its parts are unequal—that the author has contemplated, and for a time successfully pursued that which he has been unable to accomplish or overtake, must appear to a careful reader manifest, we think. He seems to have rushed too rapidly into the most exciting parts of his story, and to have at an early stage of it embarrassed himself with too many characters, among whom there is not a sufficient gradation or subordination. He has learning, he has read much, and can produce striking scenes, and put together powerful descriptions. And yet, owing to some defect, he does not furnish a lively image of the times to which the narrative belongs, nor finally engage the reader's heart in behalf of his most laboured characters. We felt, probably in spite of ourselves, that is, in consequence of the power of parts of the story, frequently inclined to admire, but ever and anon were obliged to take offence again; so that in as far as our feelings went, the author, though clearly a writer of ability, has not the peculiar art of giving life to his imagined plot, or of enchainning the fancy. He is often extravagant or runs into the burlesque, instead of being impressive and natural. The work, we fear, is a failure.

ART. XXVI.—*La Hougue bie de Hambie, a Tradition of Jersey. With Historical, Genealogical, and Topographical Notes.* By J. BULKELEY, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Whittaker.

THERE are features in this work that cannot fail to entice and secure a great number of readers. The first volume contains a fine romance.

The period chosen for illustration is about the middle of the eleventh century, when De Hambie, a companion of Robert, Duke of Normandy, figured. The Second volume is full of curious antiquarian lore. The work, indeed, offers sufficient proof, that Jersey is not behind other sections, corners, and islands belonging to the British crown, in matters of tradition, or as respects a writer who can turn them to account in a variety of ways. The work is strikingly illustrated by art. Let all who delight in being surprised, and it will be advantageously, read these volumes.

ART. XXVII.—*Recollections of Sir Walter Scott.* London: Fraser. 1837.

THESE *Recollections* were originally published in Fraser's Magazine, and appear to have been written by a person who, from an early date, was on a very intimate footing with the Great Magician of the North, and who seems to have cherished a similarity of tastes and pursuits. The work contains a great number of anecdotes of Scott, and presents some very striking notices of his habits and character. Many of these, however, are neither new in point of information, nor surpassing as regards the manner in which they are now recorded. Neither do we think that Scott is to be seen in this portrait, according to the full breadth and strength of his genius, consisting as it did, in a great measure, of homely mother-wit, and a perfect sympathy with the ordinary ways of the world. The chief object which we have in view in noticing these *Recollections*, is not, however, so much to criticise the work as to mark the extraordinary statement—and, no doubt, as true as it is extraordinary—which it presents in the history of modern literature, with regard to Scott's connection with Constable. The reliance which the former had in the sagacity and business-habits of the latter, was not perhaps more to be lamented than it was illustrative of how far even those who have studied mankind with the greatest precision may be at times mistaken and misled. Another lesson which is here taught, regards the danger and folly of expending profits before they are realized.

"I have said above, that the web of Scott's destiny was now woven, though he himself knew it not; and in these words I alluded to pecuniary difficulties, which, in his case, as it has happened in numberless others, took their actual rise and commencement at the very time when he seemed to be most prosperous. The author of *Waverley* lived on a scale of liberal if not profuse expenditure. His family having grown up, increased his disbursements. He had begun, and was resolved to finish, his mansion of Abbotsford; besides, he wished to purchase more land, to which plans his official income was unequal. But in Constable he now found a ready supporter, who at last proved his ruin. The bargains with this book-seller were now almost invariably made through Mr. James Ballantyne, the printer, who himself mainly depended on Constable's aid. I believe the latter was kept in ignorance who had written the *Waverley* novels till some years later, when concealment became out of the question.

"Having thus alluded to James Ballantyne, I must observe, that a character of more sterling integrity, or more friendly disposition, never

existed. As he was by no means of an over-sanguine temperament, it is possible that, by following his advice, the subsequent pecuniary embarrassments might have been avoided. But printers live by booksellers, and Constable's wealth and sagacity were then looked on as unimpeachable. Even till within a few weeks or days before his bankruptcy, his real circumstances were concealed from all the world, except the bankers; whose only chance of indemnity depended on keeping the secret. Yet by this time (1816), it is probable that the bookseller was himself in difficulties far greater, had the truth been told, than those which induced John Ballantyne to become an auctioneer. To counterbalance this, however, he had a host of powerful friends, and ample credit; therefore could discount bills at the Scotch banks to almost any extent. The large sums necessarily embarked in great literary undertakings—encyclopædias, statistical accounts, histories, &c., which, he delighted to say, were of national importance, and which brought slow though sure returns—this alone afforded him a ready and plausible apology for having recourse to the bill system, which, perhaps, no one with a capital equally slender ever carried on to so great an extent. Very soon did Constable perceive the advantage he could derive in this branch of his operations through his connexions with Sir Walter Scott, provided only the latter would adopt or sanction the bill system also; and, unfortunately, through the mediation of Mr. Ballantyne, who, with the most honourable intentions, was himself deceived as to the bookseller's circumstances, the author of *Waverley* was induced to do so. The novels were extremely profitable; so were the earlier poems, of which new editions were constantly called for, and remuneration must be made. Constable and Co. had no great stock of hard cash, but would liberally accept Mr. Scott's draft (or that of Mr. Ballantyne, as representative of the 'Great Unknown,') for 5000*l.* at twelve months, provided the poet would only indorse another for a like amount, or perhaps, for only 3000*l.*; which would be, *pro tempore*, of service to the bookseller, who had a convenient opportunity to discount it at a different bank, or, perhaps, through a private friend. Meanwhile, in return for this accommodation system, Constable was a most discreet, politic, and indefatigable trumpeter of the praises both of Sir Walter Scott and the unknown author of *Waverley*; that is to say, he gave out that the sale of their works was enormous; and, by mysterious hints, made it be understood that the purchase-money of a *Waverley* romance was never less than 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.*; at which rate, taking the lower average, the whole series of novels (independently of other literary productions) must have brought to the author two hundred thousand pounds! *At best*, the trade, or amusement, whichever it is to be called, of authorship, will not yield returns like this: but, if people believed it, so much the better; and as to the sale of these novels being altogether unprecedented, there could be no doubt. The public were mystified; bankers and even booksellers were mystified; and, probably, those who were behind the scenes and ought to have understood the matter, were mystified also. That the author himself was so, there could be no doubt; otherwise he never would have acted on principles which ultimately led to his becoming an absolute martyr."

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1837

ART. I.—*Second Report from His Majesty's Commissioners on Criminal Law. Dated 9th June, 1836. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 20th June, 1836.*

IN the Speech read by the King's Commissioners on the opening of the present Session of Parliament, the following paragraph occurs:—"We have it also in charge to recommend for your serious deliberation those provisions that will be submitted to you for the improvement of the Law, and of the Administration of Justice, assuring you that His Majesty's anxiety for the accomplishment of these objects remains undiminished." It must have been with much satisfaction, that every friend of practical reform has read the above announcement; and yet it is not unmingled with solicitude and doubt, regarding what may be the results of this strong, and, there is no question, this hearty recommendation from the throne, that we have reflected on the subject. Our fears are principally excited concerning the criminal branch of the law, to which we are now exclusively about to call the notice of our readers; and upon certain grounds to be specified these fears particularly rest. In the first place, there is reason to suspect that neither the majority of our legislators, nor the community at large, have yet fully and practically apprehended that high and pure conclusion of Christian philosophy, which establishes and maintains, that in every instance of punishment for the infraction of the laws, the idea of revenge, or of inflicting injury and pain in way of retaliation, ought never to enter, but only that of the prevention of similar offences for the future. In enlightened England, the people have not yet generally seen it proper to declare that capital punishment should be abolished on this ground, that something more severe must be found, since that of death is useless. In the second place, we see that Sir Robert Peel, at the Glasgow banquet, is reported, when referring to certain reforms which have been carried forward within the last nine or ten years, to have said—"The whole of our criminal law has been

revised and consolidated. The severity of our criminal code has been mitigated." Now, while we frankly admit that the latter statement is correct, and that the right honourable gentleman has been to a considerable extent, the advocate and instrument of these mitigations, we deny the former assertion; feeling, at the same time, that, if such an influential member of the senate retain these sentiments, it is not probable that the revision and consolidation, which we regard as rational and necessary, can be speedily carried into effect. But, in the third place, the Report, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, and which has been published by order of the House of Commons, as drawn up by a Commission which was appointed by the Whig Government in 1833, by no means, whether it be as regards the extent of reform, a clear exposition of the principles of our system, or a plain arrangement of facts and recommendations satisfies the mind; and if such a Report is to form the basis of reform, the public, we fear, will continue to have to lament for years to come, the inefficiency of our criminal code. There is sufficient in this voluminous document, however, to entitle it to public consideration. It contains some arresting facts, as well as unanswerable reasonings and admirable suggestions; all which must serve to bring the mind of the country nearer to a right perception of the principles and the details that should distinguish the system of laws alluded to.

Before directing the attention of our readers to some of the most important parts of the Report, and offering such objections as its errors or defects may seem to call for, there are a few things which every one will do well to consider. Many of the improvements in our criminal code, which have of late years been carried, have amounted to nothing better or more than the consolidation and arrangement of certain statutes; thus simplifying them and rendering the hindrances to conviction less formidable, as well as more clearly defining what amounted to crime in the eye of the law. There was not in many of these amendments any mitigation of severity. Indeed new capital crimes were announced and decreed; but how often have juries found their oaths and their feelings at war, in consequence of some of these intended improvements? Yet there has, especially in reference to one class of offences, been a strong and most salutary change introduced. Need we more pointedly allude to cases of forgery? Or need we inform our readers as to the fact of the beneficial results of these changes being far greater than their fondest advocates anticipated? The severity of the former punishment of forgery, all now discover, defeated itself.

And yet, even as it is, with all the known and admired repugnance which his Majesty entertains to the shedding of the blood of criminals, such punishments are more numerous in England than

in any other country of Europe. We shall afterwards see whether the recommendations in the present Report are likely to abridge this ghastly multitude. One other remark forces itself upon our attention at this moment, which regards the crime of murder. Here, perhaps, few would approve of any alteration; especially, until the effects of mitigated punishment should be fully ascertained in other enormous violations of human feelings, and those inalienable interests which seem more directly to be identified both with earth and heaven, mortality and immortality. But, while we cannot but deeply lament the fact, we also cannot but reflect upon it, that of late, when many crimes, which were wont to be punished capitally meet with more lenient treatment, and have not increased, that of murder has been perpetrated with a bold and a reckless hand, maintaining an ascendancy, not merely in heinous aggravation, but in frequency of perpetration.

On proceeding to consider the leading features of the Report before us, it is proper to quote its particular and definite objects, as given by the Commissioners themselves. They say—

“ In our last Report on the Criminal Law, we requested your Majesty’s attention more particularly to the present state of the unwritten part of it; conceiving that one of the most important objects of a digest, is the reduction of the unwritten Criminal Law to a more accessible and intelligible shape, and the rendering it capable of more certain and efficient application. It appeared to us to be essential to the attainment of this great object, that the necessity for such a work, and the difficulties attending its execution, should be well understood; and that the principles on which it is to be performed should, in the first place, be well considered and determined.

“ In order to afford a practical illustration of our general remarks, we proceeded to make a digest of the rules of the unwritten Criminal Law, so far as they relate to defining the crime of theft. The digest which we presented to your Majesty upon this subject, was not made with a view of recommending that it should be passed into a law, but for the purpose of showing, that the very principles of the unwritten law of crimes were frequently unsound and discordant—its distinction subtle and refined—and its rules complex and indistinct in their application. We considered that such a digest would, in conjunction with the general remarks offered in our First Report, satisfy your Majesty that some amendments of the nature we proposed, in the principles of the unwritten law of crimes, were expedient prior to the law being reduced into a statute, and obtaining the sanction of the legislature.

“ Having thus observed upon and illustrated the present state of the unwritten law of crimes, we now propose to examine such of the more important branches of the Criminal Law, written and unwritten, as appear to be susceptible of material improvement. And that our suggestions may be the more systematic and intelligible, we proceed to state the order in which we shall submit to your Majesty, the various subjects on which we intend to report:—

" I. The Classification of Crimes.

" II. The Definition.

" 1. Of Crimes.

" 2. Of Punishments.

" III. The Jurisdiction of Courts.

" IV. The Process of accusation, inquiry, judgment, and execution.

" We beg, however, to state that our labours have not been confined to the offering of these suggestions for the improvement of the Criminal Law. We have also proceeded with the consolidation of its various branches,—though what we have done, in this last respect, is obviously not of a nature to be presented to your Majesty until the system of which it will form a part, shall be completed.

" Having been desired by one of your Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State to present, at an early period, the result of our inquiries respecting the defence of prisoners by counsel, and the infliction of Capital Punishments, we have completed, in the first instance, and now submit separately to your Majesty, so much of our Report as relates specially to those two objects."

With regard to the former of these objects, among many other conclusions to which the Commissioners come, are the following:—

" It appears to us that, as a general position, the right of a party accused to be heard previously to condemnation is founded on principles of reason, humanity, and justice, recognized by the Law of England.

" That it is essential to this right that it should, at the option of the accused, be exercised through the agency of counsel.

" That no reasonable distinction, as to the exercise of the right, can be made between felonies and other classes of crimes.

" That the prisoner's counsel should, in all cases, be entitled to the concluding address, and that the same practice, in this respect, should be extended to trials for misdemeanors."

It is unnecessary, however, to cite more from the Report concerning the defence of prisoners. Our readers will remember, that an act was passed in the month of August last, adopting the leading recommendations of the Commissioners, with the exception of giving the prisoner's counsel the last word; this suggested provision having been struck out by the Lords. Still there is reason to expect that the point will ere long be reconsidered. Part of Sir Frederick Pollock's opinion on it is in these words—" There is a great advantage in civil cases, in the plaintiff's having the first word and the last word; the advantage of the last word must be given to some one, and in civil cases I think it is quite fair that the last word should be given to the plaintiff, if the defendant calls witnesses; but in criminal cases, I think that if there be any advantage, it ought rather to be given to the defendant." A great deal has been said and feared about the waste of time that will be consequent on such a practice as Sir F. Pollock recommends. We have never been able to discover why this should be the case, when once

it has been fairly established. It appears to us that it would have the most direct effect in leading to a curtailment of cross-examinations. Besides, in those countries, such as Scotland, where the law and practice has for centuries been in accordance with the form recommended, no such evil as is anticipated by many in England, has ever been complained of. But it is to other divisions and portions of the Report that we are mainly desirous of calling attention; since the experiment which the prisoner's Counsel Bill has introduced, it is to be hoped will throw additional light upon the principles which should regulate the whole subject, as to forms of procedure in criminal trials. We go forward, therefore, to that division of the Report which treats of *Punishments*, and particularly that of *Death*.

It may be anticipated from our opening observations, that in our judgment, capital punishment, if it must be retained, ought to be confined to the very highest class of crimes—those committed against a fellow creature—perhaps, murder alone. The Commissioners offer a number of valuable recommendations and opinions on this subject; and yet are in other suggestions strangely inconsistent with themselves.

We cannot too highly admire the reasoning in the Report, regarding the evils that arise from crimes of very different degrees of magnitude and turpitude, being visited with precisely the same punishment; although, as we shall afterwards venture to affirm, the reasoning and recommendations thereon founded, do not go to the uprooting of the absurdities complained of. Still it is with pleasure that we thus quote—

“The scarcity of distinctions defining the gradations of guilt, and annexing commensurate penalties, constitutes a remarkable characteristic of the Criminal Law of this country. Crimes bearing little moral resemblance to each other are, by sweeping definitions, frequently classed together without discrimination as to penal punishments.

“The constant, or even the ordinary, enforcement of penal laws of so indiscriminating a character, would be impracticable.”

After following out this train of reasoning to some extent, examples are given.

“In illustration of these remarks, we may refer to the offence of burglary, which is by law, in all cases, a capital crime. To the completion of the offence, there are no other essentials than the breaking of a dwelling-house, in the night time, with intent to steal, or commit some other felony. Within this definition, extended as it has been by construction, are included offences the most distant in point of atrocity. A hungry pauper, for example, who, after it is dark, breaks a pane of glass, and thrusts a hand through the broken window to seize a loaf of bread, is just as liable to suffer death, as one of a gang of ruffians who break into a dwelling-house to pillage the inhabitants, and who execute their purpose with circumstances of the utmost violence and cruelty.

" Since, then, the Punishment of Death cannot invariably be executed in all cases where it is annexed by the law to the crimes, the question arises, whether it is of use in those cases where it is so annexed, but not actually inflicted.

" Having carefully considered the opinions of many eminent persons, who have given great attention to Criminal Jurisprudence, the Reports of several Committees relating to the same subject, the Official Returns, and the answers to our own inquiries, we are induced to believe that the selection of a few culprits, who alone are to suffer death, out of a great number convicted for the same offence in point of law, does not diminish, but, on the contrary, tends to increase the number of the offenders."

But there are other unanswerable objections to annexing similar punishments to dissimilar crimes, morally considered, than any that have yet been glanced at. So long as the law continues in its present state, prosecutors, for instance, will most reluctantly prosecute, witnesses will forfeit their recognizances, and juries will practise a " pious fraud," and violate their oaths, rather than be accessory to the shedding of blood, for comparatively trivial offences. It is unnecessary to quote from the Report the testimony of such authorities as Mr. Alderman Harmer, to confirm these most apparent and daily experienced facts. But, besides, the want of a rational classification of crimes, according to their gradations of guilt, has the most manifest tendency to confound all moral distinctions in the minds of the ignorant, and even of the community at large.

One thing, however, is manifest, and experience corroborates the dictum of reason on the point—whatever punishments are annexed to crimes, they ought to be definite. If death be the penalty, it ought uniformly to follow (subject to the exercise of the royal prerogative) conviction of a capital offence. Such is also the unreserved opinion expressed and enforced in the Report before us. The great question then arises, what are the offences to which capital punishment ought to be confined? Here we again have pleasure in citing some of the opinions of the Commissioners.

" It is certain that severity of punishment, when carried too far, defeats its purpose, and tends to impunity. It is therefore inexpedient to annex capital punishment to an offence, if the actual infliction of it would offend the sense and feelings of the generality of society, and particularly of those members of it on whom, in the capacity of jurors, the administration of the criminal law essentially depends. It is the presumed unwillingness of juries to convict capitally, where the offence is free from any peculiar aggravation, that commonly inspires the offender with the hope of impunity, and makes him congratulate himself on the capital nature of the charge. The administration of a law not in accordance with the opinions of society, and shocking their moral or religious sentiments, cannot but be precarious; and without supposing that they break deliberately the sacred obligation of their oath, we may presume that slight grounds

will satisfy the conscience of jurors in acquitting a party accused of infringing it."

Is it not strange that after this, the Commissioners come to the conclusion, that no less than eight heads of crime be retained to which capital punishments shall not only be annexed, but in regard to which that punishment, unless prevented by the exercise of the royal prerogative, shall be invariably executed? Let us see what these crimes are, and how defined.

" 1st.—High Treason.

" 2nd.—Murder.

" 3rd.—Attempts to murder, accompanied with actual injury to the person, to be particularly defined.

" 4th.—Burning of buildings or ships, with danger to human life, and under circumstances to be particularly defined.

" 5th.—Piracy, accompanied with actual injury to the person, or acts endangering human life, to be particularly defined.

" 6th.—Burglary, aggravated by cruelty or violence to an inmate, under circumstances to be particularly defined.

" 7th.—Robbery, aggravated by cruelty or violence, under circumstances to be particularly defined.

" 8th.—Rape; and violation of a female child under the age of ten years, with or without consent.

A nameless offence of great enormity we, at present, exclude from consideration."

This enumeration, we think, will astonish every person who has a moment before read these words—"It is therefore inexpedient to annex capital punishment to an offence, if the actual infliction of it would offend the sense and feelings of the generality of society." To be sure, the Commissioners at the conclusion of the paragraph, in which these considerate and judicious words occur, add—"At the same time it is perfectly true that the public feeling on subjects of criminal jurisprudence is not always directed by the most enlightened views, and would of itself be no sufficient ground for determining the measure of punishment." But this is just one of those vague negatives, and, in its spirit, contradictory sentences which are too plentiful in the Report. Do the Commissioners think, can our readers say, that such an eight or ninefold catalogue will not alarm and shock the general body of the well-informed members of the British community? Are these same parties whom we now interrogate, prepared to deny that the public as a body have made up their mind, if the punishment of death is ever to be inflicted, this is only to be for *murder*? But says the Record, the public feeling on such matters is not always to be followed. Why not? Is it not strange that the same document should blow hot and cold in the very same paragraph? There might be reason for such a reservation, were the people to be called on to declare their judgment under the influence of feelings in regard

to any recent atrocity. But when sitting in the chair of a legislator, and looking prospectively, there is no danger surely, there is nothing but safety and wisdom in meeting and embodying the public sympathy and voice in the form of a law. Besides, the random caution pronounced, and now animadverted upon, there is no such distinction recognised in the Report as Christian feeling should have dictated, between the danger or evil of letting a crime escape with a slighter punishment than what it may have deserved, and the enormous mischief and injustice that are perpetrated when a comparatively innocent person becomes the victim of the severest and most unrelenting law. But we chiefly wish to call attention to the authoritative and true *dictum*, "that severity of punishment, when carried too far, defeats its purpose." Nay, in obedience to this enlightened view, several of those persons on whose testimony the Commissioners have much relied, have so strongly expressed their doubts as to the expediency of retaining *rape* upon the list of capital offences, that these same Commissioners are not quite sure that it should not belong to another category; persuaded or presuming that public justice would be more often satisfied in consequence of this change in the law. In short, the Commissioners seem to us to have overlooked the only adequate principle which should regulate the whole system of criminal law, viz., not that which consists in what is called the *satisfaction of public justice*, or of apportioning such an amount and weight of punishment, as it is supposed, may be an equivalent for the offence committed, but that which is best calculated to prevent the perpetration of like offences in all time coming.

As to the punishments called secondary, while there is the most pressing necessity for an immediate revision and alteration of many of them, we do not intend to say much. The Report is even brief on this branch, and although it offers several judicious general observations concerning it, it still leaves the subject open for a great deal more of research and reflection. The great defect here, and indeed throughout the spirit of the Commissioners' reasonings and suggestions throughout, is the want of some sound and unerring principle for the regulation of all punishment. In endeavouring to balance and apportion penalties according to the gradations of moral guilt, although much may be done and wisely said, yet the substitution of another, for that guide which we hold to be provided by the spirit of Christianity, for the prevention of crime already alluded to, seems to confuse and vitiate the voluminous document before us. This want and error become particularly manifest when the Commissioners treat of punishments that are short of death. Here they labour, and are greatly at a loss to discover some penalty, that should or can stand next—next, and approximating to *Death*! What can that be? In certain senses

death has no second ; while, according to other views, and according to another method of classifying crime and punishment, death is not the greatest punishment, and still less the best, either as respects the culprit or the community.

The opinions we have now expressed merely point in a very general and distant manner to the defects of the present Report, and to what we think are the great principles which are alone entitled to constitute the foundation of a comprehensive criminal code for a civilized people ; among whom, however, there are innumerable grades in point of feeling, refinement, and knowledge. We conclude with some extracts from what is said on the subject of punishments, that are short of death, as set down before us ; not, however, for the purpose of fixing upon them any particular remarks, but to show the justice of the general criticism we have just now volunteered.

“ After diminishing (diminishing !) the number of capital offences, the punishment of those from which the capital punishment is removed, becomes an important object of attention. This subject leads us to notice the existing law and practice as to the infliction of secondary punishments, having reference to specified gradations of crime, and upon an uniform system.”

The want of proper discrimination in the allotment of secondary punishments is lamented, and then comes the outline of the plan which is to be proposed.

“ It appears to us that it would be desirable for the reasons already adverted to, that a scale of punishments should be established, by which the different gradations of crime should be more distinctly marked, and settled according to some uniform system.”

The Commissioners look upon transportation as a very inadequate punishment to fill up the chasm between loss of life and loss of liberty for two years ; and think that the offences cognizable by the superior criminal courts, and by courts of quarter session, should be distinguished into four classes, thus—

“ That the first should consist of such as were capital, in accordance with the principles already considered :

“ That the second should be punishable with imprisonment for a term of ten years or more, or transportation for life ; and should include burglaries, robberies, arson, &c. committed under such defined circumstances of aggravation as might render them worthy of the punishment second in degree :

“ That those of the third class should be punishable by imprisonment for a term not exceeding ten years, nor less than two, or by transportation not exceeding fourteen years, nor less than seven years ; and should consist chiefly of ordinary burglaries and robberies, &c. :

“ That those of the fourth class should be punishable by imprisonment not exceeding two years, transportation not exceeding seven years, or

fine; and should consist of simple thefts, and of offences not included in any of the three preceding classes:

“That with regard to any of the abovementioned offences as should be made punishable by imprisonment, solitary confinement and hard labour might be added to the punishment, according to definite rules.”

At the conclusion of the Report, a longer period between sentence and execution is recommended.

We have now noticed some of the most important topics discussed in this Report, which contains, no doubt, at least a large portion of those views and suggestions, upon which the measure that is soon to be submitted by government to the legislature, as already promised since the meeting of parliament, is to be based. How many more Reports the Commissioners have in store, that are likewise to be brought forward for the information of the public, and as lights to guide our lawmakers, we know not; but if the theoretic disquisitions, the commentaries, and suggestions of these forthcoming tomes, be as verbose, tautological, and inconclusive as their predecessors are, or if they preserve a strict consistency, we do not anticipate that the great expense to which the commission has already put the country will ever be repaid by the fruits of its labours. In our preceding observations, we have glanced at some of our objections to the present Report; and were our readers made acquainted with every paragraph in it, they would readily discover more imperfections and errors in principle and speculation than have been pointed out by us. In returning, however, to some of the portions above quoted, there may be found sufficient matter for an extended review, and for warranting the fear that the Criminal Law of England is not destined to be speedily put upon a footing so good or beneficial as that which society requires, or of which the community is susceptible.

Among other faults that may be reasonably expected in any law which is to be framed in accordance with the suggestions in this Report, we doubt not of complexity, confusion, ponderous enactments, and such subtleties as will open a wide door for misconceptions in point of construction, and dextrous evasions being among the number, when merely regarding particular promises made by the Commissioners. Take, for example, the phrase “to be particularly defined,” or some equivalent terms, which often occur in this lengthy volume, and generally where the greatest niceties and difficulties will arise, and then reflect upon, not only how much the legislature will have to do, but the probability of its frequently doing wrong. The final consequences of the inaccuracy and subtlety which we refer to, will consist of far more convictions and far more acquittals upon trial than heretofore, because there will be a far greater number of crimes committed under such com-

plicated and badly defined laws than there is at present, arguing upon the same grounds that the Commissioners themselves have judiciously taken and forcibly illustrated. But it is by referring to the principles, rather than the details of the contemplated measures, that the strongest objections arise in our minds; and this brings us back to the consideration of a certain foundation, which we think is able and calculated to support the best, and indeed the only enlightened system of penal laws that can be instituted for a civilized, and especially a Christian community. Regarding the perfect principles, and the pure philosophy spoken of, we shall now endeavour to make ourselves more fully understood, than when previously asserting the excellence of such foundations.

We maintain that the whole system of penal legislation should have for its basis and directory those pure and eternal elements of justice which Christian morality and Christian doctrines teach, instead of those cruel, vulgar, and absurd notions, which traditional prejudices, and current fallacies engender. This, we maintain in consistency, not merely with an unimpeachable theory, but from watching the statistics of crime, and the character, as well as the operations of the laws, in this and other countries.

The proper object of punishment is to enforce obedience to the laws. The proper object of laws is to maintain social order and personal security. The proper foundation and directory of laws is justice—justice of the same quality and character as that which the Supreme Being exerts in his government of the moral world. But what is the nature of Divine justice—what its elements? Benevolence and wisdom, not revenge. Benevolence seeks to establish the greatest amount of happiness, and wisdom directs the necessary means, by the appointment of proper sanctions; whereas revenge is the natural expression of hatred on account of an injury received, and therefore instead of restraining, it multiplies and entails injuries and evils. Now, the Almighty cannot be vindictive, because he is far above the reach of injury. But do we not read of God's vengeance. "God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; the Lord revengeth and is furious: he will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies." Let it be borne in mind, however, that the sacred writers could only make use of ideas which were within human experience, and which the human mind alone could understand. When alluding, therefore, to the Divine attributes, we naturally transfer to the Deity the transcript of our own moral feelings. Our first natural idea of justice is a feeling equivalent to revenge—we feel that returning injury for injury will be a satisfaction to us. The history of criminal law is illustrative of how strongly human nature cherishes this sentiment. Among barbarians, revenge has its amplest reign, its severity usually being proportioned to the

power of the injured. But when the consequences of this measureless sort of punishment began to be weighed, a law was passed, which enacted that the revenge should not exceed the injury in severity. Lord Bacon says, "Revenge is a species of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out." After the enactment of the *lex talionis*, or the law that restricted revenge to tooth for tooth, and eye for eye, and some other methods of mitigatory punishment, as well as setting bounds to the ever-increasing amount of injuries which naturally resulted even under the *lex talionis*—such as the appointment of places of refuge for unintentional offences—philosophy stepped forward, guided by the spirit of true religion, and taught that the punishment of any criminal should never be greater than is necessary for the public weal, or, in other words, for maintaining and enforcing the observance of wise laws. Thus the principle of revenge has gradually given way, and the purpose of punishment been regarded by reflecting minds in a light much more akin to the character of Divine justice. Still among the best informed, the term justice is apt to contain the idea of retribution and satisfaction of just anger, so as at least to amount to legal revenge. Even when such persons reason as we have been doing in behalf of a far purer principle, it requires an effort of their philosophy to correct the latent natural approbation of retaliation; while the ignorant and the wicked can see nothing so proper when suffering in their own interests and persons, but a return at least of equal severity against the offender, without ever reflecting for a moment whether this return and recompense will benefit society or lessen the number of injuries. But be assured the closer that private individuals and legislators imitate the attribute of justice in God, the more effectually will they repress and prevent crimes; and his justice, as before said, consists of the greatest possible amount of benevolence and wisdom.

Human laws should assuredly be formed according to the Supreme model; and the question now arises how are those laws to be framed, so as best to accommodate themselves to man's peculiar nature and circumstances. There are two points acknowledged and oft repeated in the present Report, the simple mention of which sets the mind upon the path, that if directly followed out, will, we venture to assert, lead to the wisest measure, whether lineal or collateral,—measures, simple, intelligible, and impressive. The first is this—the chief defect of human government is the difficulty of conviction, and the consequent hope of escaping punishment. The second,—it has always been found that extreme severity is less effective for the prevention of crimes or violations of the law than moderate punishment, with increased probabilities of conviction. We are not called on, neither are we in circumstances that would enable us to build a system of penal laws upon the foundation, and

under the guidance above indicated ; but we feel perfect confidence in such views and principles ; being also of opinion, that until they are strictly and singly acted upon, crime will not decrease, though sanguinary punishments must ; because the complication of our laws, and the false position of their bases, will continue to shelter the hotbeds of all sorts of offences.

ART. II.—*Rambles in Egypt and Candia ; with Details of the Military Power and Resources of those Countries, and Observations on the Government, Policy, and Commercial System of Mohammed Ali.*
By C. ROBERT SCOTT, Captain, H. P. Royal Staff Corps. 2 vols. Colbourn.

LANE's account of the Modern Egyptians has been so lately reviewed by us, that our readers may suppose we might have found, among the multitude of books which are every month issuing from the press, a subject more novel and engaging than that which forms the principal part of Captain Scott's work. It is perfectly true that Egypt has been from the earliest days of extant history, the field of research, and the theme of uninterrupted wonder. Antiquaries, soldiers, merchants, scholars, and restless spirits of all sorts, have traversed and excavated the mud of the empire of the Pharaohs, till it may be presumed there is not a spot, in the valley or on the banks of the Nile, that has not been dug up, nor a feature in the manners of the people that has not been limned a hundred times, whether these have been studied as preserved by carved and painted stone, or human bodies mummied or alive. Nevertheless, we are bound to state that the volumes before us possess no small share of interesting merit. There is even a considerable degree of novelty both in the matter and the manner of them, owing not merely to the writer's method and habits of observation, but to the nature of the points he discusses.

The interest and the novelty which belong to these volumes do not, however, arise from any discoveries, or even any extraordinary display of thought in treating of that which is old, but consist of something that is not less valuable, though it be less imposing and not so generally admired—we mean, an independence of mind, a direct application of that mind to the plain aspect of things, and a freedom and manliness, not unmixed with humour, in giving expression to its dictates, and in embodying its observations. The consequence of this straight forward and active mode, is, that an unusual amount of information is communicated, and this too with uncommon liveliness and distinctness. There is much of the soldier in Captain Scott's work, and many symptoms of varied knowledge and accomplishments—practical as well as speculative. But, perhaps, we like him chiefly because of his strong common

sense, and the honesty with which he utters his sentiments. There also enters into our respect for him, the feeling that he is no feather-bed Captain, but one whose frame, constitution, and spirit are of an order that agree well with our notions of what a bold and romantic traveller should possess. Captain Scott would make a very suitable companion to Major Skinner in a "Journey Overland to India," or in any adventurous tour.

Our author not only pursued the route that is generally taken by tourists in Egypt, but he diverged into less trodden paths. For example, he visited Rosetta and Damietta; from Kheneh he crossed the Desert, for Kosseir on the Red Sea. He had practical objects in view, as well as the satisfaction of a Rambler's curiosity—the best line for steam-navigation to India being one of the questions which he particularly examined.

Much of these volumes concerns the character, the career, and the ambitious purposes of Mohammed Ali; and the use that may be made of him, as well as of the country he rules over, by England; and whenever the Captain discusses such matters, he discovers many opinions which prove him to be a man of the world, and one who would not be extremely delicate as to the means, provided the contemplated end was to be attained, in any great national measure that tended to consolidate, to elevate, or to strengthen its greatness. The Pasha's main policy, according to the Captain, is to maintain and augment his power by civilizing and stimulating the minds of the Fellahs, or native Egyptians; which, he says, can best be done by a military system, and keeping up a native army. Then, the manner in which England may make use of Mohammed and his son, is to constitute them into a barrier between India and Russia. He sees great danger threatening our Eastern possessions, if the Northern Autocrat should ever become the "protector" of Persia; while he argues that a friendly alliance with a power possessing Egypt, Syria, and extending to the Euphrates, would be attended with many results most beneficial to Great Britain, and afford ample security to the richest of our colonies. To obtain this great friendly power, the author recommends that we immediately acknowledge the independence of Mohammed, and of his dynasty.

Concerning the genius and the schemes of the Pasha, our gallant author speaks plainly. He praises, blames, and excuses, just as he sees cause. But where he blames, on account of the uselessness or the folly that characterizes many of Mohammed's plans and measures the censure is generally levelled against the counsellors around him, who, being for the most part mere European adventurers, are constantly looking to their own selfish interests. There are, however, many remarkable instances of civilization, and advancement in the useful arts, in which the genius and judgment of the Pasha are eminently displayed. If we select some of his manufacturing establish-

ments, he will be seen to great advantage. Take that for the supply of the necessary means of national defence, and of arms, and there will not only appear to be great proficiency in many of the arts, but a strict observance of that wise rule, which requires that in regard to such articles no nation should depend upon another. Here we may appropriately quote some particulars concerning the dock-yards at Alexandria.

"Of the modern sights of Alexandria, the Naval Arsenal is the most worthy of notice, not alone on account of the magnificent scale of the establishment, but from the degree of perfection to which, in the short time it has been in existence, its different departments have been brought. Some long ranges of handsome stone buildings, standing at a convenient distance from the docks, contain the storehouses and workshops of the various departments. On the ground-floor are those of the blacksmiths, carpenters, shipwrights, coopers, pump and block-makers, &c. and also the store-rooms for heavy articles, such as iron and timber. Above, are warehouses for lighter stores—canvas, bunting, clothing, mathematical and nautical instruments, and other articles of equipment; as also workshops for sail-makers, tailors, &c. school-rooms, offices, and printing-presses. A rope-walk occupies the entire length of one of these buildings, and is a thousand feet long.

"The stores contain every thing necessary for a ship's equipment, even including furniture for the officers' cabins, which are fitted up, to the most trivial articles, at the expense of the Viceroy. I was not a little surprised to find that his Highness's munificence extended even to the supply of clothes and *hair-brushes* for the officers' cabins. Most of the small articles that are of foreign manufacture are procured from France; and their supply has very much the appearance of a *job*—notoriously that of hair-brushes for a people who keep their heads close shaved; but the cotton sail-cloth, and stuffs for the sailors' clothing, the bunting, serges, &c. are of Egyptian manufacture. Very few things are English, and of these bar-iron was the only article that figured conspicuously.

"In the storehouses, I noticed some brass swivel guns, of about a pound calibre: a few were English, but the greater part were of native workmanship. They were all fitted with percussion locks.

"The number of men employed in the Arsenal amounts to three thousand. I was rather startled on receiving this information; but, on counting upwards of fifty men at work in the *pump-room*, and seventy tailors plying the needle in another apartment, I became convinced of its correctness.

"The workmen, with very few exceptions, are natives of the country, and their work, considering the age at which they commenced learning their respective trades, and the short time they have been employed at them, is surprisingly good. The foremen are mostly foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians, and Maltese. The director of the establishment and naval architect (Cerisy Bey) is a native of France.

"The pay of a foreman is about two shillings and three pence per diem; that of a workman varies according to the degree of proficiency which he has attained—from *one penny farthing* to *seven pence*. Such as are on

the lowest rate of pay receive, however, an allowance of food in addition. These are scanty pittances, when compared with the wages of artificers in other countries, but by no means so in a land where meat is but seldom eaten, and in which all the articles considered by the natives as *the necessities of life* are to be obtained for a mere trifle."

A description of Egyptian arms may be added.

"The Egyptian muskets are longer in the barrel than those used in the British Army; and their stocks being, at the same time, lighter, they cannot but have a tendency to drop at the muzzle, which must render their fire very ineffective. The bayonets, likewise, have hitherto been made somewhat longer than those used in our service, and were made to fix on in the French way; but our method of fixing them has latterly been adopted, and they have been reduced in length; the opinion beginning to prevail that English bayonets will be quite long enough for any purpose that the Egyptian troops are likely to require them.

"The muskets for the Light Infantry are somewhat shorter and lighter than those with which the Line Regiments are armed. The lock-springs are, perhaps, the best part of the work. The wood used in making the stocks is coarse-grained and not sufficiently seasoned, the workmanship rude. Notwithstanding all these defects, a very respectable weapon would be produced but for the French model, which is decidedly bad.

"The sabres for the cavalry are extremely bad; French models again occasioning the fault. They are both ill-shaped and badly poised, possessing neither the cutting virtue of the scimitar, nor the straightness and solidity requisite for thrusting. That worse than useless weapon, the short sword for infantry, is that of all others upon which the greatest pains appear to be bestowed, whilst the lances are as bad as the weapon admits of being made.

"The wages of the different artificers vary, according to their abilities, from one to three piastres a day; but in the small-arm manufactory they are paid by piece-work, and it is perfectly incredible for what a small sum the muskets are produced; the expense of making a stock (the wood being furnished) amounting only to seventy paras, or fourpence halfpenny."

Captain Scott does not think highly of the Egyptian Navy. The ships are too large for the seas and the enemies they have to encounter. They are too numerous also for the state, whether as respects its power or commerce, to which they belong. They are, besides, badly officered, while the costume of the sailors, in which wide trousers and oriental slippers figure, is anything but climbing gear.

An account of the Military College affords a favourable view of the sagacity and vigilance of the Pasha.

"The village of Tourah is situated on the right bank of the Nile, about eight miles above Old Cairo. The College stands upon the margin of the river, and its various buildings are disposed so as to enclose a large open space, which serves the double purpose of a play-ground and place of instruction. A brig of war, fully equipped, is moored abreast of the

College, to afford the students practical means of learning naval exercises and gunnery.

"The students are three hundred and forty in number, and are divided into eight companies. By far the greater proportion are Arabs, the rest Turks and Candiotte Greeks. During my visit, two of the Viceroy's nephews were receiving their education at the College. They were treated—excepting that they got a somewhat better dinner—in every respect like the other lads.

"The age of admission is from eleven to fifteen; but Mohammed Ali has broken through the rule, in some instances, by sending young men of nineteen or twenty. Several have even *come to school* with an establishment of wives.

"The students on first joining the College are merely required to be able to read and write Arabic: their course of studies afterwards comprises arithmetic, geometry, algebra, military and landscape drawing, fortification, and foreign languages. In the last-named, they receive instruction according to the particular service for which they are destined; those intended for the navy being taught English, those for the army French, and such as have either taste or capacity for more tongues, learn Italian also. The Turkish language forms a part of the education of *all*.

"I remarked that the Arab youths acquired the pronunciation of French with much greater facility than that of either English or Italian, which was explained to me as arising from its greater similarity to the Turkish. They are occupied ten hours a day at their various studies, and an hour and a half at out-door instruction, in artillery-practice or small arm and sword exercise; leaving them by far too small a proportion of the day for recreation; in fact, they all looked *mentally* fatigued.

"The conduct of the lads appeared very correct and orderly, and great attention is evidently paid to the cleanliness of their habits. The principal want of the establishment is that of properly qualified professors, particularly of languages and drawing. English and Italian were taught by a young Spaniard; French by a German, who, after a vain attempt to persuade Mohammed Ali that High Dutch was the most useful of modern dialects, succeeded at length in convincing him that a wide Saxon mouth gives a peculiarly soft turn to the final *ants* and *ments* of the French language.

"The halls of study are small, but lofty and airy, and occupy the whole of one side of the square. Another division of the building contains the dormitories—eight large apartments, each capable of accommodating an entire company of students. They are scrupulously clean, and to each is attached a washing room. Every cadet has a separate bed made up on boards and iron trestles, and is furnished with a garde-robe for his clothes, &c.

"The refectory and kitchen occupy another side of the square, and do equal credit to the establishment. The students are formed in messes of ten, and squat down round circular tables, the place of each being marked by a piece of bread and wooden spoon. They are furnished with but two meals a day—for a crust of bread issued at daybreak, though literally a *breakfast*, can hardly be called a meal; the first at midday, the other at sunset. Each consists of soup, a stew of meat, vegetables, and maccaroni. The habit of eating out of the same dish, helping themselves generally

with their fingers, still obtains; rendering a plentiful supply of copper kettles and hot water necessary, to remove any obstinately adhesive particles of paste or grease, which cannot be displaced from the fingers by the usual Arab process."

Confining our extracts to some things which immediately relate to the political, commercial, and social condition of Egypt, it is not unimportant to know what are the wages and prices that prevail in the Delta. The author informs his readers that labour brings from twenty *paras* to a *piastre* (twopence three farthings) per day, the higher rate being usually given near the sea-coast, that is in the vicinity of the rice grounds where the work is harder and the price of provisions greater. Some idea, he says, may be formed of the people's means of keeping life and soul together on such slender pitances, from the sums which he and his companions paid, even in the character of English travellers. Fowls cost one and a half piastre each,—ducks, one three fourths,—four large French rolls, one,—twenty-four eggs, one, and about six pounds English of dates, only one piastre also.

The best society at Alexandria must present a motley and grotesque appearance.

"The society of Alexandria consists almost *exclusively* of the Consular circle. It contains, of course, many agreeable and well-informed persons; and travellers, provided with letters of introduction, easily obtain the *entrée*; but the mercantile class, which, at the present day is, with few exceptions, composed of a very second-rate order of the profession, is by no means noted for hospitality.

"Amongst the public amusements of the place may be reckoned frequent amateur concerts; a theatre, where French plays are performed; and subscription balls, to which all persons appear to be admitted, without distinction of caste, religion, or politics, the maze of the waltz mixing most heterodoxically together Papists, Protestants, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Mohammedans; and it is by no means unusual to see even a Bim Bashee of Mohammed Ali's navy *galloping* (maugre the impediments of capacious nether garments and slippers) with the bright-eyed daughter of her Most Catholic Majesty's Consul.

"At one of these *réunions* at which I 'assisted,' such was the variety of character and costume, that it was with difficulty I could persuade myself I was not at a real fancy dress ball. Indeed, the delusion was rendered perfect by the truly ludicrous attempts of the Franks to make themselves at home in the Turkish costume, and of the Greeks to appear at their ease in that of the Franks. Some of the chaperons had all the appearance, in complexion as well as dress, of having been just released from a mummy state, and arrived from the catacombs in their ancient Egyptian costume. There were, however, many very pretty girls in the room, though, with but one or two exceptions, all were badly dressed, and I should say that a Parisian *maître-de-danse* (I believe, by the way, called *professeurs* now) and a *couturière* would find to their advantage to undertake a voyage to Alexandria.

"A gaming table was the centre of attraction for many of the male kind,

amongst whom, judging from agitated countenances and nervous wrists, I concluded there was some high play."

Candia, or Crete, is when compared with Egypt as a field for travellers and ramblers, almost untrodden ground in latter times. Yet its localities are not less dear to classic fame, while the valour of its inhabitants is not unrecorded in modern story. The Labyrinth—Mount Ida—and the Venetian resistance to Turkish power, will readily occur to the reader's mind, the moment that the island is named. It is described as abounding in grand, as well as picturesque, and beautiful scenery. But its political importance at the present moment is not of a high order. The island lost of its 250,000 inhabitants during the late Turkish and Greek war, 150,000. At the close of that struggle for independence, it was given to Mohammed, lest it should become a bone of contention between the hostile nations, especially as the inhabitants are principally Greeks and Turks. But as the wily Pasha knows, that, if another great war break out, Candia may very soon be wrested from him, he allows it to be neglected; and fertile though it be, to go so completely out of "repair," that it does not at present support itself. In these circumstances our unceremonious author would have England to get hold of the island. He does not think that Mohammed would be very loath to part with it, because to him it is a "worse than useless possession." "But if," adds the Captain, "contrary to his own interest, he should demur, the alternative is to take it:" and then it would not only become a strong military station, and a check upon both Turkey and Russia, but a valuable acquisition on account of its natural fertility. Indeed the work concludes with these peremptory words—"If our preponderance in the East be worth preserving, it can now only be upheld by occupying Candia and supporting Egypt." All this is very easily said, and perhaps it might not be a very difficult thing for England to take *vi et armis* the island in question; but how to be kept, and whether it be a possession of so much importance to English preponderance in the East, are other questions, which are not to be decided by the assertion or assumption of any man. It is not however our intention to enter into any speculative arguments regarding the best means of preserving our interests and power in the regions referred to. Were we to attempt this, it is probable that we might fall upon some other political theory, and like our author, add to the score of methods recommended of late for curbing the insatiable ambition of Russia. We rather think that England's best policy will be to avoid the violent or artful seizure of islands and every step like a ready interference in behalf of foreign powers engaged in revolutions; and that one element of her greatest strength consists in her surpassing mercantile transactions, connected with which foreign, and espe-

cially Eastern nations, find it as much their interest to cultivate our friendship and commerce, and it is ours to seek theirs in return.

In our notice of these Rambles, we have purposely avoided the parts that deal in description or personal adventure; although, had our search been for interesting passages in those departments, there could have been no difficulty in our endeavour to interest and amuse the reader. Confining ourselves, however, as before mentioned, to the political, commercial, and social characteristics of the countries described,—because on these subjects the author's opinions and information possess unusual importance—we shall leave Candia, after quoting his reports of the principal harbours of the island. There are but three that offer facilities for shipping,—viz. Candia, Canea, and Retimo; but how suitable for English ships of war to ride in, may appear from the following statements.

Candia,—

"The harbour is a mere basin, formed by two moles, which, bending towards each other, project about two hundred and fifty yards into the sea, and are defended, at their extreme points, by forts. That at the head of the western pier, encloses a light-house, which is highly necessary to enable vessels arriving at night, to discover the harbour; for, such is the velocity with which an easterly current sets along the shore, that if the entrance be missed by ever so little, great risk is incurred of shipwreck on the rocky coast beyond: or, if that misfortune be avoided, a considerable delay must inevitably be experienced in working a vessel up against the stream.

"The two castles that defend the harbour, do not appear to be in a state to stand even the concussion that would be occasioned by the fire of their own guns. The channel between them opens rather to the eastward, and is so very narrow, as barely to allow two small vessels to pass, but the harbour is thereby completely sheltered against every wind. It is, at the present day, choked up with sand, and the ruins of the old Venetian docks and arsenal, so that it serves only for vessels of one hundred tons burthen. Large vessels are obliged to anchor under the island of *Standia*, abreast of, and about three miles distant from the harbour, where they are sheltered from the north-east wind, which prevails on this coast during the greater part of the year."

Canea—

"The harbour is tolerably spacious; it is formed by a long narrow mole, built on the long prolongation of the north-east bastion of the town, and parallel to, and extending nearly the whole length of, the sea-wall. About midway on it, are the remains of an old castle, which terminates in a circular tower, also in ruins; indeed, the whole work is in a wretched state, and is indebted for its present existence to a ledge of sunken rocks, that serves both for a foundation and breakwater.

"The entrance to the harbour is between the ruined tower and an elevated battery, the termination of the western fortifications of the town. The channel is deep but narrow, and quite open to the north; the anchor-

age is consequently exposed to a rolling sea, whenever the wind is from that quarter."

Retimo—

"The trade of Retimo has fallen off greatly, from the neglected state of the port; for the mole forming the harbour has nearly disappeared, and sand and mud have accumulated to such a degree within it, that no vessels of more than thirty tons burden can now shelter there."

But there is the Bay of Suda, which promises well. Although when the mountainous nature of part of the adjacent country, and of the access to the interior are considered, the difficulties and expense to be encountered in making good a British station in that quarter, will require more calculation than even the Captain has employed or made feasible.

"The scenery is very grand, and the bay as fine, perhaps, as any in the world, being capacious enough to contain the entire navy of Great Britain, and so situated as to be sheltered from every wind. It stretches inland six miles, and is about three miles across, but, at its mouth, the width is compressed to little more than a mile; and towards the centre of this narrow channel—but rather within the bay—are two low rocky islands, the larger of which occupied by the little fortress of Suda, completely commands the entrance.

"The bay opens to the east, but is screened, in that direction, by a high promontory, which, jutting some distance into the northern sea of Candia, serves as a breakwater to the harbour. To the north and south, the bay is sheltered by ranges of mountains, but from its western extremity, a comparatively level country stretches all the way to Canea."

But to return to Egypt and to the subject which at the present moment possesses the greatest political and commercial moment as regards England, in reference to that country, viz, the proposed plan for a Steam Navigation to India :—On this subject we have no hesitation in saying that our author has communicated to us new light, or, at least, that he has stated the facilities, the difficulties, and the probabilities attaching to each suggested route in a far plainer manner than we have ever before been favoured with. He does not come forward as the advocate of any but the public interest, and so perfectly, though succinctly, gives his reasons for and against each proposed line, as will, doubtless, secure for his authority general consideration. Let us attend to the difficulties of navigation between Egypt and India, as stated in the work now under review.

"It is expected (though I much doubt it), that the contemplated railroad to Cairo, will draw to Suez a great part of the English trade with China and India. The establishment of a steam communication with Bombay will certainly give an impetus to the commerce of the place; but there are too many difficulties in the way, ever to permit of its carrying on a flourishing trade by means of sailing vessels; for, besides the insecurity of the anchorage, and the risk in landing goods, a northerly wind blows from Suez to Jedda, almost uninterruptedly from March to Sep-

tember, against which but few merchant vessels could make head, even with plenty of sea-room; whereas here they would be confined to a very narrow space, surrounded on all sides with dangerous coral reefs, and without a port on either coast to seek shelter in. At the straits of Jubal, indeed, the entrance to the Gulf of Suez is contracted by these reefs to the width of only a few miles.

"The same obstacles, though presenting great difficulties, are not so insurmountable for steam-navigation; but, though the English Government may find it worth while to incur the expense of keeping up such a mode of communication with our Eastern possessions, yet, as a *commercial speculation*, there is not, at this moment, the slightest chance of its answering.

"There is, however, a terrible obstacle in the way of keeping up a *constant* communication, even by steam, between Bombay and Suez; an obstacle which, if not altogether insurmountable during several months of the year, will be found so hard to overcome as to render the intercourse during that period, at all events, very uncertain. I allude to the south-west monsoon, which blows, from the month of May until the autumnal equinox, between the coast of Adel and that of India. Difficult as this obstinate wind would, under any circumstances, be to contend against, even with steam power, yet perseverance would eventually prevail, could fresh supplies of fuel be furnished to make good the consumption occasioned by such a contest. But that, in the present case, is out of the question.

"From Bombay to Mucala (the nearest port where a supply of fuel could be deposited) is a distance of 1400 miles; and no steamer could possibly contrive to carry a sufficient quantity of coals to make such a distance, against a constant strong adverse wind. The remainder of the voyage could be accomplished without much difficulty, as between Mucala and Suez (a distance of 1600 miles), the ports of Mocha, Jedda, and Kosseir, successively present themselves, at any of which fuel could be procured as occasion might require."

In comparing the advantages of the route by the Red Sea and Euphrates, after giving his reasons *pro and con*, the Captain affirms that the latter must "cede to the other, on the score, both of *expedition and security*."

According to these views and facts, it appears that the scheme of establishing steam navigation to India, is not so feasible as some writers have lately represented the matter to be. Still, it would be unlike the ordinary boldness and magnificence of British enterprize, if the attempt should much longer remain merely as a matter of theoretical speculation. Should it succeed, the advantages to be gained would be incalculable; such as necessarily accompany a speedy interchange of letters, the conveyance of merchandize and of passengers, and, if the case required, the transport of troops, &c. Were the communication regularly and fully established, it is probable that we might be able to send an army to India in the course of six weeks, and long before Russia could subdue Persia, and encamp

on the banks of the Indus. To the completion of those measures and works which would enable Government or any Company to put the experiment into movement, the necessary expenses could not be formidable, particularly as there is already a monthly steam-packet communication between this country and Egypt. But still, we think, it is an undertaking in which Government should either take the lead or join, especially as diplomatic arrangements with Mohammed would have to be concluded, ere the undertaking could be deemed secure or even worthy of the great objects which it contemplated.

Enough has been now quoted and said by us, to show that Captain Scott's work is one of no ordinary merit and that it treats in a lively and clear style of a great variety of highly interesting subjects, frequently in a satisfactory and convincing manner. We have only to add, that its embellishments consist of several well executed views from drawings on stone.

ART. III.—*Recollections of Europe.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.

Author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1837.

Not very long ago Mr. Cooper held the critics in such bad odour, as to declare that he would never again let them have anything more of his to abuse; and yet here we have within the last year not less than a third work of his, of goodly appearance and magnitude. Nevertheless the production is welcome, and must be held to be not inferior to any of his two that preceded, and that were devoted to Europe. He himself says in his Preface that "I have no excuse of haste, or of want of time, to offer for the defects of these volumes. All I ask is, that they may be viewed as no more than they profess to be. They are the gleanings of a harvest already gathered; thrown together in a desultory manner, and without the slightest, or at least very small pretensions, to any of those arithmetical and statistical accounts that properly belong to works of a graver character. They contain the passing remarks of one who has certainly seen something of the world, whether it has been to his advantage or not; who had reasonably good opportunities to examine what he saw; and who is not conscious of being, in the slightest degree, influenced 'by fear, favour, or the hope of reward.'" Now, though we have here an undisguised statement, and a sort of challenge, it cannot be denied that the passage quoted, exhibits also some evidence of that very anxiety which the writer repudiates. Nor can we believe that this anxiety has not been both permanent and of considerable weight after perusing the volumes themselves, which manifest throughout, when he has to

speak of certain subjects, England and the English in particular, a morbid temperament, and an angry dislike, that cause the reader not only to discover that Mr. Cooper cherishes the habit of beholding some things always on the dark side, but also of having some personal revenge to gratify. Most assuredly he has often succeeded in his late works, regarding Europe, in saying much that not merely must be displeasing, both to Americans and the foreign nations he visited, but which also communicates anything but a flattering aspect of his moral feelings; which feelings, indeed, in every new production of his that we have within these twelve-months seen, appear to become more inveterate and prevailing. Just hear how, in one or two instances, he speaks of England and its people. "Mr. Gallatin did me the favour to present me to Mr. Canning. The conversation was short, and was chiefly on America. There was a sore spot in his feelings, in consequence of a recent negotiation, and he betrayed it. He clearly does not love us; but what Englishman does?" Again—

"I have learned early to understand, that wherever there is an Englishman in the question, it behoves an American to be reserved, punctilious, and sometimes stubborn. There is a strange mixture of kind feeling, prejudice, and ill-nature, as respects us, wrought into the national character of that people, that will not admit of much mystification. That they should not like us may be natural enough; but, if they seek the intercourse, they ought, on all occasions, to be made to conduct it equally, without annoyance and condescension, and on terms of perfect equality; conditions, by the way, that are scarcely agreeable to their present notions of superiority."

To the question—can any good thing come out of England? We suspect the American Scott would answer in a tone and spirit very unlike to that which our own Sir Walter would have done had a similar interrogatory been put to the latter, regarding our Transatlantic brethren. Nay, Mr. Cooper will scarcely allow us any merit or superiority, even when English stage-coaches and horses are the theme.

There is another pervading offence in these and the author's former volumes concerning European society and manners. He is constantly taking upon himself the office of master, or rather censor of ceremonies. All this might be very well, did he treat such trifles with the lightness which becomes them. But instead of this, he is as grave as a judge, as prophetic as a lawgiver, and as jealous for the honour of America as to seem to think that the day is not very distant when her voice and sway in such matters will be settled by the sword. The truth is, that Mr. Cooper has a method of lecturing that is calculated to do far more injury by irritation than good, by wholesomely stimulating a healthy action, or by showing people their follies, so as to render them ridiculous.

But whatever may be thought of the tone and temper of our author, or however unpretending these volumes may be, our readers may safely anticipate that they contain many delightful descriptions and the results of deep reflection on a great variety of topics. It is impossible that the practised pen of a man of Mr. Cooper's mind, observation, and acquaintance with the world can be employed, be his themes ever so slight or common-place, without at every turn, giving proofs of originality and forcible illustration. In the present work, indeed, we detect rather the conclusions which much experience and thought have treasured up, and which are ready to be attached to the slightest peg that offers, than random gleanings. Besides, the personages introduced, are generally such as common tourists have no access to. Man, more than scenery, becomes his study, so that taking them altogether, the present surpass in real value the preceding volumes belonging to the same series.

In June, 1826, Mr. Cooper left New York for England. His first letter brings him to the Isle of Wight (the work containing in the form of Letters, the account of a family on a foreign tour), which place he describes and criticises freely. He afterwards visits London, and the closeness and earnestness of his manner of observing what is wonderful or celebrated in the Old World, may be perceived in the following passage. The subject is Westminster Abbey. Mark how a stranger, especially a citizen of the United States, regards that upon which the reader may have often bestowed observation.

"I stood gazing at the pile, until I felt the sensation we term 'a creeping of the blood.' I knew that Westminster, though remarkable for its chapel, was by no means a first-rate specimen of its own style of architecture, and, at that moment, a journey through Europe promised to be a gradation of enjoyments, each more exquisite than the other. All the architecture of America united would not assemble a tithe of the grandeur, the fanciful, or of the beautiful (a few imitations of Grecian temples excepted), that were to be seen in this single edifice. If I were to enumerate the strong and excited feelings, which are awakened by viewing novel objects, I should place this short visit to the abbey, as giving birth in me to sensation No. 1. The emotion of a first landing in Europe had long passed; our recent 'land-fall' had been like any other 'land-fall,' merely pleasant; and, I even looked upon St. Paul's, as an old and a rather familiar friend. This was absolutely my introduction to the Gothic, and it has proved to be an acquaintance pregnant of more pure satisfaction than any other it has been my good fortune to make since youth."

The next European sensation is experienced on his arrival in France; the third on listening to the beating of the drums in the streets of Havre, to recall the troops to quarters; the fourth on beholding the magnificent cathedral of the capital of Normandy; and the fifth on entering Paris. Here he was domiciled for nearly two years, mixing in the first society, to which his celebrity introduced

him ; the most interesting portions of the work consisting of descriptions of what is most extraordinary in that capital, and of such speculations as well as comparisons, as an intelligent, inquisitive, and original-minded American alone is likely or capable to pursue.

Mr. Cooper's residence in Paris included part of the last and most interesting years of the old Bourbon dynasty. His descriptions of courtly etiquette have now a historical importance. Take an example in the account of Charles the Tenth's dining in public.

"I was near the little gate, when an old man, in a strictly court-dress, but plain and matter-of-fact in air, made an application for admittance. In giving way for him to pass, my attention was drawn to his appearance. The long white hair that hung down his face, the *ordon bleu*, the lame foot, the imperturbable countenance, and the *unearthly aspect*, made me suspect the truth. On inquiry, I was right. It was M. de Talleyrand ! He came, as Grand Chamberlain, to officiate at the dinner of his master.

"Every thing, in a court, goes by clock-work. Your little great may be out of time, and affect a want of punctuality ; but a rigid attention to appointments is indispensable to those, who are really in high situations. A failure in this respect, would produce the same impression on the affairs of men, that a delay in the rising of the sun would produce on the day. The appearance of the different personages named, all so near each other, was the certain sign that one, greater than all, could not be far behind. They were the dawn of the royal presence. Accordingly, the door which communicated with the apartments of the King, and, the only one within the railed space, opened with the announcement of 'Le service du Roi ;' when a procession of footmen of the palace appeared, bearing the dishes of the first course. All the vessels, whether already on the table, or those in their hands, were of gold, richly wrought, or at least silver gilt, I had no means of knowing which ; most probably, they were of the former metal. The dishes were taken from the footmen, by pages of honour in scarlet dresses, and by them placed in order on the table. The first course was no sooner ready, than we heard the welcome announcement of 'Le Roi.' The family immediately made their appearance, at the same door by which the service had entered. They were followed by a proper number of lords and ladies in waiting. Every one arose, as a matter of course, even to the 'jeunes, jolies, et duchesses ;' and the music, as became it, gave us a royal crash. The *huissier*, in announcing the King, spoke in a modest voice, and less loud, I observed, than in announcing the Dauphin and the ladies. It was, however, a different person ; and, it is probable, one was a common *huissier*, and the other a gentleman acting in that character.

"Charles the Tenth is tall, without being of a too heavy frame, flexible of movement, and decidedly graceful. By remembering that he is a king, and the lineal chief of the ancient and powerful family of the Bourbons, by referring properly to history and the illusions of the past, and by feeling *tant soi peu* more respect for those of the present day than is strictly philosophical, or perhaps wise, it is certainly possible to fancy that he has a good deal of that peculiar port and majesty that the poetry of feeling is so apt to impute to sovereigns. I know not whether it is the fault of a cynical temperament, or of republican prejudices, but I can see no more about

him than the easy grace of an old gentleman, accustomed all his life to be a principal personage among the principal personages of the earth. This you may think was quite sufficient; but it did not altogether satisfy the *exigence* of my unpoetical ideas. His countenance betrayed a species of vacant *bonhomie*, rather than of thought or dignity of mind; and while he possessed, in a singular degree, the mere physical machinery of his rank, he was wanting in the majesty of character and expression, without which no man can act well the representation of royalty. Even a little more severity of aspect would have better suited the part, and rendered *le grande ouvert enoore plus grand*."

Mr. Cooper has a good deal to say upon the past politics, and the revolutions of France, which indicate no small amount of political sagacity, did we not remember that these volumes appear a number of years after many of the scenes described, were observed. But it is not with politics so much as with details concerning celebrated personages, and more private scenes that we have here to do; nor is there occasion for more trouble than making such a selection as it appears to us will most deeply interest the reader. The following sketches are clear and forcible, though greatly to the damage of romantic associations and presumptions.

"You have heard a great deal of the celebrated soldiers who surrounded Napoleon, and whose names have become almost as familiar to us as his own. I do not find that the French consider the Marshals men of singular talents. Most of them reached their high stations, on account of their cleverness in some particular branch of their duties, and by their strong devotion, in the earlier parts of their career, to their master. Maréchal Soult has a reputation for skill in managing the civil details of service. As a soldier, he is also distinguished for manœuvring, in the face of his enemy, and under fire. Some such excitement appears necessary to arouse his dormant talents. Suchet is said to have had capacity; but, I think, to Massena, and to the present King of Sweden, the French usually yield the palm in this respect. Davoust was a man of terrible military energy, and suited to certain circumstances, but scarcely a man of talents. It was to him Napoleon said, 'Remember, you have but a single friend in France—myself; take care you do not lose him.' Lannes seems to have stood better than most of them as a soldier, and Macdonald as a man. But, on the whole, I think it quite apparent, there was scarcely one, among them all, calculated to have carried out a very high fortune for himself, without the aid of the directing genius of his master. Many of them had ambition enough for any thing; but, it was an ambition stimulated by example, rather than a consciousness of superiority.

"In nothing have I been more disappointed, than in the appearance of these men. There is more or less of character about the exterior and physiognomy of them all, it is true; but scarcely one has what we are accustomed to think the carriage of a soldier. It may be known to you that Moreau had very little of this, and really one is apt to fancy he can see the civic origin in nearly all of them. While the common French soldiers have a great deal of military coquetry, the higher officers appear to be nearly

destitute of it. Maréchal Molitor is a fine man; Maréchal Marmont neat, compact, and soldier-looking; Maréchal Mortier, a grenadier without grace; Maréchal Oudinot, much the same; and, so on to the end of the chapter; Lamarque is a little swarthy man, with good features and a keen eye; but he is military in neither carriage nor mien.

"Crossing the Pont Royal, shortly after my arrival, in company with a friend, the latter pointed out to me a stranger on the opposite side-walk, and desired me to guess who and what he might be. The subject of my examination was a compact, solidly-built man, with a plodding rustic air, and who walked a little lame. After looking at him a minute, I guessed he was some substantial grazier, who had come to Paris on business connected with the supplies of the town. My friend laughed, and told me it was Marshal Soult. To my inexperienced eye, he had not a bit of the exterior of a soldier, and was as unlike the engravings we see of the French heroes as possible. But here art is art; and like the man who was accused of betraying another into a profitless speculation by drawing streams on his map, when the land was without any, and who defended himself by declaring no one ever saw a *map* without streams, the French artists appear to think every one should be represented in his ideal character, let him be as *bourgeois* as he may in truth. I have seen Marshal Soult in company, and his face has much character. The head is good, and the eye searching, the whole physiognomy possessing those latent fires that one would be apt to think would require the noise and excitement of a battle to awaken. La Fayette looks more like an old soldier than any of them. Gérard, however, is both a handsome man and of a military mien.

While our author resided in Paris, he met among other great men, Mr. Canning, at a diplomatic dinner given by the American ambassador. This was the time when the English statesman made his celebrated visit to that capital. Part of the long letter describing the events of that day, we now quote—

"The first person who appeared was a handsome, compact, well-built, gentleman-like little man, who was announced as the Duke of Villa Hermosa, the Spanish Ambassador. He was dressed with great simplicity and beauty, having, however, the breast of his coat covered with stars, among which I recognized, with historical reverence, that of the Golden Fleece. He came alone, his wife pleading indisposition for her absence. The Prussian Minister and his wife came next. Then followed Lord and Lady Granville, the representatives of England. He was a large, well-looking man, but wanted the perfect command of movement and manner that so much distinguish his brethren in diplomacy: as for mere physical stuff, he and our own Minister, who stands six feet four in his stockings, would make material enough for all the rest of the corps. He wore the star of the Bath. The Austrian Ambassador and Ambassadress followed, a couple of singularly high air and a good tone of manner. He is a Hungarian, and very handsome; she a Veronese, I believe, and certainly a woman admirably adapted for her station. They had hardly made their salutations before M. le Comte et Mad. la Comtesse de Villèle were announced. Here, then, we had the French Prime Minister. As the women precede the men into a drawing-room here, knowing how to walk

and to curtsy alone, I did not at first perceive the great man, who followed so close to his wife's skirts as to be nearly hid. But he was soon flying about the room at large, and betrayed himself immediately to be a fidget. Instead of remaining stationary, or nearly so, as became his high quality, he took the initiative in compliments, and had nearly every diplomatic man walking apart in the adjoining room, in a political aside, in less than twenty minutes. He had a countenance of shrewdness, and I make little doubt is a better man in a bureau than in a drawing-room. His colleague, the Foreign Minister, M. de Damas, and his wife, came next. He was a large, heavy-looking personage, that I suspect throws no small part of the diplomacy on the shoulders of the Premier; though he had more the manner of good society than his colleague. He has already exchanged his office for that of Governor of the Heir Presumptive, as I have already stated. There was a pause, when a quiet, even-paced, classical-looking man, in the attire of an ecclesiastic, appeared in the door, and was announced as, 'My Lord the Nuncio.' He was then an Archbishop, and wore the usual dress of his rank; but I have since met him at an evening party with a red hat under his arm, the Pope having recalled him, and raised him to that dignity. He is now Cardinal Macchi. He was a priestly and an intellectual-looking personage, and, externals considered, well suited to his station. He wore a decoration or two, as well as most of the others.

"My Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Canning came next, and the great man, followed by his son-in-law, made his appearance. He walked into the room with the quiet *aplomb* of a man accustomed to being *cionized*; and certainly, without being of striking, he was of very pleasing appearance. His size was ordinary, but his frame was compact and well-built, neither too heavy nor too light for his years, but of just proportion, to give one the idea of a perfect management of the machine. His face was agreeable, and his eye steady and searching. He and M. de Villèle were the very opposites in demeanour, though, after all, it was easy to see that the Englishman had the most latent force about him. One was fidgetty and the other humorous; for, with all his command of limb and gesture nothing could be more natural than the expression of Mr. Canning. I may have imagined that I detected some of his wit, from a knowledge of the character of his mind. He left the impression, however, of a man whose natural powers were checked by a trained and factitious deference to the rank of those with whom he associated. Lord Granville, I thought, treated him with a sort of affectionate deference; and, right or wrong, I jumped to the conclusion, that the English Ambassador was a straight-forward, good fellow at the bottom, and one very likely to badger the fidgetty Premier, by his steady determination to do what was right. I thought M. de Damas, too, looked like an honest man. God forgive me if I do injustice to any of these gentlemen."

But of all the *lions* met with by Mr. Cooper while he resided in Paris, there was none more worth seeing, and none that the reader will more delight in reading of, than Sir Walter Scott, although there has been no man of whom more has been reported, or of whom the public know so much. At the risk of overstepping

the limits which we can allow to this article, we shall give the cream of Mr. Cooper's account of the Scottish Wizard.

"Circumstances that it is needless to recount had brought me, to a slight degree, within the notice of Sir Walter Scott, though we had never met, nor had I ever seen him, even in public, so as to know his person. Still I was not without hopes of being more fortunate now, while I felt a delicacy about obtruding myself any further on his time and attention. Several days after his arrival went by, however, without my good luck bringing me in his way, and I began to give the matter up, though the Princesse —, with whom I had the advantage of being on friendly terms, flattered me with an opportunity of seeing the great writer at her house, for she had a fixed resolution of making his acquaintance before he left Paris, *coûte qui coûte*.

"It might have been ten days after the arrival of Sir Walter Scott, that I had ordered a carriage, one morning, with an intention of driving over to the other side of the river, and had got as far as the lower flight of steps, on my way to enter it, when, by the trampling of horses in the court, I found that another coach was driving in. It was raining, and, as my own carriage drove from the door to make way for the new-comer, I stopped where I was, until it could return. The carriage-steps rattled, and presently a large, heavy-moulded man appeared in the door of the hotel. He was grey, and limped a little, walking with a cane. His carriage immediately drove round, and was succeeded by mine again; so I descended. We passed each other on the stairs, bowing as a matter of course. I had got to the door, and was about to enter the carriage, when it flashed on my mind that the visit might be to myself. * * He was on the first landing as I stopped, and, turning towards the next flight, our eyes met. The idea that I might be the person he wanted, seemed then to strike him for the first time. 'Est-ce Mons.—que j'ai l'honneur de voir?' he asked, in French, and with but an indifferent accent. 'Monsieur, je m'appelle —.' 'Eh bien, donc—je suis Walter Scott.'

"I ran up to the landing, shook him by the hand, which he stood holding out to me cordially, and expressed my sense of the honour he was conferring. He told me, in substance, that the Princesse — had been as good as her word, and having succeeded herself in getting hold of him, she had good-naturedly given him my address. By way of cutting short all ceremony, he had driven from his hotel to my lodgings. All this time he was speaking French, while my answers and remarks were in English. Suddenly recollecting himself, he said—'Well, here have I been *parles-vous* to you, in a way to surprise you, no doubt; but these Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo, that I have half forgotten my own language.' As we proceeded up the next flight of steps, he accepted my arm, and continued the conversation in English, walking with more difficulty than I had expected to see. You will excuse the vanity of my repeating the next observation he made, which I do in the hope that some of our exquisites in literature may learn in what manner a man of true sentiment and sound feeling regards a trait that they have seen fit to stigmatize as unbecoming. 'I'll tell you what I most like,' he added, abruptly; 'and it is the manner in which you maintain the ascendancy of

your own country on all proper occasions, without descending to vulgar abuse of ours. You are obliged to bring the two nations in collision, and I respect your liberal hostility.' * * 'I am afraid the mother has not always treated the daughter well,' he continued, 'feeling a little jealous of her growth, perhaps; for, though we hope England has not yet begun to descend on the evil side, we have a presentiment that she has got to the top of the ladder.' * *

"There would be an impropriety in my relating all that passed in this interview; but we talked over a matter of business, and then the conversation was more general. You will remember that Sir Walter was still the *Unknown*, and that he was believed to be in Paris in search of facts for the *Life of Napoleon*. Notwithstanding the former circumstance, he spoke of his works with great frankness and simplicity, and without the parade of asking any promises of secrecy. In short, as he commenced in this style, his authorship was alluded to by us both just as if it had never been called in question. He asked me if I had a copy of the — by me, and on my confessing I did not own a single volume of anything I had written, he laughed, and said he believed that most authors had the same feeling on the subject; as for himself, he cared not if he never saw a *Waverley* novel again as long as he lived."

Mr. Cooper afterwards goes on to say that Sir Walter declared he "would as soon see his dinner again after a hearty meal, as to read one of his own tales when he was fairly rid of it." And when reference was made to their common publisher in Paris, whose name was *Gosselin*. Scott added, with a sort of malicious fun, I hope "our Gosling at least has laid golden eggs." Mr. Cooper continues—

"I hoped that he had found the facilities he desired, in obtaining facts for the forthcoming history. He rather hesitated about admitting this. 'One can hear as much as he pleases, in the way of anecdote,' he said, 'but then, as a gentleman, he is not always sure how much of it he can, with propriety, relate in a book; besides,'—throwing all his latent humour into the expression of his small grey eyes,—'one may even doubt how much of what he hears is fit for history on another account.' He paused, and his face assumed an exquisite air of confiding simplicity, as he continued, with perfect *bonne foi* and strong Scottish feeling, 'I have been to see my countryman, Macdonald, and I rather think that will be about as much as I can do here, now.' This was uttered with so much *naïveté* that I could hardly believe it was the same man who, a moment before, had shewn so much shrewd distrust of oral relations of facts. I enquired when we might expect the work. 'Some time in the course of the winter,' he replied, 'though it is likely to prove larger than I at first intended. We have got several volumes printed, but I find I must add to the matter considerably, in order to dispose of the subject. I thought I should get rid of it in seven volumes, which are already written, but it will reach, I think, to nine.' 'If you have two still to write, I shall not expect to see the book before spring.' 'You may: let me once get back to Abbotsford, and I'll soon knock off those two fellows.' To this I had nothing to say, although

I thought such a *tour de force* in writing might better suit invention than history. When he rose to go, I begged him to step into the *salon*, that I might have the gratification of introducing my wife to him. To this he very good-naturedly assented, and, entering the room, after presenting Mrs. — and my nephew, W—, he took a seat. He sat some little time, and his fit of pleasantry returned, for he illustrated his discourse by one or two apt anecdotes, related with a slightly Scottish accent, that he seemed to drop and assume at will. Mrs. — observed to him that the *bergère* in which he was seated had been twice honoured that morning, for General Lafayette had not left it more than half an hour. Sir Walter Scott looked surprised at this, and said, inquiringly, 'I thought he had gone to America, to pass the rest of his days?' On my explaining the true state of the case, he merely observed, 'He is a great man;' and yet I thought the remark was made coldly, or in complaisance to us. When Sir Walter left us, it was settled that I was to breakfast with him the following day but one. I was punctual, of course, and, found him in a new silk *douillete* that he had just purchased, trying 'as hard as he could,' as he pleasantly observed, to make a Frenchman of himself—an undertaking as little likely to be successful, I should think, in the case of his Scottish exterior, and Scottish interior, too, as any experiment well could be. * * * * *

"He did not appear to me to be pleased with Paris. His notions of the French were pretty accurate, though clearly not free from the old-fashioned prejudices.

"At the princess's evening party,—"As a matter of course, all the French women were exceedingly *empressées* in their manner towards the Great Unknown; and, as there were three or four that were very exaggerated on the score of romance, he was quite lucky if he escaped some absurdities. Nothing could be more patient than his manner under it all; but, as soon as he very well could, he got into a corner, where I went to speak to him. He said, laughingly, that he spoke French with so much difficulty, he was embarrassed to answer the compliment. 'I am as good a lion as needs be, allowing my mane to be stroked as familiarly as they please, but I can't growl for them in French,'"

ART. IV.—*Evils of the Factory System Demonstrated by Parliamentary Evidence.* By CHARLES WING, Surgeon to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children, etc. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

WE were wont to think that there never had existed in a Christian community such a crying and lamentable proof of prejudice, want of sympathy, and perversity of judgment as has been furnished by the abettors and advocates of slavery. England has at last, however, pronounced her anathema upon this dreadful outrage against the inalienable rights of man, and set an example to all slave-holding states and nations, which, we cannot doubt, will one day be copied. But there has for many years existed in the midst of our own favoured and enlightened land—nay, at this very moment

there rears its monstrous head—a direful oppression upon a mighty and a constantly-enlarging scale, which in various respects is more unchristian and revolting, than was the bondage of our Indian slaves. To this subject the philanthropic author of the present work has most zealously and ably turned his attention; making an appeal to the public, which deeply concerns our national honour, our national tranquillity, and perhaps the integrity and power of the realm.

It is not more to be regretted than descriptive of a complicated and very artificial state of society, that certain of the plainest and most precious principles and conditions of life and of human nature, should even by estimable and educated men be entirely lost sight of, or so mystified by misrepresentation and selfish ideas, as to offer the grossest insult to common sense, and the most forcible dictates of the heart. Every one knows how to exemplify our proposition by reference to slavery; but there is in the Factory System a no less woful and appalling illustration, which, although it is rapidly gaining breadth, and is also becoming more fully understood by the country at large, has not yet taken such a general hold of the people's sympathies, as its heinous and enormous character ought to do. Are all our readers aware, or has the truth assumed its rightful import over their minds in regard to the sufferings of tens of thousands of British children who are daily crying for pity and protection? No longer need there be ignorance in the supposed case, and we predict that not much longer will there be supineness on the part of the empire, on what ought to be an all-absorbing theme. For our author with an earnestness and power which entitle him to take rank with Lord Ashley and Mr. Sadler, the factory-childrens' champions—and if with these distinguished friends of the oppressed, to follow in the same catalogue where the names of Howard and Wilberforce stand—has here presented in a perspicuous and accessible form all that requires to be known of the past history of the Factory System, both as respects the sufferings of its victims and the progress of legislation on the subject.

After leisurely going through the volume, we feel that it will be impossible to afford such a view of its multifarious and heart-rending contents as to satisfy ourselves. The matter is of such importance in point of magnitude as well as in respect of its individual features, that one experiences that sort of overburdened state of feeling and yearning anxiety, which would never cease to seek for utterance, even although the expressions might amount to a redundancy of lament and indignation. We believe, however, that the best method will also be the easiest in reviewing the volume, viz., to follow Mr. Wing through his Introductory Dissertation on the Evils of the Factory System. Our readers may prepare

themselves for a ghastly picture, of physical, mental, and moral wretchedness—of human victims exposed to almost every species of torture, and whose sufferings seldom terminate but in broken constitutions, and incurable ailments, or a premature death.

In following our author's statements and reasonings, it is not our design to join him, or to differ from him in certain expressions of disapprobation; temperate though they may be, regarding the party in power at present, in reference to their Factories Regulation Bill of 1833, or of the Amendment Bill of 1836. Somehow the subject has got so perplexed, partly owing to the hostile interests that have set themselves in array against justice and the most natural dictates of nature, and partly in accordance with the general experience when any great civil institutions require regulation at man's hand—that to legislate wisely concerning it, becomes no simple matter; so that differences of opinion may be explained, without having recourse to the imputation of base motives. And yet what can be more obvious than that a child should not be so tasked and overworked, day after day, as to entail upon it the severest bodily affliction, so as to rob it of all natural hues of health, sprightliness of spirit, and of the very appetite for food, or capacity for taking sound repose after the long day has passed? Surely, to neutralize the multiplicity of evils that have grown out of, and up with, the Factory System, there might be some wholesome measures enforced. But what these are, it is not for us decidedly to pronounce. It is sufficient for our present purpose that we bring before a numerous class of readers what some of these evils are, in order that we may do our best to arouse the nation's mind to the subject; for then, no doubt, a suitable remedy will be discovered and put in operation. A full disclosure of the wrongs of the system, we do expect, will conduct to an adequate redress; at least, we may safely predict, that if such a redress be not speedily applied, some of the most populous counties of the kingdom will be disorganized, not more perhaps by the discontent of a neglected and oppressed population of operatives, than by the pestilence which has been so alarmingly invading all the strongholds of morality and decency in these districts.

To the author's Historical Sketch of the Factory System, we invite the reader's attention, but must direct him to the work itself for the information it contains. Still it is necessary to glance at the state of the law as it at present stands, with regard to the regulation of the hours of labour for the children. In 1833 an act was passed, the ultimate aim of which was to prevent from, the 1st of March, 1836, any child who had not completed his thirteenth year from working more than eight hours a-day. Now, it is found that this act is inoperative, and the ends intended by its supporters in parliament unattainable. There have been so many methods of

evading or abusing it, that the tender objects of its provisions have still to complain of the most atrocious cruelty, excepting where a considerate and merciful master of a mill regards them as human beings, and not like many others, as cattle or beasts of burden, or perfect specimens of artificial machinery. Lord Ashley, on the other hand, and his supporters, of whom the author is one, have insisted on having, what is called a ten-hour bill, both for children and adults—that is, restricting the toil to that space of time for all ages, from nine to nineteen. Mr. Sadler's bill in 1832, was in principle the same. The comparative merits of the two schemes may be to some extent gathered from the following extracts :—

“ Two thirds, or perhaps three fourths, of the hands employed in mills, are children or young persons, and their labour is strictly connected with the labour of adults. Ministers, anxious to afford protection to the children, but reluctant that the benefit of this protection should extend to adults, attempted to legislate for the children only. Their own inspectors tell them that the main provisions of the bill, framed upon this principle, are impracticable. That, in many situations, relays of children, which this bill renders necessary, cannot be procured. Now, as there is a mutual dependence of the hands upon each other, if the children, who are employed principally by the spinner, are dismissed, his work ceases, and the mill is at a stand, so that if children are restricted to eight hours' labour, and relays cannot be procured, the labour of the adult will, in fact, be restricted to eight hours. If, on the other hand, relays can be procured, either the labour of the children must be less than eight hours, or the labour of the adult must be extended to sixteen hours.”

“ The present act, from its complexity, is difficult to enforce ; this difficulty is admitted by the inspectors ; by some its observance is said to be impracticable ; by almost all it is complained of as exceedingly annoying in several of its enactments, and as the interests of parents, adult operatives, and masters, are against it, it is never likely to be observed except by the conscientious, and consequently it gives the unconscientious an undue advantage. If what are called relays of children are to be employed, I should object to eight hours for the children, as pressing too heavily upon the adults, who will have to work twice that time. I should prefer, upon the supposition of relays being employed, six hours for the children, and consequently twelve for the adults, and I advocate a ten-hour bill only in preference to that ineffective piece of legislation recommended by the commissioners, and adopted by government. By a ten-hour bill, the father who is in employment in the factories would be able to pay some attention to his family, and this would be no small advantage to the children. The children would receive a day's wages instead of half a day's, and this would be another advantage. Parents and children would take their meals together, and this would save considerable expense, as well as promote domestic comfort. Under the present act, the parent may be worked till, from physical exhaustion and mental depression, he seeks relief from stimulants, and when that is the case, so far from being in a state to take care of his family, he cannot take care of himself. The demoralizing effect of excessive toil is clearly

proved ; the adult who is overlaboured is not likely to employ wisely his intervals of leisure : relief from distressing feelings is what he seeks, and he is liable to be carried wherever the impulse of appetite may direct. It is impossible to read the evidence brought before the commissioners without being convinced that the adults require protection, and as they are, in a majority of instances, the natural protectors of the children, the children themselves cannot be effectually protected, to whatever degree their hours of labour may be diminished, unless the adults are protected. The adults are, in one sense, more at the mercy of the masters than the children, for the masters can manage with comparatively few adults, and have, therefore, multitudes to choose out of ; but they can do nothing without an abundant supply of children and young persons."

From these passages it may be seen that it is not a very simple thing to provide against every loophole that may be opened in the factory system. It is, however, a fact that does not admit of contradiction—(it is proved by a mass of evidence printed in the volume before us, which is ten times more than sufficient to convince every disinterested person, that the sufferings of the children, as well as many of the adults, are of the most appalling and cruel description), and that the results to the whole population engaged in the factory mills are woful in the extreme. In the districts where these great works are established, the misery and filth which is to be witnessed in and around the dwellings of the operatives are sickening. But the stunted shapes, the premature decrepitude, and the unhealthy complexions that everywhere present themselves, are still more loathsome. These things are even surpassed by other melancholy and vile stains, as well as diseases ; we allude to the want of practical wisdom in domestic life—to the scowl of suspicion and discontent which the people are led to cherish towards their superiors—to the ignorance, the recklessness, the disgusting sensuality which pervade the class—in short, to every symptom of moral disease and intellectual poverty which nothing temporal can equal. But no general enumeration of such things can at all be compared with the minute descriptions and answers which the numerous witnesses examined by Committees of the Houses of Parliament, by factory commissioners, by medical visitors, and many other persons have given. Our author may be instanced as one of these authorities. After having diligently perused the parliamentary documents relating to the subject, as well as almost every publication of consequence upon it, as his work shows, he visited Lancashire and observed for himself. This was in autumn last. We shall therefore now proceed to extract portions of his accumulated information, partly obtained by immediate inspection, and partly from the numerous sources he has consulted.

Before proceeding to enumerate and describe some of the principal evils of the factory system, Mr. Wing disposes of two preli-

minary objections which have been much dwelt on by some who condemn all legislative interference on the subject ; these are, that the evils in question cannot be remedied without interfering with the freedom of labour, and also bringing our commerce into danger from foreign competition. The latter of these objections can most convincingly be shown, by what has taken place in the history of our manufactures, and by other considerations which we have not space to consider, to be entirely without a foundation. As to the former, surely an all-wise and beneficent Providence does not countenance a systematic violation of his laws, or shower blessings upon a nation that sets its face against the strongest and dearest principles of our nature. The very same sort of objections were urged in regard to the abolition of slavery, and the gloomiest forebodings uttered, none of which, however, have as yet been realized. Some of our author's views, with regard to legislative interference, may be advantageously adopted here.

“ After all, it would be difficult to show how an act of parliament, which, by regulating the moving power in each factory, should render evasion next to impossible ; which, by equalizing the labour of children and adults, as far as time is concerned, should enable the parent and his children to go home together, and take their meals in common ; which, after the first mortification of defeat should have subsided, would promote a good understanding between the employed and their employers ; which would prevent frequent strikes, and the almost habitual violation of the law on the part of some of the master manufacturers ; which would put an end to that perpetual struggle of the manufacturers with each other, of which the consequence is perpetual oscillations of fortune, would ruin our foreign commerce. At present many who are overworked at times, are at other times without employment, and all that is wished for is, so to diffuse labour that it should not be at one time excessive—at another deficient, or none at all. If labour were more equally spread, each could support his own share with health and comfort, and though on any one day he might not be worked so much as he is now, the amount of his year's work might be the same, and though his wages might not be so much for a single day, the amount of his wages during the year might not be diminished. His expenses would certainly be diminished, by himself and his children taking their meals in common, by improved health, which would not only curtail medical bills, but enable him and his children to work with fewer intermissions from sickness, and above all, by the introduction of domestic economy into his cottage. His work, too, under such circumstances, would be better done, because he would work with greater alacrity. If a certain quantity of work is done in ten hours, it does not follow that a proportionally greater quantity would be done in sixteen. The rule of three direct is not applicable to the case, for the workman cannot perform the same quantity of work, when exhausted, as he could do in the same time when not exhausted. There are many of the master manufacturers who have tried the experiment of shorter hours, as far as home competition will allow them, and have not been ruined by the experiment,

or made converts to the system of working operatives to the utmost, for fear of foreign competition. I am far from certain that in introducing an efficient bill for restricting the hours of labour, we should violate a law of political economy, but I am quite certain that we should be obeying a higher law."

Let us now see what are the physical evils of the factory system; and here we begin the forbidding and worse than savage catalogue of cruelties; for there is in their lingering and varied details, a refinement that must give an unimagined sharpness to the inflicted pains. Under the head now mentioned, a great proportion of the evidence is that of medical gentlemen. But his Majesty's Commissioners, whose reports became the groundwork of the Factories' Act, must surely be considered unobjectionable, although the friends of the children may have reason to think, that an excessive candour is shewn by them towards the manufacturers.

"The physical effects of factory labour on children, as stated by the commissioners, are immediate and remote: the immediate effects are, fatigue, sleepiness, and pain; the remote effects, such at least as are usually conceived to result from it, are, deterioration of the constitution, deformity, and disease. The Central Board have been much struck with the perfect uniformity of the answers returned to the district commissioners by the young workers in this country, in the largest and best regulated factories as well as in the smaller and less advantageously conducted. In fact, whether the factory be in the pure air of the country, or in the large town; under the best or the worst management; and whatever be the nature of the work, whether light or laborious; or the kind of treatment, whether considerate and gentle, or strict and harsh; the account of the child, when questioned as to its feelings of fatigue, is the same. Young persons of more advanced age, speaking of their own feelings when younger, give to the commissioners such representations as the following:—'Many a time has been so fatigued that she could hardly take off her clothes at night, or put them on in the morning; her mother would be raging at her, because, when she sat down, she could not get up again through the house.' 'Looks on the long hours as a great bondage.' 'Thinks they are not much better than the Israelites in Egypt, and their life is no pleasure to them.' 'When a child, was so tired that she could seldom eat her supper, and never awoke of herself.'

"The truth of the account given by the children of the fatigue they experience by the ordinary labour of the factory is confirmed by the testimony of their parents. 'Her children come home so tired and worn out they can hardly eat their supper.' 'Has often seen his daughter come home in the evening so fatigued that she would go to bed supperless.' 'Has seen the young workers absolutely oppressed, and unable to sit down or rise up: this has happened to his own children.'

"These statements are confirmed by the evidence of the adult operatives. 'The long hours exhaust the workers, especially the young ones, to such a degree that they can hardly walk home.' 'The young workers are absolutely oppressed, and so tired as to be unable to sit down or rise up.' 'The

younger workers are so tired they often cannot raise their hands to their head.' 'All the children are very keen for shorter hours, thinking them now such a bondage that they might as well be in prison.'

"The depositions of the overlookers and managers are to the same effect. 'Many a one I have had to rouse in the last hour, when the work is very slack, from fatigue.' 'The children were very much jaded, especially when we worked late at night.' 'Exhausted in body, and depressed in mind, by the length of the hours and the height of the temperature.' 'I found when I was an overlooker, that after the children from eight to twelve years had worked eight, or nine, or ten hours, they were nearly ready to faint; some were asleep; some were only kept to work by being spoken to, or by a little chastisement, to make them jump up. I was sometimes obliged to chastise them, when they were almost fainting, and it hurt my feelings; then they would spring up and work pretty well for another hour; but the last two or three hours were my hardest work, for they then got exhausted.' 'I have never seen fathers carrying their children backwards nor forwards to the factories; but I have seen children apparently under nine, and from nine to twelve years of age, going to the factories at five in the morning, almost asleep in the streets.'

"'I have always found it more difficult to keep my piecers awake the last hours of a winter's evening. I have told the master, and I have been told by him that I did not half hide them. This was when they worked from six to eight.' 'I have seen them fall asleep, and they have been performing their work with their hands while they were asleep, after the billey had stopped, when their work was over. I have stopped and looked at them for two minutes, going through the motions of piecing fast asleep, when there was really no work to do, and they were really doing nothing, I believe, when we have been working long hours, that they have never been washed, but on a Saturday night, for weeks together.' 'Children at night are so fatigued, that they are asleep often as soon as they sit down, so that it is impossible to waken them to sense enough to wash themselves, or scarcely to eat a bit of supper, being so stupid in sleep. I experience it by my own child, and I did by myself, when a child; for once I fell asleep even on my knees to pray on my bed-side, and slept a length of time, till the family came to bed.'

"Pains in the limbs, back, loins, and side, are frequent, but not as frequent as fatigue and drowsiness. Pain is seldom complained of when the labour did not commence until the age of nine, and was not immoderate. Girls suffer from pain more commonly than boys, and up to a more advanced age; though occasionally men, and not unfrequently young women, and women beyond the meridian of life, complain of pain, yet there is evidence that the youngest children are so distressed by pain of their feet, in consequence of the long standing, that they sometimes throw off their shoes, and so take cold.' 'Feet feel so sair that they make him greet.' 'Was quite well when she went to the mill, but the confinement brought on a complaint in the head, and her left side is now pained.' 'Many nights I do not get a wink of sleep for the pain.' 'At first suffered so much from the pain that he could hardly sleep, but it went off.' 'Knee failed from excessive labour; severe pains and aches would come on, particularly in the morning: it was better in the evening; felt no pains in any other parts. There were

two or three complaining at the same time of their knees aching.' 'I have seen children under eighteen years of age before six at night, their legs have hurt them to that degree that they have many a time been crying.' 'Swelling of the feet is a still more frequent source of suffering.' 'Obliged to bathe her feet to subdue the swelling.' 'The long standing gives her swelled feet and ankles, and fatigues her so much that sometimes she does na ken how to get to her bed.' 'Night and morning her legs swell, and are often very painful.' That this affection is common, is confirmed by the concurrent statements of parents, operatives, overlookers, and managers.

"With regard to the ultimate effects of their employment on their physical condition, it appears that this excessive fatigue, privation of sleep, pain in various parts of the body, and swelling of the feet, experienced by the young workers, coupled with the constant standing, the peculiar attitudes of the body, and the peculiar motions of the limbs, required in the labour of the factory, together with the elevated temperature, and the impure atmosphere in which that labour is often carried on, do sometimes ultimately terminate in the production of serious, permanent, and incurable disease. From cases detailed in the evidence, and the accuracy of which has been strictly investigated, the commissioners do not conceive it to be possible to arrive at any other conclusion."

We might extend quotations, that more than corroborate the above heart-breaking statements, to hundreds of pages, and yet not exhaust the sorrows and agonies they describe. But there are two or three circumstances which, the moment they are alluded to, will guide the reader's mind to such aggravations of oppression, as must astonish all who have not previously made themselves acquainted with the subject. For example, with regard to the age at which children begin to work, it appears in evidence, that in some rare cases, five years old is the tender period; it is not uncommon to find them at six; many are under seven; still more under eight; but the greater number are nine. To be sure the Act forbids the employment of children under nine years of age, in any factories excepting silk-mills. But the necessity of producing certificates of the ages of the children has given rise to much fraud, on the part of parents; and of harsh or mistaken measures on the part of others. In the first place, parents among the factory people are not scarce, who live on the vitals of their offspring, and who violate natural affection so far as to give a false age to their little ones. A surgeon and physician must, however, certify that the children between nine and thirteen are "of the ordinary strength and appearance of children of or exceeding the age of nine years." But the inspectors of factories, appointed under his Majesty's sign-manual, since the passing of the Act, are authorized to make such rules and regulations for its due execution, as shall be binding on all persons subject to its provisions. And what does one of these officials do, in his anxiety to have an unerring principle, whereby to define the

age of children? Why, he fixes upon their height, according to certain rules, let their age be what it may, provided the children are of the ordinary strength and appearance of children of those ages. It will instantly occur to every one, that even with this reservation, the rule may often prove an extremely fallacious criterion, especially as the heights given afford a very low standard. Thus, a child of nine years is held to measure three feet ten inches; one ten years, three feet eleven and a half inches; one eleven years, four feet one inch; one twelve years, four feet two inches; and one thirteen years, four feet three inches and a half. This is Mr. Horner's standard, who is one of the principal inspectors and regulation-makers. But mark how unjust it may be to tall children, who are often weaker than they appear to be, from the rapidity of their growth. Such is the degree of injustice done to them, that if at ten, eleven, or twelve years, a child should measure four feet three inches and a half, the protection of the Act is entirely withdrawn from him, unless he may happen to be sickly in appearance. We now quote from certain medical reports, the unbiassed opinions of some of the most eminent men, in that department, that England has furnished. Sir David Barry says—

“ Although both the young and the *adult* mill workers may command more abundant food and better clothing, than their *unemployed* neighbours, there are causes to whose operation they are exposed, which, in a sanitory point of view, counterbalance the advantage alluded to.

“ 1. The first and most influential of all is the indispensable, undeviating necessity of forcing both their mental and bodily exertions to keep exact pace with the motions of machinery propelled by an unceasing, unvarying, power.

“ 2. The continuance of an erect posture for periods unnaturally prolonged and too quickly repeated.

“ 3. The privation of sleep.

“ All the *adult* male spinners are pale and thin; they are subject to capricious appetite and dyspepsia.

“ Both *adult* males and females, whose work obliges them to stand constantly, are more subject to varicose veins of the lower extremities, and to a larger and more dangerous extent, than ever I have witnessed even in foot soldiers. The females are more subject than males to evening swellings of the feet and ankles, but I know of nothing which unfits them from becoming prolific and healthy mothers, if married at a suitable age.

“ The *adults* who work in the preparing rooms of small mills, where there is much dust, are generally affected with cough, and a kind of mechanical asthma, or tightness of the chest.

“ Those who apply the dressing-paste to the yarn, the web-dressers, who work in the highest temperature, are constantly perspiring, and look pale and exhausted.”

Dr. Loudon says—

“ I think it has been clearly proved, that children have been worked a

most unreasonable and cruel length of time daily, and that even *adults* have been expected to do a certain quantity of labour, which scarcely *any human being* is able to endure. The result of this has been, that many have met with a premature death; many have been affected constitutionally for life; and the idea of posterity being injured from the shattered frames of the survivors, is, physiologically speaking, but too well-founded. Independent of the accidents which have arisen from machinery, it is unquestionable that the existence of the local diseases alluded to by the medical gentlemen examined before the House of Commons in 1832, and by myself during the period of our commission, as resulting from labour in factories, is but too true."

But what need of these, and hundreds of similar testimonies, to any person of ordinary observation and reflection, in a matter that is so plain? Is it to be wondered at that Dr. Hawkins should state, that he believes most travellers are "struck by the lowness of stature, the leanness, and the paleness, which present themselves so commonly to the eye at Manchester; and, above all, among the factory class." He adds, "I have never been in any town in Great Britain, nor in Europe, in which degeneracy of form and colour, from the national standard, has been so obvious." And yet there are people who maintain that factory labour is not unhealthy, even as it has hitherto been regulated, and that it is not severe. Mr. Wakley, M.P., has stated in his "Voice from the Commons," truths which require no comment from us, on this point. His statement was called forth, when the attempt was made by the President of the Board of Trade, to render the completion of the twelfth, instead of the thirteenth year, the period for commencing adult labour.

"In the supplementary report of the commission several tables are given, which have been compiled by an actuary, Dr. Mitchell, purporting to represent the average number of days of sickness which are incidental to factory labourers. But they present grossly deceptive results, as the sickness of those who have died, and of those who have been dismissed from ill-health from the mills, was excluded from the calculation! Yet the result, deduced from his insufficient and imperfect materials, is styled 'The average duration of sickness for every person employed' in the factories. Thus have loop-holes been created by the commission, through which the masters continually attempt to leap, in order to escape from the force of the arguments employed by the supporters of a short-time bill. The legislature itself has been deceived, the commissioners, in fact, having led a majority in parliament to consider that the sickness of factory operatives is below the alleged average. The factory commissioners committed, too, this gross and wilful error: they decided, in direct opposition to the best medical opinions, and in the teeth of all the observations of physiologists, that puberty is established at the thirteenth year, both in males and females; that the adult period then begins in boys and girls, intending to prove thereby that children are, from that time, capable of sustaining the labour of grown persons. This is a foul crime against nature and humanity. In the natural

state of youth, from the twelfth to the fifteenth year of life, the mortality is less than at any other period: the functions are then in full operation to form the basis of manhood—to create materials for the waste of future exertion, not to be devoted to labour now. Growth should then be at its most rapid rate in the frame, both sexes, under a healthy condition, undergoing, at that time, a great change, which does not fully terminate before the close of the sixteenth year. Cultivation of the mind should then occupy the time of the individual, and a large degree of alternate freedom of body and rest of the muscles should be insured to the youth; yet it is on this very period that the ‘amended bill’ threatens to encroach. The boy of twelve is to be reckoned an adult! The girl of a dozen summers is to be regarded as a woman! The few hours granted by the former bill (guarded enough in its enactments) are to be snatched from the time devoted for their instruction, recreation, and growth, and given to the factory slave master!’ ”

We might cite many affecting particulars from our author’s immediate scrutiny of the factory system. Take two short passages.

“ I perceived a girl with others coming out of a large mill, whose young and delicate appearance particularly struck me. Upon asking her age, she said she was thirteen. Not crediting her statement, I asked the age of her next sister, if she had one. A child standing next to her said that she was her sister, and I learnt that her own age would be ‘fourteen in February;’ they both worked full time.

“ This was a cotton and weaving mill, which I had not an opportunity of seeing internally. I was near when the children left it at twelve o’clock. The general character of this mill was, I understood good; but the children looked ill, and several were lame. This lameness appeared to proceed from the flat state of the feet, in consequence of the plantar arch having been weakened. An anatomical account of this arch has been ably drawn up by Dr. Roget, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, from which, as it has frequently been made a subject of inquiry, I shall introduce the following extract:—‘The base on which the whole body is supported in an erect position, is constituted by the toes and by the heel, the bone of which projects backwards at right angles to the leg. Between these points the sole of the foot has a concavity in two directions, the one longitudinal, the other transverse, constituting a double arch. This construction, besides conferring strength and elasticity, provides room for the convenient passage of the tendons of the toes, which proceed downwards from the larger muscles of the leg, and also for the lodgment of the smaller muscles affixed to each individual joint, and for the protection of the various nerves and blood-vessels, distributed to all these parts. The concavity of the foot adapts it, also, to retain a firmer hold of inequalities of the ground on which we tread.’ The evil consequences, therefore, of reducing this arch are obvious, and excessive pressure is followed by pain and lameness.

“ Numerous are the individuals in whom the spine takes a stationary curve, and who yet enjoy a considerable portion of health, the only failing being confined to an unusual liability to fatigue, the primary invasion upon visceral space and visceral functions having been so gradual

as to make no material inroad upon the animal economy beyond the resources of relief and accommodation which nature commonly displays when her footsteps are turned from their natural course. Such cases do not, however, exist, without one appalling exception to the period of safety, and that the best and fairest part of the creation is destined to experience. The list of female victims is by no means small who have lived under, to the world, an unknown curvature of the spine, the progressive states of which have been slow, passive, and free from any disturbance of the general health, until the great trial of childbirth. The fatal truth has then appeared, that the projecting vertebræ have so encroached upon the space within the inferior portion of the pelvis, that nature cannot accomplish her purposes. To prevent the impending doom, a severe operation has been resorted to, though scarcely ever leading to the preservation of either parent or child.

Here is another apt paragraph, from a different part of the volume,

"In the *natural state* of youth, from the twelfth to the fifteenth year of life, mortality is less than at any other period. The functions are then in full operation to form the basis of manhood, to create materials for the *waste of future exertion*, not to be *devoted to labour now*. Growth should then be at its most rapid rate in the frame in both sexes, under a healthy condition, undergoing, at the same time, a great change, which does not fully terminate before the close of the sixteenth year. It is evident that nature cannot supply sufficient energies for the purposes of inordinate labour, and for sound growth also; she cannot effectually comply with both demands, and under repeated endeavours to accomplish the two, she either perishes, or exhibits a powerless and degenerate form. Skill may augment the mechanical speed of iron and steel, those in authority may sanction and decree a course of labour beyond the power of the young frame to meet, yet they cannot command—they cannot quicken—the proper agencies of organization; neither can they spur on animate against inanimate matter in the competition of labour, without committing a series of outrages at which nature will revolt, and from which the law will be made to shrink. No surprise will be felt that a national evil should befall us under a system which has been described 'as more hostile to human life than the most depopulating ravages of war or pestilence, or the most sanguinary forms of superstition.'"

Is factory labour light? Hear what Mr. John Fielden, Member for Oldham, and one of the largest manufacturers, but one of the most benevolent men in the kingdom, says on this point.

"Allusion has been made, in the course of this debate, to the statement of Mr. M^r Williams as to the number of miles that a little child has to walk in a factory. It was stated at fifteen miles. Now, I recollect that, at a meeting of members of parliament and operatives, at Manchester, last December, similar calculations were brought under the attention of myself, and the members of parliament present, by the operatives. One made a statement shewing that a child in one mill walked twenty-four miles in the day, merely walking after the machine. I was surprised at this statement, and I observed that few could believe it possible. I, however, was not

satisfied until I had tried its correctness; and therefore, when I went home, I went into my own factory, and, with the clock before me, I watched a child at her work, and having watched her for some time, I then calculated the distance she had to go in a day, and, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing short of twenty miles. Talk to me of 'lightness of factory work after this! It is monstrous. And yet it is this system that the honourable member for Bolton wants to perpetuate. I, on the contrary, call on the government to enforce the present act, and not attempt to repeal it; to send more inspectors down into the cotton districts, and to have it put in force rigidly. All the work-people work harder than they ought to do; but the children are unmercifully treated. The inspectors have given their opinion as to what quantity of work a child can bear, and they have referred also to medical men in the districts where they are employed. But I should like to know what is the value of such evidence as this, collected by the inspectors, when compared with that of such men as Sir Anthony Carlisle, Dr. Farre, Mr. Green, Dr. Blundell, and the other eminent men who have pronounced our factory system to be nothing short of infanticide? There has never yet been an efficient act of parliament on this subject, and if I had to bring in one, it should not allow more than ten hours' labour for any age in factories."

But at this rate we never shall have done, even with one department of the evils complained of. We must therefore proceed to another order of facts not less woful, which characterize the factory system, and which the Act of 1833 has in vain attempted to cure—we mean the Intellectual and Moral evils, which are as strongly attested as those that we have been considering.

As regards education, the present act obliges children to bring a certificate of their having been at school, two hours daily, for six days in the preceding week, on the Monday morning, before entering upon their work, or the master cannot legally employ them. But how does this anxious provision operate? Let Mr. Horner, whose district as inspector comprehends Scotland, Ireland, and the four northern counties of England, be heard.

" 'Every child is required by the act to produce, every Monday morning, a certificate of having attended school for two hours at least, on six days of the preceding week, on pain of dismissal from the mill. Very few mills are situated near a school which is open at such hours as many of the factory children could attend; that is, early in the morning and late in the afternoon. There is no obligation, on the part of the schoolmaster, to take the trouble of making out the certificates; and, in fact, some in Glasgow have already refused to do so.' "

" 'Few schools are open on Saturday after mid-day; and although attendance on a Sunday-school may be taken as one of the six, as these are usually taught by several voluntary teachers, and the children are mixed up together in great numbers, it would be almost impossible to obtain certificates of attendance; and if they could be had, each child must then have two certificates each week.' "

" 'In a mill, where the clerks have generally enough to do, (and in the

small mills there are no clerks,) the examination of these certificates would be a very considerable labour; besides that, the children would be perpetually losing them, and the variety of excuses for non-attendance, which the mill-owner would have to investigate, would be endless. Then, if the children play truant, or are kept away from school for frivolous or insufficient reasons, the mill-owner, who is in no way to blame, must dismiss them, possibly to his great inconvenience and loss, by the stoppage of his machinery until new hands can be procured.' "

Now, it is manifest that no compulsory education can counteract the demoralizing effect which naturally follows the separation of parents and children, for that lengthened period, which the system of relays renders necessary, even supposing that two hours' schooling each day was afforded them, which, as we have above learned, in many situations is impossible. Our author has put this and many other points in a very strong light, so as to carry the fullest conviction to the most sceptical mind. He shows also to his readers that, in other countries, Austria for example, instead of compulsory education, at the time that children are daily working in the mill, the lowest age at which they are employed is from eleven to twelve years, and that their elementary schooling is received before they enter the mill at all. The same principle and regulation should obtain in this country, and then, if they were made to work during the same hours that their parents were at work, and were to return to their meals at the same hours, daily methods might be adopted, by which they could add to their proficiency in learning, instead of idling in the streets, or engaging in more questionable practices, for hours together, when no guardian's eye takes cognizance of them.

Dr. Kay has, in a pamphlet on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture, in Manchester, given a succinct account of the general evils of the system, which our author declares has been fully confirmed by his own observations, so far as they have gone. Parts of this account will enable us to present, in a condensed form, much of the information and evidence that is spread throughout the volume. We confine ourselves to those facts which chiefly bear upon the moral and intellectual condition of the operatives. After stating, that having been instructed in the fatal secret of subsisting on what is barely necessary to life, they have generally ceased to entertain a laudable pride as to the external decencies,—what is superfluous to the mere exigencies in nature being expended at a tavern, which when considered in connexion with unremitted labour of the sort described, goes far to account for a prevalent and fatal demoralization. He says—

" Prolonged and exhausting labour, continued from day to day, and from year to year, is not calculated to develop the intellectual or moral

faculties of man. The dull routine of ceaseless drudgery, in which the same mechanical process is incessantly repeated, resembles the torment of Sisyphus—the toil, like the rock, recoils perpetually on the wearied operative. The mind gathers neither stores nor strength from the constant extension and retraction of the same muscles. The intellect slumbers in supine inertness; but the grosser parts of our nature attain a rank development. To condemn man to such severity of toil is, in some measure, to cultivate in him the habits of an animal. He becomes reckless. He disregards the distinguishing appetites and habits of his species. He neglects the comforts and delicacies of life. He lives in squalid wretchedness, on meagre food, and expends his superfluous gains in debauchery."

Besides mean food, and squalid habitations, the crowded arrangement of their cottages, the unpaved streets, and the pestilential air arising from these, and from a general disregard of cleanliness, produce a very powerful and deteriorating influence upon their mental and moral habits. They are also linked as drudges, for the most part, for an immoderate portion of every twenty-four hours, to a mighty material force, which toils with an unceasing and unconscious energy.

"Hence, besides the negative results, the abstraction of moral and intellectual stimuli, the absence of variety, banishment from the grateful air and the cheering influences of light, the physical energies are impaired by toil and imperfect nutrition. The artisan too seldom possesses sufficient moral dignity, or intellectual or organic strength, to resist the seductions of appetite. His wife and children, subjected to the same process, have little power to cheer his remaining moments of leisure. Domestic economy is neglected; domestic comforts are too frequently unknown. A meal of coarse food is hastily prepared, and devoured with precipitation. Home has little other relation to him than that of shelter; few pleasures are there; it chiefly presents to him a sense of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. His house is ill furnished, uncleanly, often ill ventilated, perhaps damp; his food, from want of forethought and domestic economy, is meagre and innutritious; he generally becomes debilitated and hypochondriacal, and unless supported by principle, falls the victim of dissipation. In all these respects, it is grateful to add, that those among the operatives of the mills who are employed in the *process of spinning*, and especially of fine spinning, (who receive a high rate of wages, and who are elevated on account of their skill,) are more attentive to their domestic arrangements, have better furnished houses, are consequently more regular in their habits, and more observant of their duties, than those engaged in other branches of the manufacture.

"The other classes of artisans of whom we have spoken, are frequently subject to a disease in which the sensibility of the stomach and bowels is morbidly excited; the alvine secretions are deranged, and the appetite impaired. Whilst this state continues, the patient loses flesh, his features are sharpened, the skin becomes sallow, or of the yellow hue which is observed in those who have suffered from the influence of tropical

climates; the strength fails, the capacities of physical enjoyment are destroyed, and the paroxysms of corporeal suffering are aggravated by deep mental depression. We cannot wonder that the wretched victim of this disease, invited by those haunts of misery and crime, the gin-shop and the tavern, as he passes to his daily labour, should endeavour to cheat his suffering of a few moments by the false excitement procured by ardent spirits; or that the exhausted artisan, driven by ennui and discomfort from his squalid home, should strive, in the delirious dreams of a continued debauch, to forget the remembrance of his reckless improvidence, of the destitution, hunger, and uninterrupted toil, which threaten to destroy the remaining energies of his enfeebled constitution.

"With unfeigned regret we are constrained to add, that the standard of morality is exceedingly debased, and that religious observances are neglected amongst the operative population of Manchester. The bonds of domestic sympathy are too generally relaxed, and, as a consequence, the filial and paternal duties are uncultivated. The artisan has not time to cherish these feelings by the familiar and grateful arts which are their constant food, and without which nourishment they perish. An apathy benumbs his spirit. Too frequently the father, enjoying perfect health, and with ample opportunities of employment, is supported in idleness on the earnings of his oppressed children; and, on the other hand, when age and decrepitude cripple the energies of the parents, their adult children abandon them to the scanty maintenance derived from parochial relief.

"That religious observances are exceedingly neglected we have had constant opportunities of ascertaining, in the performance of our duty as physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, which frequently conducted us to the houses of the poor on Sunday. With rare exceptions, the adults of the vast population of 84,147 contained in districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, spend their Sunday either in supine sloth, in sensuality, or in listless inactivity. A certain portion only of the labouring classes enjoys even healthful recreation on that day, and a very small number frequent the places of worship.

The physical depression, the moral degradation, and mental perversion, that are engendered by such modes of life, furnish the most sickening details we have ever read. One naturally inquires, with a sort of incredulous wonder, how so many thousands of Englishmen submit, and why they endure the evils we have been considering. Why don't they, it may be asked, betake themselves to some other calling? for they are sufficiently suspicious, discontented and revengeful, but not more so than their education, habits, and treatment, may very well be supposed to foster and encourage. Let it, however, be remembered, that brought up as they have been, from tender infancy, only to understand one routine of work, they are altogether unfit for any thing else, especially in a country where there is a redundancy of labourers. The truth is, they must either endure labour and oppression like slaves, or starve. Nay, they are worse off than slaves, for the West India Planters had a

manifest interest in treating their bondsmen humanely, because of the scarcity of labourers; while there is a superabundance of operatives here, and therefore no inducement for masters to be kind and humane beyond what the law of the land can enforce, or their own moral principles inculcate. There is one argument, however, that will have some weight even with those who do not regard the voice of conscience, or any Divine appeal, which may interfere with their sordid avarice—an avarice that treats, for the sake of gold, the tenderest of human beings as cattle or machinery—with which we close our extracts from Mr. Wing's work; for surely we have cited enough, not only to show how mighty are the concerns it treats of, but the ability and candour of the writer.

"I need scarcely advert to the national evils resulting from the factory system, as at present established; they are obvious to the most careless observer. That so numerous a class of the community should be suffered to remain in a state of discontent, after petitioning for relief from their grievances for upwards of thirty years; that they should witness the continued infraction by their masters of those laws which were meant for the protection, not of themselves, indeed, but of their children; that there should be no bond of union between them and their employers, but, except in comparatively few instances, mutual animosity; that from the want of religious, moral, and political knowledge, they should be left, as their opponents assert, the slaves of their fierce passions and ignorant prejudices; all these are fearful considerations, when joined to the reflection of their facilities for combination, and of the activity and intelligence that characterize many of their delegates. Well do they know their importance to our national resources, an importance likely to increase in proportion as our commercial intercourse with the world at large increases, and if they are not now heard, the time may come when they will make themselves felt. Many of the master-manufacturers have long been persuaded that the disaffection subsisting between them and the operatives should be put an end to; that the advantages of moderate labour should extend to all; and from the greater or less, if not utter, inefficiency of all the former acts, and from the daily vexations which the present has caused, and is causing. I feel confident that a ten-hour bill, rendering by its simplicity observance easy, and evasion next to impossible, will at length be conceded by Government, as the only measure that can produce permanent tranquillity and general satisfaction. There are many of the master-manufacturers who deserve the commendation which the Bishop of Exeter has justly bestowed upon Mr. Fielden; many who, whether radicals, whigs, or conservatives, are *worthy of respect and veneration*; many who will rejoice to see the consummation of the benevolent wishes which they have so long entertained; and perhaps the masters of a different description, after having indulged in a little sordid regret, may find that their interests and their duties are not so much opposed to each other as they now imagine."

ART. V.—*Prolusiones Historiæ*; or, *Essays Illustrative of the Halle of John Halle, Citizen, and Merchant of Salisbury, in the Reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.: with Notes, Illustrative and Explanatory*, by the REV. EDWARD DUKE, M. A., F. A. S., & L. S. 2 vols. Salisbury. W. B. Brodie and Co.

THE most antique features of the exterior of this book are not more curious, than are its contents. As a literary performance, few of our modern historical romances are half so much worth being read. Certainly we have never encountered any antiquarian disquisitions that were so amusing, delightful, and instructive. Seldom do the Fellows of the Antiquarian Society avoid being repulsively dry to ordinary readers when they begin to treat of their favourite studies. But there is nothing pompous, obscure, or useless in the present work. The author says that all he has aimed at, "has been to amuse his reader, and in plain, and intelligible speech, to tell him, the tale of the olden time." We must inform the Reverend Gentleman, however, or rather those who are in the habit of listening to us, that though the book may disclaim recondite knowledge, it is one which no stranger to such knowledge could write; and that though the diction and elocution of the work may not ape a meretriciously ornamented style, no one who has despised the graces inculcated by good taste, or who is unskilled at the pen, or who did not make all these accomplishments subservient to a nature and habits that are remarkably lively, could have produced such a book. Whether we regard the author's spirited and lightsome style, the ingenuity of his conjectures, or the extent of his reading and researches, these *Prolusiones Historiæ* possess no ordinary charm for the learned and the unlearned.

The expressions in the preface "the tale of the olden time"—the aspect of the first volume (which has as yet, alone appeared) and also not a few passages, some of which may meet the reader's eye the moment he opens the work, may lead to the surmise that the whole is a fiction, or "the illusion of a dream." Before diving into the body of the portion that is now before us, it is proper, therefore, to afford some account of the topics it discusses, and the circumstances that have induced the author to handle them in the present form and on the present occasion.

It would appear that from time immemorial the remains of an ancient mansion, situate on the New Canal, were known to exist in the *faire citie* of Salisbury, whither the antiquary or virtuoso would oft resort. A large hall, divided and subdivided into many small rooms, was there to be seen; but its history for long continued to be unknown. The premises, however, having lately fallen into the hands of an extensive dealer in China, he, at considerable expense,

has removed the comparatively modern partitions, and renovated the Halle, which is now to be seen in its original size and proportions. The elaborate character of the workmanship it displayed, and the beauty and massiveness of its designs, led to the opinion that it was an ancient refectory; but for the use of what fraternity was not so apparent. It contained many armorial shields, which heraldists deciphered; but one coat-of-arms (impaled with a merchant's mark) was a puzzle. After much research, however, the author did "by chance discover, that the arms alluded to were those of Halle of Salisbury." Having thus obtained a clue, he pursued his researches, and after visiting museums, as well as consulting the records of the city of Salisbury, he obtained so many strong and well-combined proofs, that the splendid room in question was—the Halle of John Halle—(who is the interesting hero of the present work, and who serves to furnish texts for a number of ingenious and delightful disquisitions upon some of the most interesting topics of Antiquarianism)—that he is to be pitied who would any longer disbelieve. One formal extract from the preface, must conduct us to the body of the work, after informing our readers, that this first volume is restricted more particularly to the history of its Hero, whereas the second will descant on the peculiarities of the *Halle* itself, its splendid and unique architecture, &c.

"The Author now begs leave to remark, that, although there exist many fine specimens of *baronial* halls, yet (as he at present believes) Crosby Hall and the Halle of John Halle are the only two, which are well ascertained to have belonged to private merchants of the former age. It is a remarkable fact, that these two halls were erected within *ten* years of each other—that their owners were both merchants of the staple—both dealers in wool, and men of great affluence—contemporaries—and as is, probable, intimate friends.

"Crosby Hall has, from its connexion with historic facts, and its mention by our great dramatist, Shakspeare, obtained, and deservedly so, great celebrity; but yet the Author is bold enough to place the Halle of John Halle in competition with it, and is sanguine enough to hope, that the latter will, in time, divide with the former the attention of antiquaries, and men of taste. It is very true, that their relative sizes vary greatly—that Crosby Hall exceeds the Halle of John Halle in length, breadth, and height, yet the latter wonderfully surpasses the former in its state of preservation, and is indeed—an architectural bijou. Its windows are richly filled with painted glass, and the roof is, in his opinion, an unique specimen of architecture. It has no pendants in common with Eltham and Crosby Halls, and many others, and neither does it openly show its raftering as is the case with the halls at Hampton Court, &c.; but the roof of the Halle of John Halle has this beautiful peculiarity, that the quadrangular compartments, or parallelograms, formed by the intersection of the principals, or main timbers, with the purlins, are covered in, the one half of each with a semi-circular, and scalloped, panelling, the other with plaster. The alternation of the dark panel and the lighter-coloured plaster in this, *thus*

varied roof, delights the eye of the spectator to a degree, that cannot be conceived. In addition to these circumstances, the Author must remark, that much more is known of the owner of the one hall than of the other. Little is known, comparatively, of Sir John Crosby. The reader will be gratified at receiving the intelligence of many curious incidents of the life of John Halle.

Let us now to the Hero of the Tale, that we may become acquainted "with the station of life, in which he moved—with his armorial honours—with the merchant's mark, and—with his memorable deeds—nay John Halle himself will make his bow accoutred in the elegant costume of his day."

It may well puzzle the reader, when he has only perused our author's preface, to understand how two goodly octavo volumes are to be constructed, and yet detail facts in biography and deal honestly with credulity, when the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., point to the era to be described. But the writer has a method of his own, and can without fatiguing the reader, render the slightest notices and the slenderest threads of information the vehicle and index to a vast deal of interesting and important matter. He possesses one quality that adds greatly to the charm of his pages; and this consists of the heartfelt love which he cherishes for his subject, and the manifest delight which its treatment must have yielded to him. His enthusiasm not only carries him forward gallantly and warmly, but having formed a very distinct and affectionate estimate of John Halle, it enables him to picture vividly the object of his admiration, and to preserve the individuality of a sterling character with singular effect.

The work commences with an Essay on the Origin of Names, the name of Halle, suggesting the theme. Here, as in the other divisions of the work, although there be repeated much that has no claims to originality, yet the information is so pleasantly and plainly communicated, that even to those conversant with such researches, it will be acceptable; nay a hasty abridgement or summary of some of the doctrines and principles thus advanced, we have no doubt, will be welcomed by our readers.

The origin of Names becomes an interesting inquiry; and fortunately the investigation, in as far as general points are concerned, and even as regards a vast number of individual instances, becomes perfectly satisfactory. Distinctive appellations or references must be employed wherever social intercourse exists among mankind. It is well known that the Romans had their Prænomen, Nomen, and Cognomen, the last answering to our Surname, which, it is supposed, was first employed for particular distinctive purposes, during the existence of the republic in its most flourishing condition. It is held, however, that our Saxon forefathers had but one Name, and our author thinks it probable that even such a distinction was but

allotted to him who bore the higher rank. But it is not easy to conceive how individuals of an inferior grade were to be designated or pointed out, unless by some verbal sign, although none but those of superior stamp and consideration might appear deserving of being written in a book. The subject, nevertheless, affords an opportunity for our antiquary to display the nature of his researches regarding it.

"In Domesday Book the names of the Saxon Proprietors of land appear with but one name, and I cannot refrain from giving here an interesting instance, inasmuch as it is also an amusing proof of parochial etymology. In that invaluable, and very early, document (with the view of which I have been gratified, but which no hand is permitted to touch, its leaves being turned over with other aid) the account of the manor of Fittleton, (a parish in my neighbourhood) thus opens: "*Rainerius tenet de Roberto Viteltone. Vitel tenuit T. R. E.*" (tempore Regis Edwardi) "*et geldabat pro 10 hidis:*" that is, "*Rainerius holds Viteltone of Robertus. Vitel held it in the time of King Edward, and it was assessed at 10 hides. The manor and residence of Vitel, the Saxon, was thus called Vitel's Ton or Town; this became contracted by the Normans into Viteltone, and in these our days has been by the interchange of a letter softened down into Fittleton. In the above short extract, we have the interesting fact of the use of four single names,—Vitel, the Saxon, Rainerius and Robertus, who were Normans, and King Edward, the Saxon, contradistinguished in later ages as "The Confessor."* On the Norman Invasion the feudal system was introduced, and with it the maxim, that all lands were held mediately or immediately, from the King. There were comparatively but few estates, which were not seized, and granted away to the followers of William, the First; and, as these held their possessions subject to the feudal rights of the Crown, so did they, as superior Lords, regrant on subfeudatory conditions lesser portions of their domains; and thus did *Rainerius* hold Viteltone under *Robertus* (called in Domesday Book "*filius Giroldi*"), who, it appears, also held the adjoining manors of Mildestone and Brismartone (now Milstone and Brigmilstone) with many others. That the parochial name of *Fittleton* is derived, as having been the residence of Vitel, the Saxon, is a truth so obvious, that it must be admitted.

It is satisfactorily shown that at the period of the Norman Conquest, patronymics or family Names, were unknown. Even William the First, himself, was called the Conqueror, not as a Surname, but as a descriptive title. His son was called Rufus, in consideration of his red hair. Thus the third Earl of Anjou, bore the name of Plantagenet, on account of the sprig of broom he wore—or *Plantagenista*. In the course of time the place of residence became the Norman affix, such as Giraldus de Wiltune; thus also, he who was named Richard of Grimsteed, says the author, became Richard Grimsteed, of Grimsteed. As the people receded from barbarism, it began to be considered, says Camden—

"A disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the

meaner sort and bastards had. For the daughter and heir of *Fitz-Hamon* a great Lord (as *Robert of Glocester* in the Librarie of the industrious Antiquary maister *John Stowe* writeth) when King *Henry* the first would have married her to his base sonne *Robert*, shee first refusing answered :

It were to me a great shame
To have a Lord withouten his twa name,

Whereupon the King his father gave him the name of *Fitz-Roy*, who after was Earle of *Glocester*, and the onely worthy of his age in England."

Various were the methods which men adopted to distinguish one another ; sometimes by a nickname, or soubriquet ; sometimes profession or trade lent the word. Thus the ancient couplet, as quoted by the author, says,

" From whence came Smith, all be he Knight or Squire,
But from the *Smith*, that forgeth at the fire ?"

and the word *Smith* again comes from the Saxon verb, *smitan*, to smite. As the intercourse of man and the population of a country increased, new sources of Names were sought out to avoid confusion. Ages, virtues, the elements, the wild animals, the vegetable tribes, &c. were freely drawn upon.

" Even the dwelling of man gave to him " a local habitation, and a name : " that *House* is well known, and several parts of the dwelling have also contributed to the same useful purpose ; thus we have the names of *Dore*, *Wall*, *Kitchen*, *Chamber*, and *Garret*, and the inmate has even appropriated to himself the *Lock* and the *Key*. In very early ages the man of affluence sought also to have a room in his mansion of superior size, and grandeur, and this he denominated his *Halle*, and from the dwelling so highly distinguished above its more humble fellows, its Lord was pointed out as *Roger of the Halle*, *William of the Halle*, &c. and then in time, by the dropping of the connecting words, he became *Roger Halle*, *William Halle*, &c. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I say not—I infer not—that John Halle was ever known by the name of *John of the Halle*—certainly *he was not*. I only mean to present the origin of the name of *Halle* in previous ages, which was often, we may presume, imparted by the man of rank to his relatives, and his retainers, and thus the name of *Halle* in the fifteenth century became of frequent occurrence."

The author is now brought to consider the pedigree of John Halle, and to give some account of his name. But all that he has clearly ascertained under this head embraces only as to the name, three generations—the father—the son and daughter—and grand-daughter. Concerning these members of the family, particular mention is made in an after portion of the work ; but just to show with what zest, patience, and precision the author has studied genealogies, and the history of the Halles in particular, we cite from this his second essay one passage.

"In the more early times of the Heralds' College, which was founded by Richard, the Third, in the year 1483, the Heralds were accustomed to make occasional progresses through the several counties, to cite before them all, who claimed a right to bear arms, and (in those cases, where such right was confirmed) to enrol them, and also to inquire into, and to certify in their records, the pedigrees of such families. The county of Wilts was visited for this purpose by Harvey in the year 1565, and by St. George, and Lennard, in the year 1623. On both those occasions those Heralds sat at Salisbury, and copies of their visitation books are extant in the Heralds' College.

"Amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum are also to be found lists of those, whose claims were then rejected by the Heralds. What were the rules they laid down for their guidance we know not, yet it does appear, that even then there were those, who were actuated by the pride of gentility to make claims, which they could not support. If an authorized Herald could possibly make his appearance amongst us in the present age, it is much to be feared, gentle reader, that he would find "confusion worse confounded!" It happened indeed, that, though the Family of Halle of *Salisbury* was in existence in the male line at the period of the foundation of the Heralds' College in the year 1483, it was so extinct at the time of the first visitation in the year 1565, and consequently no pedigree is regularly enrolled. There is however (as I am kindly informed by my friend, G. F. Beltz, Esq. Lancaster Herald) in the archives of the College a private, and miscellaneous, collection of pedigrees in alphabet by Vincent, where (No. 10, p. 123) appears the pedigree of Halle of *Salisbury*, as given in the sixteenth page. In this pedigree William Halle, the *Son*, is stated as of *Shipton*. I have visited that parish, but could not hear of any tradition, nor find any memorials of the family in the church, either on the walls, or in the windows; this did not surprise me, when I reflected, that they moved on the earth upwards of three centuries ago—in times, gentle reader, truly "auld lang syne." By this short genealogy it will be seen, that the *name* of that family became extinct by the marriage of Joan the *heiress* of William, the *only son* of John Halle with Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter principal King of Arms.

The third essay treats of the Arms of John Halle, and this gives rise to a dissertation upon the Origin and Progress of Heraldry. Here we have a remarkably distinct sketch of a very obscure subject, and an outline of the most feasible doctrines that have been broached on it. The history of Heraldry is traced from the distinguishing standard of the nation or tribe, in various ages and countries in ancient times, through the personal pennon of the Knight of the middle ages, down to what our antiquary calls the gentitial, and hereditary coat of the peaceful man of modern days. But we must come to John Halle's Arms, which are made the occasion of eliciting much heraldic knowledge and description. They also afford an opportunity for that sort of ingenious and fanciful conjecturing, which antiquaries are seldom disinclined to indulge, when they get

amid a dense mist, and have a favourite theory to buttress—that unravelling the *ignotum per ignotius*, which our author, however, disclaims.

“ His arms are very handsome, and, had the chevron been azure, instead of sable, a modern herald could not have devised a coat more pleasing to the eye; but from a review of the arms, taken in connexion with other circumstances, (which will be detailed hereafter,) I have strong reason to believe, that the family of Halle of *Salisbury* were generally attached to the interests of the House of Lancaster. In saying this I shall probably be impugned of inconsistency, since the halle of John Halle, in its ornamental cognizances of Edward, the Fourth, appears to have been studiously complimentary to *him*, and John Halle himself is there depicted, as supporting with the one hand the banner of Edward, the Fifth, the heir apparent to the Throne, and with the other on his dagger in the act, as it were, of swearing fealty to the Royal Dynasty. I admit this, and most candidly recognize it as an apparently great incongruity with my now repeated assertion of my belief, ‘ that the family of Halle of *Salisbury* were generally attached to the interests of the House of Lancaster.’ The question then may well be asked, ‘ how do you reconcile this seeming incongruity?’—to which I can only return an hypothetical answer, a reply, based on imaginative grounds, possible, and indeed probable, but which *truly* have their origin in *historic facts*, the *full* development of which, in the present Essay, would be premature. Let it suffice then, gentle reader, now to say, that John Halle did incur the heavy displeasure of Edward, the Fourth; that he did probably beard his Monarch on the Throne; and that he was by him justly cast into prison; and yet we find, that, subsequently, John Halle did erect a splendid banquetting-room, in the ornaments of which he studiously complimented Edward, the Fourth! I can explain this alone on the assumption, as true, of the following hypothesis, that John Halle having offended, and, as is probable, *personally* insulted his Sovereign, his incarceration gave him leisure for reflection—reflection may have raised in his mind the feelings of genuine, and deep, repentance, and—repentance may have induced such an humble, and sincere, apology to his Monarch, as to have caused him to award that warm, and hearty forgiveness, which bore the aspect of highly generous feelings; and this condescension, perhaps personally shown, from his justly-offended, and potent, Sovereign, may have raised, and truly so, those feelings of gratitude in the mind of John Halle, as to have induced him, although a Lancastrian by birth, in connexion, and in principle, to become the personal partizan of Edward, the Fourth. In the support of this hypothesis, we must call to mind, that, the more uncivilized the age, and people, the less equally do the human passions and affections bear on the mind of man; that under such circumstances, the spirit of revenge takes deeper root, and the feelings of gratitude are fostered with stronger fervency than in an æra of greater refinement. It was in this age, (that of the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster,) that the spirit of the partizan peculiarly shone forth, and that its bias was often swayed by the temporary, and passing, occurrence; thus men were in their

families often arrayed against each other—the father against the son—and the one brother against the other—and the individual himself in a subsequent period would not unfrequently side with that party, of which he had before been the determined opponent. This hypothesis many may think visionary; but it is the only one I can devise to account for the curious fact, that a Lancastrian should erect a banquetting-room in itself complimentary to a Prince of the House of York. If then, gentle reader, you reject it, prythee suggest that of *stronger* argument, and I, as the partizan of the present one, will yield *my* opinions, and—pass over to the other side.”

Having explained the Arms of John Halle, in his fourth essay, the author proceeds to treat of the history of the Staple, and of the Merchant's mark, with which those Arms are impaled. This is an extremely curious and able part of the work, but which cannot easily be so satisfactorily or fairly explained by a summary or extracted specimen as some of the other divisions, that, for example—which follows; containing as it does particulars that possess a plainer and more popular interest, for it treats of the dress of John Halle, and the fashions of the period in which he flourished. Not only have we here presented to us very minute descriptions of dress, but the supposed portrait of the hero of the book himself is gaily figured and coloured, and as nearly as paper can convey a true copy of the illuminated likeness on one of the windows of the Halle, made to breathe before us. But whether it be the veritable portrait of the ancient master of the mansion, or of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, “The King Maker,” as our antiquary at one time supposed it to be, it serves him for a text upon which to write a long essay on the costume of the affluent merchant of the fifteenth century. And considering that the head is the nobler part of man, as compared with the lower extremities, and also that descent is ever the more easy, he begins with the hat, feather, and brooch.

Hats of beaver, says our author, seem to have been first noticed in the fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward, the Third; and in treating largely of this item of dress, (although John Halle's is a high bonnet of cloth) does he take occasion, to explain why beavers were called castors. We believe few of our dandies who may affect this classic appellation, are in the slightest degree acquainted with its origin as applied to hats. For their information and that of others, we cite the account before us. Let it be borne in mind that beavers are held to have in former times been inhabitants of Wales, and that they were there estimated at an exorbitant price, when they became scarce.

“This animal was not only sought for the sake of the skin, but also for that of a substance, highly valuable in the *Materia Medica* of that day, of which Donovan thus peaks: ‘The medical drug, known by the name of Castor, is a sebaceous matter, contained in two large glands, with cellular follicles in the lower part of the abdomen, of which useful article each

animal produces two ounces. These glands are usually cut off, and the castor they contain dried, in which state it is preserved till required for use.' On the testimony of Pliny it appears, that these glands were mistaken by the Ancients for another part of the animal, which he, on being closely hunted, as that author credulously states, was accustomed to bite off, and leave to his pursuers. Valuable, therefore, as was the beaver, in the middle ages, for his skin, and for his supply of this celebrated drug, we cannot wonder, that they were become extinct, at the time Sir John Price wrote his description of the Cambrian Principality, in the reign of Henry, the Eighth. The beaver, inhabiting the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America, is, by the extension of commerce, now procured in abundance; and especially from America (not then discovered) through the medium of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the Greek Language, the beaver (some, less probably, suppose the badger) was named *καστωρ*; and it is a singular fact, that, in the slang-language of the present day, a hat is denominated a *castor*; thus a pugilist is said, by way of defiance, to 'throw his *castor* into the ring.' From hence I should infer, that the beaver has been called, in different countries, and times, by the appellation of *castor*; indeed, Donovan, *thus* quotes from the work of Sir John Price: 'In Teivi above all the rivers in Wales were in Geraldus's time a great number of *castors*, which may be englished beavers, and are called in Welch *avano*, which name onelie remaineth in Wales at this daie, but what it is very few can tell." Linnæus, in his 'Systema Naturæ,' places the beaver in the class 'Mammalia,' order 'Glires,' genus '*Castor*,' and under that genus gives only two species, viz., the Castor fiber, or common beaver, and the Castor Huidobrius, or the Chilese beaver. Fiber is the Latin Name of the beaver."

The feather is an item of perhaps not much less antiquity and note than the hat; for where is the man that does not strive to place a feather in his cap?—as our antiquary jocosely asks. But we pass over this flighty ornament together with the brooch, which we are told, is a Norman word, meaning a *spit*, and also over the dissertations on the hair and beard—the partelet or tippet—the doublet—the girdle—and the anelace or dagger, that we may take some cognizance of articles more familiar at the present day—such as hose, shoes, and boots.

To begin with the hoes—John Halle's are party-coloured; and this is sufficient to set our amusing and expert antiquary upon a disquisition, that begins with the beginning and brings the matter of history down to the present day. A few fragments will be pleasantly received.

"The word, hose, in different æras, has been differently applied. By the Anglo-Saxons I have little doubt, that its meaning was restricted to the article of dress, denominated by us—the *stockings*; a pair of which would have been called by *them* (in the plural number)—a pair of hosen. The Normans, on *their* arrival, introduced the *chausses*, an article of dress, which covered both the leg and thigh; and, in fact, we must

regard these as the proto-type of the modern *pantaloons*. To this dress the native inhabitants of this Isle *also* attached the name of hose, or hosen; but, let it be understood, the same appellative was continued to be given to the *stocking*."

"As the present investigation is, more especially, relative to the *long* hose, or *chausses*, I shall say nothing more as to the *short* hose, or *stockings*, but resume the more appropriate discussion. About the reign of Edward, the Second, a most singular fashion arose—that of the *party-coloured* dress; Chaucer makes the Persone (Parson) in his 'Tale,' to deplore bitterly the raging taste for the *molley-suit*. He states, that the varying colours of the hose, 'white and red—white and blue—white and black—or—black and red'—make the wearers thereof appear, as if 'the fire of Seint Anthonie or other swiche mischance' had cankered, and consumed, one half of their bodies. This most strange fashion was not restricted to the hose, but pervaded the whole dress. In an illumination, which represents John of Gaunt sitting to decide the claims on the coronation of his nephew, Richard, the Second, (Cotton MSS. Nero, D. 6,) he appears in the *party colours* of the House of Lancaster, the one half of his robe being *blue*, the other *red*. The *party-coloured* hose, or *chausses*, were still more common. In an illuminated MS. in the library of C. C. College, Cambridge, is a representation of Henry, the Fifth, sitting in state, and receiving a book from John Galopes, Dean of the Collegiate Church of St. Louis of Salsoye in Normandy. 'On the other side of the king stands a courtier with a short coat of green, holding in his hand a mace of office. What is singular, the *hose* on his left leg is red, that on his right leg white.'"

"Subsequently to the wear of *molley*, or the *party-coloured* dress, by the higher ranks, it was made the suit of the fool. It is here necessary to explain, that it became the fashion, about the sixteenth century, for men of affluence to retain in their establishments some occasionally half-witted, yet shrewd, human creature for the disport of themselves, and their guests, in the hours of social merriment. I could cite examples, but it would lead me into too great a digression."

"Thus have we seen, gentle reader, that *molley*, or party-coloured clothing, was, successively, the wear—of the gentleman, and then—of the fool, and now (so manifold are the changes of this sublunary world) it is the garb—of the rogue, it being the humiliating dress of the convicted felon in the House of Correction."

Our antiquary considers the shoe as the genus, and the sandal, the slipper, the sock, the buskin, and the boot, as but the several species of this humble and trodden on article of dress. But of all the parts of man's clothing, he also believes it to have been the last that was invented. Yet Benedick Baudoin, a learned French shoemaker, wrote a treatise on the ancient shoe, in which he maintains that the Creator in giving Adam skins of beasts to clothe him, did not leave him to go bare-footed. One thing is certain, that the shoe in very early ages became a symbol of highly important transactions. The ancient Hebrews, by its delivery, intimated the transfer of lands, as testified in the Book of Ruth. Our author

also reminds us that the throwing the shoe into the land of another as the symbol of claim, was simultaneous with the disposal of property by the delivery of the shoe. Hence, says he, that passage becomes clear, where David (speaking in the name of the Lord) uses these words, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe (sandal)," that is "I will claim it as my own, and take possession of it." Among the Romans this same article was made a distinctive mark of rank, no person, who had not served the office of *ædile* being permitted, at one time, to wear the red shoe. At much later periods it has also been an object of extraordinary attention; having also undergone the extremes of fashion both as to shape and dimensions. During the Reign of Richard the Second, it was so lengthened, that its toe was held up by a chain, which formed a connecting loop between it, and a fastening at the knee; and such a long-pointed toe is represented in the supposed portrait of John Halle. Statutes were passed restrictive of this extravagant fashion, in as far as the lower classes were concerned; whereas in the reign of Queen Mary, a proclamation was issued, commanding that no one should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes. But we must hasten forward to the last essay—and which immediately follows the development of John Halle's dress—to the Memorials of his deeds. The author introduces these Memorials in the following fashion:—

"The time is, at length, arrived, gentle reader, when it behoveth me to make you acquainted with the deeds of the Hero of my little History—with the deeds of John Halle, the Citizen, and Merchant of Salisbury, whose splendid banquetting-room has so justly, and so greatly, attracted the attention of the public.

"I have already introduced John Halle to you. I have described his heraldic honours, and his (to *him* equally valuable) merchant's mark. I have descanted on his dress, and I have now to detail those portions of his history, to the knowledge of which I have attained. These details I have, humbly, ycleped "Memorials." They are few, yet interesting, and give us some insight into the character, and station, of one, certainly, in *his* day, of great local importance; yet—prithes bear in mind. that, although an affluent "marchant," and of great respectability, he did not stand in that situation of life, which should call him into the active employ of the State, so as to aid in ruling her destinies, or in guiding her armies; indeed, *his* days were days of peril, and well content was he to bear alone the honour of representing in the Senate *the goodlie Citie of Salisburie*, and (as one of her most affluent citizens) to conduct a trade equally honourable, extensive, and lucrative.

"It cannot, then, surprise you, gentle reader, when I thus acquaint you, that I am unable to present you with the "Life of John Halle." Would that it were in my power! We must, I again repeat, consider him as a private individual—affluent—of high respectability, and—of much local importance, but—not a leading man in the affairs of the State. He was neither a Baron, nor Knight of martial renown—he lived at an æra, when the art of printing was but just discovered, and that in his

latter days—when even manuscripts were comparatively rare, and—in an age, the records of which have seldom descended to our own times. It *cannot*, then, excite surprise, that I have so little to say of the worthy John Halle; and that I thus give the appellative of “Memorials” to these few historical memoranda.”

Various grounds are next advanced, for supposing that John Halle was the son of Thomas Halle, the Corporator of Salisbury, mentioned in the Leger of that city; but where born, or in what part of the city he resided, previous to the purchase of the site where he erected those premises which contained the splendid hall, still standing, is not ascertained. One thing is established, however, and this is, that the purchase was made of William Hore, senior, citizen and merchant of Salisbury, in the year 1467. Again, as to who was the *ladye faire*, whom John selected for his better half, no precise information has reached the memorialist, although he is strongly inclined to believe that she must have been one of his own kindred and name; and for these reasons especially, viz., that “in one of the windows of his interesting hall, appear the arms of Halle impaling Halle;” and again, “that on the transom-stone of the chimney-piece are two shields, on one of which are the arms of John Halle, and on the other his merchant’s mark.” Now, as it appears to have been an ancient custom for the owner and builder of a mansion to place his arms on such a place in his principal room, it is held that the “second shield should in courtesy, in honour, and in affection, have been assigned to the heraldic memento of his other self,” but that “this was omitted—not from ill compliment, or disregard to her, but alone, to prevent the anomaly of the duplication of the same arms on separate shields, which would only tend to confusion.” In this most pleasant and harmlessly gossiping style does our ingenious and judicious antiquary carry the reader back to the fifteenth century, and not only bring us into the presence of John Halle, the wool-merchant of the *faire citie* of Salisbury, to admire his high-crowned hat, with its adorning feather and brooch, his doublet, his party-coloured long hose, and marvellously long-toed shoes—but to sit at his fire side with him and “his other self,” to converse with him on matters of trade, taste, and state—to appreciate his high character for integrity, courtesy, and hospitality—and in short, to be almost as much his associate, companion, and friend, as of any worthy and public-spirited burgess of our own day, as we are about more fully to prove.

“Let us now inquire, more particularly, as to the situation of life, in which the Hero of my little History moved; and here I cannot do better than to quote the opening passage of my work: ‘John Halle (as at appears from the ancient pedigree of the Hungerford Family) was a citizen and merchant of Salisbury. We also learn from the manuscript,

notes of Aubrey, (the Wiltshire Antiquary,) in the libraries of the Royal Society and the Ashmolean Museum, that his mansion in that city was on the Ditch (now known by the name of the New Canal). 'Halle, I doe believe' (says he) 'was a merchant of the Staple at Salisbury, where he had many Houses: his dwelling house, now a Taverne, 1669, was on the Ditch, where in the glasse-windowes are many Scutcheons of his Armes and severall merchants markes yet remaining.' He then makes a query: viz. 'if there are not also wooll sacks in the pannells of glasse?' Again says Aubrey, 'as *Creville & Wenman* bought all the *Coteswold*, soe did Halle and Webb all the wooll of Salisbury plaines.'

"We have thus, gentle reader, from these united testimonies, the most credible evidence, that there was a John Halle, who did live at Salisbury, that he had a mansion on the (then) Ditch, and that he was a citizen, and merchant, and buyer of wool—in fact—an affluent, and eminent, wool-stapler."

The Coteswold Hills, and the Salisbury Plains, are two great wool-growing districts. Such a merchant, as above described, does our antiquary hold John Halle to have been, not only from the testimony of Aubrey, but also, among other evidences, from the symbol of the *staple*, which forms an integral portion of his merchant's mark.

"Thus, the *present* dealer in wool is called a *wool-stapler*: but yet he is a trader of far minor importance to the wealthy John Halle. He is one, who, making his periodical circuit, buys up, at the houses of the growers of the wool, their several stores; and acts as the middle-man between the farmer and the clothier. Not so—the Hero of my History, He fairly, and openly, competed for the purchase of the numerous loads of wool brought to the (to this day well-known) 'Wool Market,' of the *faire Cité of Salisburie*, and which was conveniently opposite to his own residence.

"Here, gentle reader, a vivid picture presents itself to my imagination. I see, on the day of the mart, the 'Wool Market,' filled with numerous wains laden with that commodity; and, amid the busy scene, I recognise the (to me well-known) portly figure of John Halle, habited in his merchant's gown, and low cap—open, and honest, in countenance—threading his way, and, with unerring judgment, promptly selecting, and, as promptly, purchasing the superior samples; and, having made those purchases, directing the carmen to convey his boughten goods to *his* capacious store-rooms."

But certain facts are recorded of the life of John Halle, which are better indices to the hero's history than a volume of conjectures. It appears by the Leger of the corporation of Salisbury, that, in the 22nd year of Henry VI., 1444, John contributed six shillings towards raising the sum of 40*l.* (equal, as our author supposes to 400*l.* of the present day), being the proportion of a general subsidy to the King, which seem to have been affixed as the payment of the city. In the 24th year of the same monarch, he was admitted a member of the Corporation, being elected one of the Common

Council, who were then forty-eight in number. Two years afterwards he was made one of the twenty-four, or Alderman. In the following year, he contributed 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* towards raising the sum of 66*l.* as a subsidy to the King. In a year or two afterwards, he is chosen Mayor of the city, and in the 31st of Henry, 1453, he is elected as a burgess for Salisbury to serve in a parliament to be held at "Redyng," which was afterwards adjourned and directed to meet at Westminster. In 1457, he is elected for the second time Mayor of his native city.

The character of a man of distinguished probity, talent, and rare accomplishments, could not be better attested by any equally short statement of facts. The nature of John's appointments, the rapidity of his rise, and the repetition of the highest civic honours which his brethren could lavish upon him, are sufficient lights to go by; but these are not the whole. We cannot abridge the following statements and commentaries.

"In the following year, 1458, in consequence of the use of highly improper, and violent, language at the councils of the Corporation, a bye-law was made; and a fine of 3*s.* 4*d.* was imposed on each person so offending, with exception of John Halle, (and another,) on whom the fine of 20*s.* was to be levied for the first—40*s.* for the second, and—imprisonment to be awarded for the third, offence. You will here, gentle reader, be disposed to censure the conduct of the Hero of my humble History; and so, in good faith—am I; but I ween, that our censure varies in degree. You, perchance, consider John Halle as a man overbearing, and rudely abusive—quick in wrath, and—difficult to appease. You, mayhap, will say, that these superior, and heavier, fines are disgraceful to him; but to this I do *not* yield assent. Let us look on the other side of the picture. I regard John Halle as a man truly independent, and ashamed of doing an action, which bore even the semblance of dishonour—willing to do good—"to seek peace, and ensue it,"—and to do to others even as he would be done unto.

"Here, gentle reader, you will say, that, as a Christian, it was *his* duty to curb that warmth of temper: I grant this—but recollect again, that the Hero of our History lived in the dark ages, when the precepts of the Stoic Philosophy were fallen into oblivion, and when the Christian Virtues did not shine so refulgent as at present. The weight of the fine, you will again say, marks the peculiarly offensive conduct of John Halle:—not at all so, my gentle reader,—it marks him as a man of very superior affluence; and, guided by the good sense of his cooler moments, I have no doubt, that he, with the greatest willingness, joined in—ay, mayhap, proposed—the greatness of the fine for the purpose of curbing those ebullitions of an hasty temper, which, you may depend, he was the first to condemn.

"That I am well sanctioned in taking this favourable view of the question, and thus vindicating the character of one, who is not here to vindicate himself, does, I think, appear from the fact, that, subsequently, the citizens of Salisbury *repeatedly* elected John Halle as their Mayor, and as their Burgess in Parliament, an homage instinctively paid to virtue.

Our antiquary's hero was chosen not only repeatedly to fill the

Mayor's chair for his native city, but was three times returned its representative in parliament. We confess, however, that there remain to be adduced references to other events in his life than any hitherto mentioned, which raise him in our esteem, and picture him as the *beau ideal* of the truly independent, outspoken, but patriotic ancestor of John Bull.

Violent disputes having arisen between the city and the Bishop of Salisbury, regarding certain properties and rights—the former being naturally desirous to assert an independence, even at the expense of its feudal lord the Bishop—the latter, active, powerful, and a great favourite with his sovereign—John Halle, being mayor at the time, is called upon to take a prominent part in the matter and in behalf of his fellow citizens. Now, our author argues and supposes that the cause was tried before King Edward himself, who, it is recorded, was very partial to an attendance and to presiding in courts of law—and that the independent and intrepid wool-merchant not only advocated the city's cause before the King, but bearded him to his face. But, however, these particulars may have been, the following letter was immediately after the conference transmitted to the citizens of Salisbury.

“ ‘ By the Kynge.

“ ‘ Trusty and welbeloved we grete you wele latynge you wite * that nowe late John Halle youre maire toke uppon hym in youre name and his to opyn and shewe unto us by bille mater of variaunce dependynge be twyxe the right reverende fader in God our trusty and welbeloved Conseillour the Bishop of Sarum on that one partie and you and oure Cite of the same on that other partie atte whiche tyme all thoughte the seid reverende Fader in that mater be hadde hym right soberly discretely and to the peas therof right conformable offrynge to abyde in the same the rule and ordinaunce of us and oure Counsel the same John of the olde rancour and malice that he hath borne towards the saide reverende Fader as hit shulde seme contrary to his parte and dute brake oute of the seid mater concernynge the seid Cite in to his owen matiers. Wherby he shewed hym self right cedicious hasty wilfull and of full unwitty† disposicon in consideracon wherof and divers other matiers us movying we have co'mytted the seid John Halle in to suche a place as he shalbe kepte and has hit apperteyneth to us to do of right unto suche tyme as we shalbe otherwise avised—Wherfore sith‡ it is so that it is necessary to the seid Cite to be in rule and governaunce of a maire and governor durynge the tyme that the seid John is likely to be absent for dyvers consideracons and also that he is nat of suche sadness§ and habilitie for many causes as shulde s'rve|| necessarily for the good and politique guydyng of the same. We will and desire you that accordynge to such privileges and liberties as by oure noble progenitors have be graunted to the predecessours of the seid Reverende Fader and youre

* know.

† unwise, or headstrong.

‡ since.

§ gravity, steadiness.

|| serve.

predecessours—Ye in all goodly haste uppon the sight of thies Letters fully applie and dispose you to procede to an election of an nother mayre of sad * sobre and discrete disposicon in the roome and place of the seid John the same p'sone † so of newe to be chosyn to take his power and auctorite as of olde tyme hath he used. (5) Yeven undre oure signette atte oure paloys of Westmynstre the xxii day of Auguste.

“ To oure trusty and welbeloved the Citezens and Co'mons of the Cite of Newe Salisbury.”

But what did the citizens? Nothing! For it may be presumed that they were moved to sadness and became lethargic, on account of their dire mishap. But it was not long until the King aroused them by another letter, requiring them, “ in all possible haste,” to elect another Mayor, or that twelve or eight “ atte the lesie” should attend before the Council to show cause for disobedience. The citizens were dismayed, and forwarded a humble address to his Majesty, which seems to have mollified him. He accordingly postponed the demand for the appearance of the citizens for some time, and limited the required number to four or six. The citizens were so elated by this answer, and presumed so much upon the altered tone of the King, that they appointed John Halle to be one of the four to appear for them before the Council. In this they acted rashly. Edward was offended, and required another person to be named in lieu of their late Mayor, for that he was “ nat atte his libertie.” But what led to John's liberation—how the King and he became reconciled—and why the doughty wool-merchant, who had been a Lancastrian, changed to be a partizan of the House of York—with *many* other subjects of conjecture, and a *few* facts, in his latter history, we leave to be read and learned by all those who have felt any interest in our foregoing extracts. Take in conclusion, our antiquary's summary of his hero's character.

“ Here, gentle reader may you expect me to draw, at full length, the character of John Halle. This task would need a better pen than mine. I could, however, descant much on his affection to his relatives—his high sense of religion—his good faith in trade—his sincere, and prompt—his generous, and patriotic, zeal for the welfare of his native City. I could write pages in his praise—but no—let it suffice to say—that John Halle reigned in the hearts of his fellow-citizens—that, in the space of a few years, he was *three* times elected as their Representative in the Legislative Councils of the Nation, and eke *four* times as the Mayor of the ancient, and respectable City of Salisbury. Who, then, *dares* to disparage the character, or say ought against the conduct of the worthy John Halle?”

In the way of Appendix to the volume, there is a great number of Notes, not less curious and illustrative of the main narrative than of uncommon research, and deep acquaintance with the olden time.

* grave, steady.

† person.

The engravings add also to the unique character of the work. In short we could on any, yea, every day of the year, and from any part of the volume, reap welcome amusement, harmless enjoyment, and no small portion of historical knowledge. With impatience we wait for the remainder of the work, being sure of an architectural treat.

ART. VI.

- 1.—*The Monk of Cimies*. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. London: Darton and Son.
- 2.—*Manuella, the Executioner's Daughter; A Story of Madrid*. 3 vols. London: Bentley.
- 3.—*The Gambler's Dream*. 3 vols. London: Bull.
- 4.—*Abel Allnutt*. By JAMES MORIER, Esq., Author of "Zohrab," "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Bentley.
- 5.—*Falkner. A Novel*. By the Author of "Frankenstein," the "Last Man," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Saunders and Otley.
- 6.—*Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man*. By MILES STAPLETON, Esq., 2 vols. 12mo. London: John Richardson.

HERE is a goodly batch of fictions and tales; and yet they form but a sample of the novels and *nouvellettes* that have swarmed from the press within these few weeks. Really it is a strange age this, were its fertility in works of the kind only to be considered; but when the variety as well as the number of such productions are taken into the account, we cannot but extend our reflections, and find them a key to many important and curious conclusions. A short description of the character of each of the above batch, and some extracted passages, will be sufficient to allow, and to tempt every one of our readers to pursue the sort of critical and moral reflections now, in a general manner, alluded to.

The first is a one-volumed work, and an exceedingly well-written story, containing many descriptions of continental scenes that are remarkable for their graphic force and fresh individuality. The serious parts, with which it abounds, present many sound and instructive moral truths, and illustrations of religious opinions. These discussions, however, while they display very happily the style of acuteness and tenderness peculiar to the female mind, do not furnish anything original in point of lucid or strenuous argument, or such as we would require from the other sex, were one of the number to undertake to handle similar topics. There is, besides, no lack of illiberality towards the members of the church of Rome, so that the zealous authoress is sure to prove repulsive to not a few who might otherwise have taken delight in her pages,

and received strong impressions from her representations. Indeed, all works in which fiction is employed to be the vehicle of argument and evidence in behalf of any peculiar opinions in religious or ecclesiastical matters, ought to be regarded with much jealousy, especially when these are put into the mouth of a mere creature of the writer's fancy, and necessarily are nothing better than the writer's individual opinions or prejudices. But not to be too serious over a work, that though in itself for the most part serious, is calculated deeply to rivet the attention on account of its interesting story, we now extract a short passage that affords a fair ground for judging of its style and cast of thought. It contains a description of the frontispiece; and the Monk speaks—

"The subterranean chapel was not now as I had formerly seen it, partially illuminated by the flickering flame of a single torch, but blazing with many lighted tapers; there were six or eight upon the altar before the crucifix, bringing forward in strong relief, not only the marble figure of the dead Saviour, but that of a beautiful Magdalen weeping at the foot of the crucifix with an infinitude of rich marbles, gems, and emblazonments. In the centre of the hall was a bier covered with a black pall, on which the beloved remains were laid out, having at the feet and head many burning tapers, a small cross of silver being placed upon the breast. I rushed forward until within one or two feet of the bier, and then came to a stand, fixed to the spot as if under the influence of some horrible spell. The figure which reposed on that cold bed, was arrayed in the perfect costume of a novice, such as she appears in the day of her espousals, with a crown of roses on her veiled brow. The roses on the head of the poor corpse before me looked perfectly fresh—I presume that they were as artificial as all else in the complicated system to which she had been made a sacrifice. The head was slightly elevated by a cushion; the pale hands were brought before, and united on the breast; the face was covered with white cerecloth, curiously cut into figures; the feet were concealed by the long black robe; and there she lay in total stillness—that fair creature, who but a short time since had opened her heart to me, and told me the tale of her disastrous love."

We now come to the second on our list, but do not exactly know how much of the three volumes is truth, or how much fiction. It is manifest that the author is familiar with many scenes and events in Spanish story here sketched; and he has succeeded in his endeavour to show that romance is not at the present day banished from the world. He places himself in the heart of the present civil war that desolates Spain, and he depicts things so livelily that he must have been an eye-witness of many strange passages between Christinos and Carlists. Battles, love-adventures, moonlight-scenes, picturesque costumes are, in many combinations here brought forward, as well as hair-breadth escapes, and heart-rending vicissitudes. The greatest drawback to these spirited and well-written volumes, is the multitude of the *dramatis personæ*,

and the complicated form of the story. We select one of his vivid pictures ; but without a perusal of the volumes, no one can form an adequate conception of their variety, of the talent that sustains this variety, or of the success with which he represents the present state and aspect of Spain.

The extract now to be introduced describes a scene that follows a defeat of the Christinos.

“ The battle-field was deserted : the plunderers of the dead, scared by the pursuit of *El Pastor's* troops, remitted their harvest. Night for once spread a silent and harrowing veil over the wounded and the slain. Where the contest had most fiercely raged, some bodies were heaped as they had fallen. A young dragoon Christino officer, who had dropped from loss of blood, occasioned by a sabre wound, was buried beneath them. Freshened by the night and the keen air of the mountains, he recovered his presence of mind, disengaged himself from the gory heap around him, and faintly and with difficulty endeavoured to effect his escape. The well-known track which his buoyant and warlike division had followed but a few hours before, needed not the sun to guide his steps. A toilsome way had been that of the wounded soldier, when the bark of a distant watchdog proclaimed his approach to the habitations of man. Following the direction of its sound, time and mental energy brought him, exhausted, to the nearest dwelling of a secluded hamlet in a defile of the mountains. Mirth resounded from within : the laugh of exultation struck dismay to the heart of the benighted and weary applicant for hospitality. Beside a huge fire were seated a peasant, his young and handsome wife, and the village curate. ‘ All—all sacrificed ! ’ and the cura’s face was lighted up with a triumphant but ungoldy joy. ‘ The glorious arms of our blessed Carlos shall ever be successful, for his is the cause of the holy church.’ The peasant crossed himself with instinctive devotion. ‘ Thus perish every renegade ! ’ continued the cura, when a groan from without startled the trio. The peasant rose from his seat ; and, snatching the ever-ready escopeta, proceeded to open the door. ‘ Gente de pas ’ was the faint reply to the inquiry he made previous to raising the latch ; and, on doing so, the tall and handsome form of a cavalry officer of the defeated troops of Christina was revealed by the light of the blazing hearth. The simple mountaineer, though he beheld in the soldier an enemy to his favourite cause, yet felt, for the moment his scruples overcome at the supplication of a wounded and defenceless fellow-countryman. The reception of the young officer on the part of the priest was sullen and silently morose ; and the peasant’s wife, who first glanced at him in order to resolve on her own conduct towards the stranger, veiled the natural expression of her features with a corresponding frown. But hospitality was granted ; the modest request of the traveller for a night’s repose assented to ; and he was suffered to rest his weary limbs in the loft which forms, in ordinary, part of a Spanish hut. The mirth, which had first created forebodings in the breast of the wounded traveller, was hushed, inasmuch as measures of policy and revenge now occupied the mind of the priest. First, he determined to destroy the fugitive partisan of Isabel, so opportunely within his grasp : and, next, to unfold this design to the artless peasant, so as to obtain means of carrying

it into execution. The young wife, it was reported in the village, was more frequent at the confessional than the measure of ordinary iniquities might require. Of her aid, we will, therefore, suppose the priest to feel secure: and now, when the officer had taken possession of his humble couch, the cura began, in an under key, to recapitulate the enormities of the queen's partisans, and vehemently to condemn all allegiance to her; whilst excommunication and curse were lavishly bestowed upon her adherents—lastly, he held out that their extermination alone could be the means of obtaining for the nation celestial grace. Meanwhile, the unfortunate soldier retired to rest. The flooring of the loft, upon which he lay, was rudely constructed; and, through the apertures between the planks, the light from below was visible. He essayed in vain to compose himself: the inhospitable scowl of the friar, the churlish reception of the mountaineer and his wife, failed not to make their full impression; and gloomy thoughts took possession of his mind. The acute pain of his wounds, too, fevered his imagination, and gave rise to frightful fancies. Occasionally closing his eyes, he started anew, as if the step of an enemy approached. At length, the subdued voices of the inmates below reached his ear—a cold sweat bedewed every limb. He eagerly made to a friendly crevice, through which the light was admitted. Their ghostly companion was reciting the *benedicite* to the peasant and his wife, the former of whom held the assassin's knife, and was receiving absolution for premeditated homicide. This task performed, the priest flung his black capa around him—cast a significant look towards the ceiling—and, with a last word of encouragement, 'Corazon!' stole away. With the presence of his holy counsellor vanished the resolves of the peasant, and the knife dropped from his hand. But another adviser was there; and the dying embers on the hearth, in their expiring light, revealed the fury of a Gorgon. The countryman quaked again—it was now from the dread of his better half. Once more he seized the knife. Isidro Imnaz, conde de Nuñez, for such was the intended victim, had watched their proceedings till the light from the hearth no longer aided his observation. He had marked the irascible features of the priest—the hand which should be uplifted only to invoke a blessing upon the meek and lowly of his flock, was raised in an attitude of fearful menace. He overheard the whispered threat of the wife, spiring her husband on to the deed of blood. At length, distinctly could he trace the slow, stealthy step of his murderer ascending the ladder. A propitious gleam of moonlight, admitted through the roof, enabled him to discern the opening in the floor of the grange, by which he had gained his dormitory, and at that moment the form of his intended assassin stood before him. Self-preservation will suggest desperate means of rescue to the most timid; but the man of moral courage, of collected energies in the trials of life, surveys danger with a steady eye; whilst, with the same comprehensive view, he embraces every chance of escape. Imminent was the peril of the unarmed guest: his thought and his deed were one. Springing upon the murderer ere he had gained firm footing from the ladder, Isidro's hand at once grasped his throat, and, by compression, effectually prevented his shrieks. Having, with the other, possessed himself of the knife, he hurled his faithless host headlong into the abyss. At the foot of the ladder stood the peasant's wife, also armed with a knife, to complete the work of

murder, should the hand of her husband vacillate in the deed; and as he fell into the now dark space below, in her eagerness to fulfil the priest's decree, she sprang upon the supposed guest, and severed the head from the body. Armed with the weapon which was destined to destroy himself, Imnaz sprang down the ladder, found the door, and, emerging from the abode of crime, sought a more secure resting place; leaving his hostess to discover, with return of day, in whose blood were imbrued the hands of an hospiticide."

The Gambler's Dream has a totally different character to any of the above, as the title will suggest; and yet the title is a deception, or at least the work is neither in plan nor detail that which one would naturally expect from such a designation. There are here, in fact, a collection of tales, in some of which only gaming is introduced, though to none of them has this occupation and vice any very necessary relation. To be sure, the Gambler falls asleep before his fire, and fancies himself transported to Crockford's wine-cellar, which is natural enough. Here he meets with seven evil spirits, who have met to recount their exploits in various parts of the earth, the scene of each being laid in a different country; and the tales are quite in keeping with the character of the narrators, being full of crimes, horrors, and revolting deeds; and yet we do not see the necessity for raising up demons for the detail of anything that is narrated.

But though the subject be bad, the manner of treating it repulsive, and according to a vitiated standard, and the object had in view by no means clear, and certainly not agreeable, it cannot be said that the author is either destitute of originality, or power of acuteness, or imagination. He has portrayed with force and liveliness the various national traits which fell to be described by the several speakers. The manners of the French and English are particularly well hit off. He can wield satire and sarcasm with much effect, though there is a bitterness in their displays which prevents them from pleasing or refining the fancy. He can throw dashes of humour into his pieces whenever he chooses, but that humour is generally coarse. His narratives are rapid enough, but there is too much of slang and affectation in them; while a graver charge may be advanced in regard to the sentiments that pervade the work, or are excited by it—these being very generally morbid or blameable, and not always decent. It seems clear, however, that had the writer fallen upon more attractive and commendable themes, or had he set out upon a less questionable plan, his talents, acquirements, and feelings would have produced a superior work in every respect; for in the present one, there are symptoms that promise exceedingly well. Without any farther preamble, or use of mere generalities, in the way of criticism, we now proceed to quote some specimens. Our first is from the introductory chapter, and is less objectionable

than the most of that which follows. It also serves to disclose the plan of the work.

"In despair, I raised my grovelling eyes from earth to heaven. That is to say, I looked up from the pavement to the firmament.

"The night, or rather the morning, for it was past one, was beautiful. Every star that a man could expect to see from St. James's street was to be seen, and a great many more than I have ever seen from that 'locale,' before or since. The sword and belt of Orion glowed in the heavens, immediately over the Guards' Clubhouse, as brilliantly, as though their appropriate display had been bespoke on the night of an illumination. I paused, as I sauntered up the street, to enjoy the luxury of the cooling breeze, after the pestilential heat of the 'Establishment' I had lately quitted. The enormous fabric of Crockford's, where the immediate cause of my distress flourishes on a more magnificent scale than in the Den where I had been pigeoned, fronted me as I stood near the window of White's, and in the unclouded sky above the outline of the buildings, I could occasionally see those meteors, vulgarly called shooting-stars, descend with their accustomed radiance and velocity, till they were lost behind the Pandemonium. To my excited imagination they appeared like spirits of evil, winging their way, to assist with fiendish influence, and excite to the highest pitch of recklessness, the feverish votaries of hazard. How I regretted that I could not join in the glorious rapture of the main under such auspices!

"Recollecting with some degree of comfort, that I was still master of a few half-crown pieces, the preservation of which was entirely attributable to my aristocratic repugnance to silver hells, and that the aforesaid half-crowns would ensure me a dinner and a cigar for a day or two to come, I shuffled on to my apartment—provoked, by dint of perseverance, a glorious blaze from my neglected fire—lighted a 'Dosamigo' to console me in my troubles, and with a foot on each dingy hob, began to lay plans for the future, in which, I must do myself the justice to say, reformation had its place.

"But reformation is, at best, a drowsy topic. Mind and body, in their fatigued condition declined to await the comfort of the pillow, and before my Dosamigo threatened to cauterize my lip I fell asleep.

"I did more. Like Nebuchadnezzar, or poor Dudu, I dreamed a dream. If the reader is a Daniel, he will be at no loss for the moral thereof; if otherwise, I am only guilty, like Dudu, of dreaming once *mal à propos*.

"Methought! There is no methought! I will even now lay any wager—Carlton House to a Charley's shelter (a safe bet, for both have in my own recollection vanished into thin air) that it was no thought, but a reality. My mind's eye (for neither Berkeley, Hobbes, nor Locke, can prove that the mind has not an eye, or an ear, or a nose, or a mouth, wherewith to swallow strange stories, as well as its inferior companion and casket, the body)—my mind's eye, I say then, taking advantage of my sleep, and consequent want of self-command, had recourse to a position on this unlucky night, in no less a place than the wine-cellar of Crockford's Club, in St. James's Street. The position was an amusing one, and the eye much enjoying the sight, had the audacity to seduce my mind's ear, and

nose, to partake of the treat, for happiness, we all know, is greater when shared by our friends.

"This trio being at their ease, I shall relate what passed before them, and if it seem extraordinary, I can only say that I am not to blame ;

'I tell the tale, as told to me'

by them, unasked, uncontrolled, and certainly unexpected.

This wine-cellar, then, for I believe there are several at Crockford's, is as capacious, as convenient, and as well-arranged as every other department of that luxurious establishment. Every variety of modern nectar is bestowed as it ought to be, the catacombs are well filled, and as the hour was one o'clock in the morning, and the supply likely to be required upstairs had been long ago handed up, and was probably either *cooly* anticipating its fate, enveloped in ice-pails, or gliding down the throats of the members, it might have been expected that silence reigned in the cellar.

"No such thing.

"A young man, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, evidently a perfect gentleman both in his dress and his address, was walking up and down, in earnest conversation with a very tall young lady of singular appearance. The young man's height was also considerable, but perhaps, owing to the lowness of the roof of this otherwise spacious chamber, the stature of both may have appeared exaggerated. As these are personages of importance, they must be particularly described, beginning, as in duty bound, with the lady.

"I have said that she was tall, and when I add that her noble figure and voluptuous expression of countenance came fully up to every description, picture, statue, and effigy, in any branch of the arts, that records the beauty of Cleopatra, I shall still fail of doing justice to her overwhelming charms. A white veil of the richest lace, secured in her dark hair, which was braided on her brow, rested partially on her shoulders. Her dress realised the utmost beau ideal of an Eastern Queen, and her stately walk in this extraordinary post-midnight promenade threw the unassuming step of her companion into a comparison decidedly unfavourable to the talents of his dancing master, drill sergeant, or nursery governess. For to the shame of this country be it mentioned, that, even in this age of refinement and exterior polish, many a foolish youth is satisfied with the instructions of the last-named humble preceptress, and as he progresses upon his pins, in an undecided gait between toddle, waddle, and huffle, has the weakness to imagine that he *walks* !"

The following is a well-drawn portrait :—

"M. Le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille was a younger son of a noble family, who had dissipated his little patrimony very soon after he obtained possession, and had ever since lived upon his wits, as a '*chevalier d'industrie*.' He was by no means a first-rater in his profession, never having duly served his apprenticeship, and was endowed with the will alone, and not the ability, to do much mischief. Yet he picked up a

precarious livelihood, by prowling about in search of men more foolish than himself, and taking a range among small fry of every description.

"His efforts afforded him but a meagre subsistence. The morning light found him sleeping in a garret between two dirty sacks of straw, his wardrobe consisting of one light blue coat, with a prodigious velvet collar, one purple velvet waistcoat, one pair of mulberry cloth trousers, one pair of Wellington boots, with moveable spurs, whose virgin brass was innocent of assailing a horse's flank, one dirty flannel dressing gown in which he slept, one coloured silk pocket handkerchief, three yards of black silk which constituted the cravat, and the before-mentioned imitation gold chains, which were displayed upon his person as a decoy to the unwary, like the copper gilding of a stale gingerbread cake.

"He was acquainted with a trick or two at cards, and could borrow money of a friend, his memory becoming longer or shorter, on the subject of repayment, in an inverse ratio with the amount, that is, he would sometimes refund a franc, but never a Napoleon. He displayed some address in making up to a novice or a stranger, and seldom missed an opportunity of secreting rings, watches, snuff-boxes, silk handkerchiefs, or loose money, in the apartments of his acquaintance, but was above picking pockets or shoplifting, and would endure any privation rather than commit such baseness, unworthy a scion of *La Haute Truandaille*.

"When fortunate in his pursuits, 'he lived and moved, and had his being' like a gentleman; when luckless and destitute, he cheerfully endured his garret, and his dinner chez la Garrenière, in the hope of better times. His resources were in the last stage of consumption, when he met the philosopher at the cheap and nasty Pension.

"He had on that very day risen from his miserable bed with the painful conviction that a franc and a half was the amount of his capital. He plunged his stockingless feet into his Wellington boots, pulled on the mulberry trousers, trimmed his beard and moustache into a 'farouche' shape with a small pair of scissors—for he scorned a razor as well as a washer-woman, and had nought to do with soap in any way—poured some oil on his fingers, and passed them through his hair, tossing the locks about like a haymaker with his pitchfork, washed his face and hands in a pitcher of cold water, like a nobleman as he was, wiped them with his silk pocket handkerchief, which he wrung and spread before the garret window to dry in the sun against the dinner hour, and made a miraculously successful arrangement, before a circular mirror three inches in diameter, of the black silk cravat, the waistcoat, the chains, and the light blue coat. He then put on his hat—and carrying a dirty pair of kid gloves and a light cane in his hand, he locked the door upon the wet handkerchief and the dirty flannel dressing-gown, and sallied forth to the Boulevards. There the boots were cleaned, and the apparel brushed, for a couple of sous.

"'I must be content with this for a breakfast,' said he, as he thrust a lump of sugar into his mouth, which he had pocketed, chez la Garrenière, on a preceding day. A weary and fruitless round in search of fresh game at the Tuilleries Gardens, the 'porte cochère' of Meurice's Hotel, at the Palais Royal, with a peep at the purse-proud English, in the reading-room of Galignani, filled up the time, till M. Le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille returned to his apartment for his silk pocket handkerchief, and

proceeded to eat a dinner at the Pension, which, while it cost the unconscious Mille Anges an écu, would satiate his grumbling intestines for one franc. He had consoled himself with the idea that the few remaining sous would enable him to while away the evening with a glass of 'eau sucré' and a cigar, and that he might postpone, till the next day, the cruel sacrifice of one of his neck-chains."

Who could have anticipated that the author of "*Hajji Baba*," the completest picture of Eastern manners that, perhaps, is to be found in our language, should in another work come so near Goldsmith's "*Vicar of Wakefield*," as he has here done, and represent our own national character and feelings with almost equal fidelity and taste to his Oriental representation? There is no necessity for any long account about the story or its merits, for its nature and peculiar excellence will be best appreciated after reading a few of its paragraphs. Suffice it to say, that the Allnutts are at first a plain and virtuous country family, in the full enjoyment of a sweet rural retreat. They are induced to repair to London, to adventure in a joint-stock speculation, which proves a bubble, and are brought to great wretchedness. We must not, however, spoil the story by telling how the whole concludes. But we can assure our readers that if they will have recourse to the work itself, they will find a great variety of characters, as well as scenes, both at home and abroad happily and forcibly depicted—the whole being interwoven into a story that deeply engages the imagination, and uniformly bequeaths admirable and touching lessons for directing our feelings and steps through this thorny and shifting life. We proceed at once to London, and to the Fleece Inn, where the simple Allnutts have been set down by the coach.

"Having reached the Fleece, they ordered a hackney-coach, and then called for their bill. The waiter brought in that inevitable document with a self-sufficient smirk, and delivered it with a flourish into Abel's hand. The sum total amounted to a great deal more than he had expected. Casting his eye over the items, he discovered, the first day, 'To Punch, 1s.' and the second, the same charge. 'Barbara,' said he to his sister, 'did you take punch? I am sure I did not.' 'Punch!' exclaimed Bab; 'what punch? I have drunk nothing but water since I have been here.' 'They have charged punch twice,' said Abel; 'here must be some mistake.' Upon which he rang the bell for the waiter. 'We have had no punch,' said Abel, in a mild tone of voice; 'why is it charged?' 'I believe you have, sir,' said the waiter, 'but I'll inquire.' He went out and returned an instant after, and said, 'Yes, sir, you've had Punch twice; once yesterday morning, and once this.' 'This can never be,' said Abel; 'pray, tell me, where had we it?' 'Why, you had it at the window there,' said the waiter; 'I saw you.' 'At the window!' exclaimed Bab and Abel, both at the same time. 'This is a gross imposition; we cannot allow this. How can you prove it?' said Abel. 'The man outside saw you, as well as me,' said the waiter. 'Why, you wouldn't enjoy Punch without

paying for it, would you?' 'What do you mean by Punch? you surely don't mean the puppet-show in the street?' said Abel. 'Yes, sir, that's the Punch I mean,' said the waiter, with the greatest effrontery. 'Blow me,' exclaimed Mark, 'if I ever heard the like of this! this is doing business with a vengeance. She is a good one at a pun, however; I will say that for her.' 'Call in your mistress,' said Abel to the waiter; 'we must settle the matter with her.' She soon appeared, and flung into the room with such an air of defiance, and with so red a face, that it was evident she was armed at all points for war. She stood with one hand on the door, and with the other on her hip, and begged to know if anything was wrong. Abel soon told his griefs, in mild expostulation; asserted that what was done for the amusement of all in the street could not be brought as a specific charge to him in the house, and finished by announcing his determination not to pay such a bill. This declaration was answered by a burst of invective and abuse, expressed in language so totally new to the ears of Abel and Barbara, that they shrank from her presence like pigeons before the hawk. She had recourse to the same line of argument which low people invariably adopt—that is, in the first place, of giving a definition of the word 'gentleman,' and then starting from that point to give large and varied views upon things in general. 'You call yourself a gentleman, I dare say now,' said she to Abel, her face and action bespeaking anger and brandy—'there's that (snapping her fingers at the same time) for such gentlemen! A pretty gentleman, indeed, as won't pay for what he's had! You've had Punch, and therefore you must pay for Punch—that's flat. I should like to see you—ay, and a great deal better than the like of you, try to leave my house without paying that bill—ay, and every doit of it too!—you'd find that we are not such nincompoops as you take us for! And I, a lone widow too, to be insulted by such as you!' She would have said much more, had not she been stopped by Mark, who—like one hearing a tune which is familiar to him, immediately falls to singing it himself—was so roused by the sounds of a language which formed part of his vocabulary, that at length, unable to contain himself, he poured forth all the energies of his eloquence in such a manner that it startled the landlady, and tended, in a great measure, to check her violence. He soon gave her to understand that he was a lawyer—a circumstance which blanched her cheek, but fired her eye; for the effect which such a person produces upon one of the lower class is very much the same as spitting upon hot iron, causing it to hiss and to cool at one and the same time. She continued her violence, but it was violence on the defensive; until, at length, fairly beaten by the sounds of certain talismanic words which lawyers are apt to pronounce, she retreated under a volley of the most intense abuse. The charges of the bill were properly abated; and Abel and Barbara, conducted by their successful champion, having mounted the hackney-coach, left the Fleece Inn under the full conviction that that emblem had been adopted by some conscientious scoundrel of an innkeeper, who had determined to tell no lie, not even by sign. It need not be suggested that the landlady, having concluded, from Abel and Barbara's rustic appearance, and being confirmed in her judgment by what she heard from the waiter, that they were totally new

to London and ignorant of its ways, had ingeniously contrived the trick of Punch to increase her charges."

Like other destitute and forlorn people who have visited the metropolis, expecting to find gold for the lifting, but are grievously disappointed, the Allnutts rack their brains, in many ways, with the hope of falling upon some happy method of earning daily subsistence. Authorship naturally becomes one of the most promising schemes to these unsophisticated and inexperienced people. The following extract sufficiently introduces itself:—

"Several days elapsed, and not a single idea had crossed the four collected heads of the family, when Aunt Bab one morning came out all radiant with joy from her bed-room, asserting she had been visited by a happy inspiration during the night—that by chance she had dreamed of roasted hare, and, as she awoke, she asked herself why she should not put into verse the whole of Mrs. Rundell's book upon cookery? She thought that such a work must be a desideratum in the world; for that it stood to reason it would be much easier for a cook to carry in mind the precepts which it contained in verse, than to retain them in prose. She said that she had been so much impelled by this thought that she could not refrain that very morning from trying her skill, and that she had selected Mrs. Rundell's recipe for making hare-soup (out of compliment to her dream) as her first essay. She had, however, found the truth of the saying, 'that dreams were to be interpreted by contraries,' for that, in exerting her wits to the utmost, she could not get beyond the two first lines, do all she could. She had succeeded thus far—

When hares are old, and fit for nothing else,
Then is your time to make them into soup.

But where the rhymes for *else* and *soup* were to be found she, for one, could not tell; therefore it stood to reason that she must try something else. She had been more successful in her second essay,—it was on the subject of beef; the rhymes were easy, and almost spoke for themselves. She thought she had succeeded, and that she might give it as a specimen of the whole work. Upon which she produced a fragment of paper, from which she read as follows:—

TO STEW A RUMP OF BEEF.

Wash it well, and season it hot,
Bind it, cram it in a pot;
Fry three onions, put them to it,
Carrots, turnips, cloves, and suet;
With broth or gravy cover it up,
Put in your spoon and take a sup.
Soft and gentle let it simmer,
Then of port throw in a brimmer.
With judgment let the ketchup flow,
Of vinegar a glass bestow.
Simmer again for half an hour:
Serve at six, and then devour.

Various were the observations made, and all seemed to say that it was much better than anything they could have expected from the sort of subject, which, to say the least, was not very poetic. Aunt Bab, in describing the process of composition, asserted that the book and its materials would be very much improved by being in verse; 'For, said she, 'in this very recipe, I have increased the excellence of the dish to be dressed, by adding an ingredient which it did not possess before, namely, suet. I wanted a rhyme for 'to it,' and up came 'suet' as a matter of course; and, therefore, it stands to reason that I have added to its vaule.'"

Let us see how they succeed as to a publisher; at the same time let all who are experimentally unacquainted with similar transactions be convinced that the representation is in no respect exaggerated.

"When Edward first knew him, he was all smiles and welcome; his appearance at that time was without pretensions, and there was a musty complexion on whatever surrounded him, very different from his looks at the present moment: for now everything wore the appearance of gentility; he was dressed with the most scrupulous precision, and might have vied in appearance with the great of the land. Instead of wearing a soft and supplicating look, he now appeared to be on the defensive—he was buttoned up and mysterious—he had adopted the manners of one given to protection. When Edward was introduced, he scarcely rose from his seat, and then formally offered him and Abel chairs. Scarcely acknowledging that he had known Edward before, when the business of the visit was explained, he immediately put on a doubting face, and, after considerable hesitation, turning over the papers which had been put into his hand, said, 'These sort of things did very well some time ago; but we do nothing now but what is high—quite tip-top.' 'Ah! I suppose that the world has been so accustomed to read the beauties of Byron,' said Edward, 'that it can bear nothing else. I am afraid, if that be the case, our productions can have but little chance.' 'It is not that I mean,' said the publisher: 'pray, may I ask who is the author of these things?' 'This gentleman, Mr. Abel Allnutts, is one,' said Edward, pointing to his companion, 'and his sisters, the Miss Allnutts, are the others.' 'They will not do,' said the publisher: 'we deal entirely now with the nobility, and with persons whose names are known in the world. I never heard of Allnutts before; it has never been before the public in any shape.' 'But why should not these productions stand upon their merit alone, and not upon the name of the author?' said Edward, 'Merit is all very well in its way,' said the publisher; 'but who waits now-a-days to find it out? The publications in which these sort of things appear, require no merit but that of names, and when my Lord This, or the Duchess That, condescends to write, it is taken for granted that there is merit. Why, sir, I make no doubt that if the chancellor of the exchequer would appear as the editor of a new edition of Cocker's Arithmetic, or if I could induce the lord chancellor to write a history of the great seal which is now exhibiting at Pidcock's, and put his name to it, I am confident that I could make a great deal of

money by such a speculation.' 'Then, sir, am I to understand,' said Edward, 'that you publish nothing which has not got a great name attached to it?' 'We give money for nothing else,' said the publisher; 'we pay in proportion to the position of the author, and I fear that we can afford nothing in the present instance.' Upon which, regaining possession of their proffered productions, they took their leave.'"

Falkner, is perhaps the finest and most powerful, in regard to sentiment, of Mrs. Shelley's novels. 'Tenderness, pathos, and romantic elevation of feeling characterize all her productions. There is not much of real life in her stories, but a vast amount of thought and pensive meditation. Her colouring is for the most part sombre, but yet refining, and when she probes to the source of human action, though it be with much of her father's discernment, it is not with his misanthropic tendency, but with a generous sympathy with and for her kind. In the present instance, for example, her Falkner bears a close resemblance to his Sir Edward Mortimer; but there is also enough of dissimilarity to remove her portrait to a wide distance from coming under the charge of imitation, or being blamed for inculcating that scepticism as to the existence of human virtue and disinterested goodness, which her father's creations too potently taught. She seems also to have imbibed much of her husband's poetic temperament, its singular loveliness and delicacy, but to have shorn it of those extravagant visions and emotions which led him beyond the province of truth, and the dictates of a well-regulated judgment, which certainly are as essential to poetic excellence, as are the flights of an ardent or sensitive imagination.

We have said that Mrs. Shelley's colouring is for the most part sombre; but it should rather, perhaps, be asserted that her themes being gloomy, and her characters closely connected with some mystery of extraordinary weight and depth, there is necessarily established very early in the story over the mind of the reader, that brooding foreboding of evil and of terrible things, that cannot be playfully dealt with. But it is to the honour of her genius, and to the force as well as delicate beauty of her minute delineations, that this gloominess is never felt to be unwelcome, but of a soft and melancholy cast. Falkner, for example, is a tale in which crime, dark deeds, and remorse, form prominent parts. There is great suffering also entailed upon the innocent. And yet not only is the story one of arresting power, but the chief criminal himself, who is the hero, engages the heart, and fain would we see him restored to mental comfort, and hear of him being forgiven. Along with this absorbing interest in behalf of Falkner—which is established by nothing like meretricious or morbid sentiments, but by an acute and delicate dissection of motives and temptations, and an unmitigating picture of the consequences of crime, even in this world, as also the penitent's desire to atone for his great offences, were it

but by enduring the punishment which his guilt has incurred)—there are so many charming characters, incidents, and feelings portrayed as to render this romantic story rather pathetic than gloomy, rather the vehicle of melancholy reflections than of horror. We are not going to lift the veil from the plot, nor to specify the part which any of the leading characters perform; but we may safely declare that Elizabeth Raby is one of the loveliest and most winning creatures that ever graced the earth through the enchantment of painter or poet. Her lover is a suitable portrait; but we must not longer stand on the threshold. We therefore enter and help ourselves without any great regard to selection, confining our extracts to one sketch, for it is impossible to take up any separate morsel without feeling assured that there is behind much that is more precious, although of a similar mould and beauty. Those who delight to contemplate the innocence, the guileless ways of childhood, the affection, the intelligence, and loveliness of those who have been properly cared for, let them study the portrait we now introduce. The locality is a sea-bathing village in Cornwall.

"A little girl, unnoticed and alone, was wont, each evening, to trip over the sands—to scale, with light steps, the cliff which was of no gigantic height, and then, unlatching the low white gate of the churchyard, to repair to one corner, where the boughs of the near trees shadowed over two graves—two graves, of which one only was distinguished by a simple head-stone to commemorate the name of him who mouldered beneath. This tomb was inscribed to the memory of Edwin Raby, but the neighbouring and less-honoured grave claimed more of the child's attention—for her mother lay beneath the unrecorded turf.

"Beside this grassy hillock she would sit and talk to herself, and play, till, warned home by the twilight, she knelt and said her little prayer, and with a 'Good night, mamma,' took leave of a spot with which was associated the being whose caresses and love she called to mind, hoping that one day she might again enjoy them. Her appearance had much in it to invite remark, had there been any who cared to notice a poor little orphan. Her dress, in some of its parts, betokened that she belonged to the better classes of society; but she had no stockings, and her little feet peeped from the holes of her well-worn shoes. Her straw bonnet was dyed dark with sun and sea spray, and its blue ribbon faded. The child herself would, in any other spot, have attracted more attention than the incongruities of her attire. There is an expression of face which we name angelic, from its purity, its tenderness, and, so to speak, plaintive serenity, which we oftener see in young children than in persons of a more advanced age. And such was hers: her hair, of a light golden brown, was parted over a brow fair and open as day: her eyes deep set and earnest, were full of thought and tenderness; her complexion was pure and stainless, except by the roses that glowed in her cheek, while each vein could be traced on her temples, and you could almost mark the flow of the violet-coloured blood beneath: her mouth was the very nest of love: her serious look was at

once fond and imploring ; but when she smiled it was as if sunshine broke out at once, warm and unclouded : her figure had the plumpness of infancy ; but her tiny hands and feet, and tapering waist, denoted the faultless perfection of her form. She was about six years old—a friendless orphan, cast, thus young, penniless on a thorny, stony-hearted world.

“ The orphan would sit for hours by the graves, now fancying that her mother must soon return, now exclaiming, ‘ Why, are you gone away ? Come, dear mamma, come back—come quickly ! ’ Young as she was, it was no wonder that such thoughts were familiar to her. The minds of children are often as intelligent as those of persons of maturer age—and differ only by containing fewer ideas—but these had so often been presented to her—and she so fixed her little heart on the idea that her mother was watching over her, that at last it became a part of her religion to visit, every evening, the two graves, and saying her prayers near them, to believe that her mother’s spirit, which was obscurely associated with her mortal remains reposing below, listened to and blest her on that spot.

“ At other times, neglected as she was, and left to wander at will, she coned her lesson, as she had been accustomed at her mother’s feet, beside her grave. She took her picture-books there—and even her playthings. The villagers were affected by her childish notion of being ‘ with mamma ; ’ and Missy became something of an angel in their eyes, so that no one interfered with her visits, or tried to explain away her fancies. She was the nursling of love and nature : but the human hearts which could have felt the greatest tenderness for her beat no longer, and had become clods of the soil—

Borne round in earth’s diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

“ There was no knee on which she could playfully climb—no neck round which she could fondly hang—no parent’s cheek on which to print her happy kisses—these two graves were all of relationship she knew upon the earth—and she would kiss the ground and the flowers, not one of which she plucked—as she sat embracing the sod. ‘ Mamma ’ was everywhere around. ‘ Mamma ’ was there beneath, and still she could love and feel herself beloved.

“ At other times she played gaily with her young companions in the village—and sometimes she fancied that she loved some one among them—she made them presents of books and toys, the relics of happier days ; for the desire to benefit which springs up so naturally in a loving heart was strong within her, even in that early age. But she never took any one with her in her church-yard visits—she needed none while she was with mamma. Once, indeed, a favourite kitten was carried to the sacred spot, and the little animal played amidst the grass and flowers, and the child joined in its frolics—her solitary gay laugh might be heard among the tombs—she did not think it solitary ; mamma was there to smile on her, as she sported with her tiny favourite.”

When alluding to the love of children, Mrs. Shelley says, “ we human beings are so unlike one to the other, that it is often difficult

to make one person understand that there is any force in an impulse which is omnipotent with another. Children, to some, are mere animals, unendued with instinct, troublesome, and unsightly; with others they possess a charm that reaches to the heart's core, and stirs the purest and most generous portions of our nature." It is easy to understand to which of these classes this elegant writer belongs; but to all who range in the other rank, her delineations of young life will seem extravagance, and be a mystery.

Here is a very different picture, and yet it is of one who stands so near as grandfather to the orphan.

"On inquiry, Falkner heard that the old gentleman was at Belleforest—indeed, he never quitted it; but that his daughter-in-law with her family, were in the south of England. Mr. Raby was very accessible: on asking for him, Falkner was instantly ushered in. He entered a library of vast dimensions, and fitted up with a sort of heavy splendour; very imposing, but very sombre. The high windows, painted ceiling, and massy furniture, bespoke an old-fashioned, but almost regal taste. Falkner, for a moment, thought himself alone, when a slight noise attracted his attention to a diminutive, and very white old gentleman, who advanced towards him. The mansion looked built for a giant race; and Falkner, expecting the majesty of size, could hardly contract his view to the slender and insignificant figure of the present possessor. Oswi Raby looked shrivelled, not so much by age as the narrowness of his mind, to whose dimensions his outward figure had contracted itself. His face was pale and thin; his light-blue eyes grew dim: you might have thought that he was drying up and vanishing from the earth by degrees. Contrasted with this slight shadow of a man, was a mind that saw the whole world almost concentrated in himself. He, Oswi Raby, he, head of the oldest family in England, was first of created beings. Without being assuming in manner, he was self-important in heart; and there was an obstinacy, and an incapacity to understand that anything was of consequence except himself, or rather, except the house he represented, that gave extreme repulsion to his manners."

Falkner's errand to this repulsive personage was to restore to him the orphan, whom he (Falkner) had adopted some years before as his own daughter. But the shrivelled grandfather has no compassion and no affection; thinking that his son's relinquishing the faith of his ancestors, and marrying a lowly born woman, were sufficient grounds for neglecting their only child. The ill-tempered and heartless old man, in the course of the colloquy, obdurately abides by his usual methods of thinking, and among other reasons for his opinion and conduct, says—

"Had you restored her to us in her childhood; had she been brought up in our religion among us; she would have shared this home with her cousins. As it is, you yourself must be aware that it will be impossible to admit as an inmate, a stranger—a person ignorant of our peculiar systems—an alien from our religion. Mrs. Raby would never consent to it; and I would on no account annoy her, who, as the mother and

guardian of my heir, merits every deference. I will, however, consult with her, and with the gentleman who has the conduct of my affairs; and, as you wish to get rid of an embarrassment, which, pardon me if I say you entirely brought on yourself, we will do what we judge due to the honour of the family: but I cannot hold out any hopes beyond a maintenance—unless this young person, whom I should then regard as my grand-daughter, felt a vocation for a religion out of whose pale I will never acknowledge a relation.’ At every word Falkner grew more angry. He always repressed any manifestation of passion, and only grew pale, and spoke in a lower, calmer voice. There was a pause; he glanced at the white hair and attenuated form of the old man, so as to acquire a sufficient portion of forbearance, and then replied—‘It is enough: forget this visit; you shall never hear again of the existence of your outraged grandchild. Could you for a moment comprehend her worth, you might feel regret at casting from you one whose qualities render her the admiration of all who know her. Some day, when the infirmities of age increase upon you, you may remember that you might have had a being near, the most compassionate and kind that breathes. If ever you feel the want of an affectionate hand to smooth your pillow, you may remember that you have shut your heart to one who would have been a daily blessing.’”

Just as we had got this length with the novels of the month, and exhausted fully more than the space which extracts from them can righteously demand, in comes Paynell, the Disappointed Man, and desires to have a corner in our apartment, and a forward station among his tribe. We are sorry, however, that he can only be allowed a narrow space in the particular circumstances now alluded to, although had he made his entrance at an earlier hour, there could have been no objection to giving him his due precedence. But it matters the less that he should once more be *disappointed*, in as far as he is denied an opportunity of laying before fiction’s conclave, some of his experience of the “stale and unprofitable uses of this world”—because in a few words, we are able to convey a much more accurate account of him, than could have been done had he not come after Mr. Falkner. The truth is, that the two belong to the same family, bearing, of course, this distinctive and individual feature—that is to say, that crime and woful deeds mark the career of each of the heroes, although Mr. Paynell is most closely related to the Byron branch, while the other claims kindred with that of Mr. Godwin. There is one great advantage, however, according to our opinion, which Mrs. Shelley’s novel has over that of Mr. Stapleton—it is thus, that the former’s hero claims our sympathies, while the latter repels them; the one’s history has an elevating and refining influence upon the reader; that of the other is revolting. Not that the author is an inferior writer in point of command and elegance of language, or of forcible sentiments, or of a knowledge of human nature. His *style*, indeed, using the word in its most extensive meaning, is

singularly graceful, rich, and flowing; but having taken up with a hero, whose thousand crimes hardly give way to one redeeming virtue, not even the unselfish contrition of a true penitent, we see not what good can come of such delineations, unless it be to show the power with which a writer can wield his pen, and astound rather than ameliorate or humanize the mind of the reader.

It may be gathered from what we have said, that Paynell seems to us to belong, though not exactly to the same school, yet to one not less vitiated, than that which the Gambler's Dream clings to. Neither does he utter anything that is new, with regard to feeling, transgression, or punishment. To be sure he has enough to tell about passionate excess, and consequent misery, for he can never obtain from a polluted fountain a pure draught of enjoyment or happiness. Still he is unsated, and would return to it, if he could, like the dog to his vomit, for he moralizes only with a morbid sensibility of feeling. Hence he does not, and deserves not, to excite in the reader any extraordinary interest; and hence, though a great deal is alleged in his behalf which ought to create wonder and sympathy, it yet appears merely to be the testimony of the historian, and by no means to arise out of the narrated incidents, or to consist of a natural and irresistible appeal to the heart. Among Paynell's exploits we may mention, that he plays the mischief with a few women, and is not scrupulous whether they be single or married—that he fights a duel, and kills his man, though a friend, &c. &c. After all, he is to be pitied for these crimes, and their results are forced upon the poor fellow gratuitously by the author, and in the mere exercise of an ill-judging caprice.

A most important series of questions now naturally suggest themselves, some of which we shall simply state; and then, with the few slender lights which our preceding account of these novels afford, leave them to the perusal and judgment of those of our readers who have a taste for such works. Does the talent of our latest novelists appear to be of a superior order to that of the mass of their predecessors? Is there anything like decided originality in their productions? Are the morals which they inculcate purer or laxer; or have they in some measure inhibited the seductive morbidity of the French school of the present day?

ART. VII.—*Education Reform; or, the Necessity of a National System of Education.* By THOMAS WYSE, Esq. M. P. London. Longman and Co. 1836.

ELOQUENCE, sound argument, enlightened philanthropy, are the great features of this work. The mighty urgent question of national education is here discussed in a manner worthy of its dignity and

importance. A more luminous, comprehensive, and searching treatise we never read. It must have cost years of reflection, and patient study ; but the reward, we feel convinced, will be more than commensurate, for it will not only force upon the mind of the nation, and the legislature the paramount subject, but will furnish such lights as will guide to a reform upon the broadest and wisest plan. In short, Mr. Wyse has proceeded to his task with the assurance of his being master of it, both as a science and in all its practical details.

There are few persons in these kingdoms, at the present day, who are so hardy as to maintain that education is not a blessing to all. And yet there are nations in Europe, far behind us, in the onward march of civilization, and liberal government, that have greatly outstripped us as regards provision for the instruction and training of the body of the people. This fact, which is so unseemly and disgraceful, is to be attributed to the people as much as to the legislature. The truth is, that each look to the other for taking the first step in the process ; that there are no definite notions generally entertained as to what is education, or how it is to be supported, and that a mere vague assent to its importance has the tendency to repress all analysis concerning the principles which should regulate a universal system of tuition. It is at the same time true that many distinguished individuals in the empire feel intensely on the subject, and have long laboured to bring about a salutary reform. For not only are there a Brougham and a Chalmers amongst us, but there are tokens throughout the whole population, which intimate that a wide and deep change is at no very distant day to be introduced into the systems of education both public and private, and as respects both male and female. Parliamentary reform is sure to be followed by Church reform, and this again by education reform, which, to use our author's glowing words, will be "the crowning capital of the column of National Regeneration."

It is delightful to follow Mr. Wyse in his comprehensive and minute speculations on such a theme as that which embraces the universal education of an empire's population ; and we therefore proceed at once to transfer into our Journal as much as our limits will allow of his enlarged and enlightened doctrines and suggestions. He sets out with some incontrovertible broad principles and statements, and yet such as are too much lost sight of, not only in legislation, but in the ordinary convictions of daily experience. For example, though every one will admit that education should be in harmony with the wants and prospects of the individual, yet when applied to nations, the case alters, and the truth is either questioned or neglected. In proposing, however, a new and universal system for the whole of an empire, much more when the alteration of what is old is contemplated, regard must be had to the condition of that empire, its circumstances, and tendencies. Now, Mr. Wyse holds that if ever there was

a country in which such a regard should be specially observed, it is our own, at the present time. Our opinions and our prospects have lately undergone remarkable changes. In the physical world steam has not, probably, introduced greater modifications, than have been the transformations of the mind, arising partly from new developments, and partly from change in its pursuits and tastes. "The glory," says our author, "of this age has been to have drawn down Heaven upon Earth—to have more closely cemented the connection between science and art—between the discovery and its application—between speculation and utility—between thinking and animal man. It is not a mechanical age, in opposition to a mental; nor a material, in opposition to a spiritual; but it is the wise association of both, for the combined purposes pointed out by our double conformation and capacity."

There is also a restlessness in society—a general conviction that other great changes and discoveries are to be realized. The improvements in machinery alone have given new directions to capital, and in some measure, dislocated the former condition of the country by putting hand-labour in abeyance. But sound education has not kept pace with these revolutions; the people have not had bestowed upon them that instruction which can be the only permanent guarantee of tranquillity. Under the surface of much public virtue and knowledge there is "positive and vigorous vice, in the bone and marrow of the country." Take as a proof the iniquities that have been brought to light concerning our factories. The poverty and profligacy of the land are alarming. To abide by the improvements in machinery for an instant longer, what ought to have been their results? Surely the abridgement of the hours of labour should have followed, and more time been afforded for education. Dr. Chalmers has said that "this is an age of many estimable doings in behalf of Christianity and it looks a paradox to the general eye, that, with this feature of it standing out so conspicuously, there should also be an undoubted increase of crimes and commitments, all marking an augmented depravity amongst our population;" and the only remedy he can think of for this woful degeneracy, is to make an actual inroad upon the territory of wickedness, which in other words, is to dispense to the poor and the neglected the blessings of Christian education, according to its most approved methods. This even in Scotland is required upon a much wider scale than her parochial system furnishes; but in Ireland, owing to her political and social disorder, and in England, owing to her poor laws, the necessity becomes much more urgent.

Considering then, on the one hand, the poverty and profligacy that are so appalling, and on the other, the new set of principles that have of late years been rapidly gaining ground—for instance, that of the right of self-government—how important and pressing does the

inquiry become, viz., how are the safest and soundest principles to be instilled into these self-governing minds, so as to point out to them what is really best for their individual welfare, which cannot, of course, be inconsistent with the public weal? To this question does our author closely apply himself. He first confines himself to the theory of national education. He next attempts to prove his theory by reference to the systems that have been adopted in other countries. And, lastly, considers how the principles collected both from theory and practice may be best applied to our own particular case. The first volume, which has as yet been alone published, treats of the theory only, or the principles of national education generally. These principles he discusses under a threefold division: first, national education should be good; second, it should be universal; and third, it should be permanently supported. From each of these chapters we shall extract copiously.

Every person is in the habit of using the term education with the utmost readiness, as if he had a definite and correct view of its meaning. But so far is this from being the case with most people, that they not only do not know what others understand by the word, but when pushed for a definition of their own conception of it, they will most likely feel great difficulty in returning an answer, satisfactory to themselves, or at all events, satisfactory to others. Some very probably might say, education consists of the ability to read, write, and cast accounts. Others might describe it as that instruction which generally is communicated at parish schools, and which terminates with boyhood. And yet neither of these descriptions, it is quite clear, come up to what the term may imply, or the culture that a human being requires and is capable of receiving. Before we can properly understand what constitutes education, it is necessary to consider what is its end. We cannot find a more comprehensive and correct answer than that which our author furnishes, when he says, that end is, the full *perfection* of our being in another world through the faithful discharge of *duty* here. But means are requisite to the attainment of this end, and these means are the full development of our nature—*physical, intellectual, and moral*. The best system, then, of national education, is that which enables each citizen most perfectly to fulfil the various duties which his several relations, public and private, in society impose upon him, by giving to the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties the full perfection of which they are susceptible. Now, it is manifest, that very few either of the taught or the teachers in this country have been educated up to this standard, or as near to it as might have been realized.

“It should be an education which, keeping steadily in view the perfection and duties of the individual, should fit him, by every possible development, for each. It should be an education which should make him

not only a good son, a good brother, husband, father, and friend; but also a good citizen—and a good citizen living in the nineteenth century, and under the shade of British institutions. It should be an education fitting him for the most skilful exercise of the particular trade, profession, or functions to which his position in society shall ultimately lead. It should be an education which, by exciting a love of labour, an honourable emulation, a well-directed industry, should prepare him for the wise and rapid advancement of human civilisation. But, above all, it should be an Education—a truly moral—a truly Christian education—not an education of sect or of party; not an education of surface or of letter; but an education, truly and thoroughly, of the *spirit*, and dealing with the spirits of men; which, by striking at the root of all our vices, that systematic egotism, which leaves the individual without energy, as the state without vigour—that want of will which drags him at the wheel of every folly, of every seduction—that habit, in all things, of the little, the calculating, the material, should renew, elevate, and ennoble society in its very elements, and check at the root the vices of that civilisation, which without such check, it is sometimes a matter of doubt whether we should curse or bless. It should, in fine, be an education which should make the rising generation not only guardians, of the rights and blessings which they are destined to enjoy, but reformers also of the corruptions which may still continue;—the masters, and not the slaves, of their social prosperity; which should light in their hearts that moral flame, that generosity, that truth, that ‘loyauté,’ for which there is so little aliment in our present system, but upon which, after all, the real power, as well as happiness, of nations is built. Whether such an education, with our actual means, and against our actual prejudices, be practicable, is another question. Our present methods give great surface, and little depth, to mind or character: greater depth, and less surface, would be the result to which our education should be directed. But in order to obtain this, as well as other benefits, we have first to combat many monsters; and of all, none more difficult to meet or vanquish, than our inordinate ignorance and vanity.”

These demands and requisites may seem to have emanated from an Utopoan imagination. And yet, after following the author through the whole of his details and recommendations, the supposed attainments seem no longer impossible. Without holding that human nature is capable of perfectibility in this world, we are entitled to say with Dr. Chalmers, that “though unable to scan all the cycles either of the moral or natural economy, yet we may recognize such influences at work, as, when multiplied and developed to the uttermost, are abundantly capable of regenerating the world.” And one of the likeliest of these influences, he adds, is the power of education—education consisting as before explained, of the utmost culture of the body, head, and heart, of which these human parts are susceptible—the three educations going on at the same time, and mutually subserving one another. It has, for instance, been proved beyond all question, that our nature may be wondrously bettered by exercising the moral and intellectual faculties in conformity with

the laws of organization, as well as that this organization may be aided and cultivated in return by these exercises.

"Some are satisfied with the cultivation of a single faculty—some, with the partial cultivation of each. A child is trained up to working;—he is hammered into a hardy labourer—a stout material for the physical bone and muscle of the state. This is good, so far as it goes; but it is bad because it goes no farther. He is not taught reading—he is not taught religion—above all, he is not taught thinking. He never looks into his other self;—he soon forgets its existence, 'vivit, et est vitæ nescius ipse suæ:' the man becomes all body—his intellectual and moral being lies fallow. The growth of such a system will be, a sturdy race of machines—delvers, and soldiers; but not men: so much brute physical energy swinging loosely through society, at the discretion of those more spiritual natures, to whom their Education, neglected, or perverted in another way, gives wickedness with power, and teaches the secrets of mind, only as an instrument, to crush or play men for their own selfish purposes.

"Others educate the intellectual and moral being only; the physical, once the building is raised, like an idle scaffolding, is cast by. But the omission is injurious—often fatal: malady is laid up, in all its thousand forms, in the infant and the child. It spreads out upon the man. When his spirit is in the flush of its strength, and his moral rivals his intellectual nature in compass and in power, then it is that this despised portion of his being rises up and avenges itself for this contempt. The studious man feels, as he walks down life, a thousand minute retaliations for this prodigal waste of his youthful vigour. The body bows down beneath the burden of the mind—it wears gradually away into weakness and incompetency;—clouds of sickness, pangs of pain, obscure, distort, weigh it to the earth. Health is not of organisation only, but of training;—it is to be laid up bit by bit. We are to be *made* healthy—tutored and practised into health. Omit it in favour of the intellectual and moral faculties, and you provide instruments, it is true, for mind, but instruments which, when wanted, cannot be used. Intellectual and Moral Education may rank before Physical, but they are not more essential: the physical powers are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, for the spiritual. The base of the column is in the earth; but without it, neither should the shaft stand firm above it, nor the capital ascend to the sky.

"The education which confines to the desk or chapel is a very partial education; it is only a chapter in the system. It is pernicious—it is a portion only of the blessing of education. If such be the result of separating physical and intellectual education—how much more so of dividing intellectual and moral! It is laboriously providing, for the community, dangers and crimes. It entrusts power, with the perfect certainty of its being used. It brings into the very heart of our social existence the two hostile principles of Manicheism; it sets up the glory and beauty of civilisation, to be dashed to pieces by the 'evil spirit,' to whom it gives authority over it. It disciplines the bad passions of our nature against the good, making men wicked by rule—rendering vice system—intrusting to the clever head the strong hand, and setting both loose by the impulse of the bad heart below. The omission of Physical Education renders the other

two ineffective or precarious; but the neglect of Moral Education converts physical and intellectual into positive evils. The pestilence of a high-taught, but corrupt, mind, 'blowing where it listeth,' scathes and sears the souls of men—it is felt for miles and years almost interminable. By the press (the steam of the intellectual world) it touches distant ages and other hemispheres. It corrupts the species in mass. It is not only in the actual generation, but in the rickety offspring which follow late and long, that its deep-eating poison—its Mephistopheles breath—is strongly detected. Late ages wonder at the waste of great means, at the perversion of high opportunities, and noble powers, at the dereliction of solemn duties, which everywhere characterise these strong, but evil beings. Call them conquerors—call them philosophers—call them patriots—put on what golden seeming you may—when the mask falls off, as it always does, in due season, we see behind it the worst combination which can disgust or afflict humanity. Such men—deliverers and enlighteners (as their sycophants hail them)—such men are the true master-workers of the vices and calamities of their age and country. But who made them? They who taught them. Education left out its very essence. It gave them knowledge, but it left them immorality."

One thing is certain, regarding that education which merely amounts to intellectual, to an accumulation of knowledge. A community so educated may be a very wicked one, and very frequently deserves this bad character. It is when limiting education to a mere knowledge of languages, science, and art, that it has come to be dangerous; but if conjoined with moral instruction, both theoretic and practical, a morality implying religion, and that religion, Christianity, it is contrary to the nature of man, to the ordinances of Heaven, that education should do harm.

But let us see what are some of the branches and the methods of education insisted on by the author, under each of the three kinds enumerated, beginning with the *physical*. Here it is well remarked that this is a department which most gains by being pursued in common—the sight and sound of motion communicating motion—and that it is difficult to be in the midst of joy and energy, without feeling a buoyancy, and sense of force, an earnest desire to develop it. These forces, however, are to be put out to the utmost profit, utility being kept in view, either in reference to the communication of general vigour, or to the fitting for special situations and ultimate objects. Hence these exercises he divides into *Gymnastics*, and those of *Industry*.

"Gymnastics, again, may be classed under two heads:—1. The robust exercises, or Gymnastics more especially so called, comprehending also riding, swimming, &c. and all exercises tending to produce habits of order, &c. &c. 2. The more graceful exercises—fencing, dancing, &c. or Callisthenics. These, of course, vary according to the nature of the school. They all propose, however, to dispel indolence and listlessness from the mind; to brace with new energy the body; to communicate that masculine and bold

spirit, founded on a true measure of our own strength, which shrinks not back from any danger, when necessary, but seeks it not, or rather avoids it, when not required, which, in every emergency, preserves its coolness, which is not to be tired by any disappointment, or disgusted by any failure, but perseveres even to fatigue in every task which it has once taken up. All trials of skill, ostentatious efforts at 'tours de force,' ridiculous displays of vanity, are abuses, and should at once be discouraged. Throughout, there should be the impression of *rational study*; throughout, a just sense of the final object in view—a certain seriousness should preside over their gaiety; order and decency should be seen in all. With these general Gymnastic exercises must, however, be conjoined, in greater or less proportion, according to the description of school, the exercises of industry. In country schools especially, field labour may with advantage be pursued, under intelligent masters. In no case, indeed, where it is at all practicable, should the scholars be without opportunities, at least, of gardening. Mechanical arts, particularly in the higher grade of schools, may also with great advantage be encouraged. Carpenters' work, turning in wood and metal, &c. &c. furnish to all classes not only a useful and agreeable means of occupation, a wholesome exercise, but offer innumerable opportunities, of applying to practical utility, their knowledge in mathematics, drawing, chemistry, &c. They exercise the eye and hand; compel the mind to develop its resources; gradually form the taste for the useful and ornamental in art; accustom to patience, invention, and perseverance; and teach a skill and dexterity, of the highest benefit on a thousand other occasions, in managing every sort of instrument, and applying to the best use whatever material may be placed in their hands. No reward can stimulate more powerfully than the pleasure, which always results from the contemplation of the work of one's own hands. The gratification, also, of having it in one's power, to make an occasional present to a parent or a friend, besides the moral influence which it exerts, produces the best effects as an encouragement to industry. No school should be wholly unprovided with these means; but the quantity or quality must necessarily be determined, as well as the greater or less degree of attention to any particular branch, by the rank and object of the school."

Country walks with teachers are also recommended as another means of invigorating the body and the mind at the same time; healthy situations of school-houses, with many other sources of physical strength and enjoyment, are also suggested as being necessary. And not only in behalf of boys but of girls, this branch of education should be attended to. Indeed, the physical quality, of highest importance in a woman, viewed as a mother, is health. Besides, until the mother understand the means of securing or aiding this quality, she cannot teach her infant, or impart to it the blessings which such knowledge may be the means of conferring. It is also to be remembered that if good education, in all its departments, be not communicated, the pupil does not remain in a neutral state, but will imbibe that which is bad. We may thus conceive what a legacy either of good or of evil is bequeathed

through the mother. But we have further to consider how essential a sound physical education is to that which is *intellectual*. "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" Under this second head, a vast variety of means and topics is handled in the present work, beginning with the education of the senses, and proceeding to that of the young intellect, both as regards the faculty of sentiment, and the faculty of reason. The observations of our author concerning the culture of the senses are very striking. They possess novelty as well as beauty.

"The education of the senses neglected, all after-education partakes of a drowsiness, a haziness, an insufficiency, which it is impossible to cure. Educated well, they give to all knowledge and virtue a positiveness, a firmness, a vivid freshness, such as makes the difference between waking and a dream. But this portion of education is in great degree individual, and does not properly come within the limits of the present work. It belongs to that important period, which is exclusively the domain of the mother—a period which by ignorance is considered a blank, and by apathy as much as possible made one; but which, if properly developed, will be found full of the most important principles and results. The common eye sees in the child, perhaps, little more than a machine, the mother, a plaything; but philosophy, a sublime mystery. It is in this period, indeed, that some of the most wonderful of our mental phenomena take place. The transition from instinct to reason—or, what is nearly the same thing, from sentiment in its unassisted operations, to sentiment in conjunction with reason, now occurs: it is now that language appears first in the rude and sketchlike efforts of gesture, and insulated words, and then in sentences; it is now that generalisation gradually grows from assimilation and number, and is soon followed by abstraction—that quality which separates the child from the infant, even still more than from the animal the man. It is this period, in fine, above all others, which, like the Fates of ancient fable, holds the thread of human existence in its power, and tangles them, at its pleasure, with good or evil: but, unlike the Fates, is seldom under the guidance either of forethought, or intuition. If it be true that the man is educated in the child; the man and child are educated in the infant. Every after-developement is *only* a developement. It is *education transformed*; the same quantity under a new name and expression, but at bottom, 'en dernière analyse,' the same. Yet, of all periods of education, this is the least considered as a period fitted *for* education—as if the child could, by any process, be kept in a sort of suspended existence—between knowledge, and no knowledge, all this time. The child is educating, or miseducating: it is moving, thinking, living. We can choose, indeed, whether it shall be educated well, or educated ill; but we can no more put knowledge, or education of some kind or other, in abeyance, than we can life. But these truths are not believed, or not known—certainly very rarely felt."

See also how delightfully he expatiates upon the due culture of the imagination.

"The Imagination should be diligently and lovingly conducted, not for its own sake only, but for the sake of all the other powers which walk with

it. It has an immediate, and, when so taught, a most kindly influence upon the second portion of Intellectual Education, or the *Æsthetic*—the Education of Sentiment—of the Feelings. This portion is generally left in our Public Schools, even in its connection with Religion, a chill and dreary blank. Yet how beautiful, how glorious might it be made! how kindling with life! how truly, how intensely, life itself! The greatest effort of our Education, is to produce a race of ‘reasonable men’—men who may pass through life without committing themselves, but may have the reasonable pleasure of laughing in their corners at those who do—men whose virtue will be always found, as much within reasonable bounds, as their vices; useful members of society; respectable family men; good men; voluntary contributors to injurious charities; destined to enjoy spotless reputations upon their tombs. But, thank Heaven, who made us better than we can make ourselves, we are not *all* reason! Men may be brought, it is true, to this state of sorry perfection; but it is not a state of nature. We are something better than cubes and squares. We have within us a much ampler and more diversified nature. We are men—and men in a far more poetical, in a far more philosophical sense, than was ever dreamt of by the mere reasoner. We bear within us an expansive and elevating principle—the sense of moral beauty. This is the intellectual ‘*vis motrix*’ of all our lives. The ‘reasonable man’ has stopped it; and he asserts he is still living: but who believes him? There is a death-like feeling about all he does—‘dead before his death,’ as the Arabian proverb says of the ignorant—his body ‘is a sepulchre, as yet unsepulchred.’ Not so the man in whom this noble principle is awake and active. His actions are not efforts; they live: his whole being is in harmony: he does his duty, but he does not make us observe that he does it; we comprehend him, we feel him before we approve him: he does not ask our praise, but he secures our spirit. His very faults partake of his virtues, ‘*si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.*’ His very superiority does not offend us; we sympathise with him as with a brother.”

We must pass over the studies which are declared by Mr. Wyse to be essential in the education of the intellect, and also the methods of instruction; for though this part of the work be among the ablest and most judicious of its divisions, it is impossible to convey, by fragments, the pith and tenour of its views. We only remark respecting the recommended studies, that he considers a knowledge of the learned languages as necessary and proper only for those who follow the learned professions, or who can afford time and means to enjoy them as luxuries. Yet this opinion is based on grounds very far from that of cherishing a despotism of these ancient tongues. Hear how eloquently and justly he gives in his favourable attestation in respect of fountains from which he has, without doubt, drawn much of the riches of his own language.

“These languages are no longer so much of practical, as of speculative utility. But they are still of utility. It is as the key to other studies—as producing a powerful effect upon all—that they are chiefly valuable. They lead, by an easy and sure route, to the cognizance of other languages, of every-day use. But even were this consideration excluded, their general

influence of itself would be inestimable. It would be a real derogation and injury even to our national literature, to abandon the high and severe study of those great classical models, from which so much of the intellectual riches of every nation in Europe is derived. By their very contrast they chastise the riot of our modern fancies; they give a staid and sober grandeur—a sculptural beauty—a sacred quietude to thought; they teach us in literature the value of the natural and the true; they make us understand the wealth of enough—they imbue us with the gracefulness of simplicity, and steep us in times when our nature was yet in the fresh beauty and glory of its prime. They are the living history of ancient mind, and there, and in her arts (each the commentator of the other), we read most visibly the essential spirit of her divinity. To suppress or to discourage such studies, would be to shut out the second portion of education, *Æsthetics*. It would be starving feeling, to surfeit judgment. It would be carrying the ‘*cui bono*’ principle not coarsely only, but erroneously, into effect. They are something more than a matter of gerunds and aorists—of anapæsts or iambics: they are speakers of the souls of great and glorious men.”

It is our author’s opinion also, that every school should be supplied, to some extent, according as the circumstances of the scholars required, with objects of art, such as a few busts of our great men—engravings, connected especially with national recollections and domestic manners, &c. But above all, does he lay stress on *moral* and *religious* education. On the subject of punishments and correction in schools he is argumentative and indignantly sarcastic, denouncing corporal punishment especially, as being cruelly absurd. He quotes the statement made by Professor Pillans as found in his “*Principles of Elementary Teaching*,” that even in educated Scotland, parents themselves in entering their child at school, will not unfrequently admonish the master to “be sure and whip him well,” induced so to do, perhaps, through a perverted application of a text of Scripture. The idea of whipping intellectual education into boys is certainly preposterous. Well, then, in a moral view, can it be more defensible? Even reproof should be seldom resorted to, and never in public. “Give me,” says the author, “the teacher whose silence weighs with the pain of a thousand reproofs on a young and a generous heart, and the friendly shake of whose hand sends him to his chamber, weeping tears such as have never yet been won by either rod or reproach.” On a kindred topic to punishments, our author holds opinions equally benevolent, though they have been much opposed, as they are sure to be, until a very different estimate of the purposes and methods of education engages the mind of the community from what has ever yet been generally cherished.

“But if the propriety of punishment be so little questioned, it can hardly be expected that much suspicion can exist in the public mind, on the propriety of reward. The great merit of many schools, in the mind even of rational men, is the number and liberality of their prizes, medals, place-

takings, &c. It is amusing to see such a scale applied, at least to moral Education. Emulation may excite to competition, and competition lead to exertion, and exertion terminate in success—but so also may Fear. We have not to look at the results only, as has already been remarked, but to the causes which produce them. Is emulation to be encouraged? that is the entire of the question. If in itself good, there cannot possibly be any objection to its being serviceably employed. If otherwise, even though serviceable, the instrument should be discarded.

“Emulation is a more dignified vanity, or envy—in its higher developments, undoubtedly it may, in great degree, be purified from such base alloy—but the danger of the abuse is great, and its corrupting effects most pernicious. No one vice is more completely opposed to those virtues which ought to be the especial characteristics of the youthful heart than envy. Frankness, generosity, elevation of character, soon shrink up, when once this withering canker has got into their blossoms. If there must be rivalry, let it be unprovoked. The stimulus is powerful enough, without our artificial additions. Nor is this the only evil. It is substituting a paltry principle of action for a noble one, teaching practically that there are not in the pursuit itself sufficient charms, and that we must rely, for progress in knowledge and goodness, not on goodness or knowledge themselves, but on miserable secondary considerations, at the discretion of an individual. True it is, that such is the education of the world—but it is one of those portions of its education, which, so far from seconding, we should rather endeavour to counteract. The time will come fast enough, when the prize will have far more influence with us, than the manner by which it was won.

“But Education, as it now is organised, cannot work on without these excitements. Perhaps so—but this is only another amongst many reasons for re-organising Education. I question much, however, whether this be really the case. It is certainly not a necessary deduction from the character of the youthful mind. These excitements will not be required, if not proffered. Unless the pupil be first vitiated by their application, he will not feel their loss. If he must have *competitors*, make him compete with *himself*. Let him compare to-day with yesterday—this month with the last. It will only be an extension of his system of self-inquiry. Let him triumph in the victory over this, or that passion—let him enjoy the acquisition of this, or that science. It will suffice. These are triumphs without alloy—pleasures which will last. Do I ascribe too much heroism to the young pupil—do I draw too much upon what ought to be, with too little reference to what is? I merely urge the extension of a change, as practicable as it is just. It is fact. It has been tried—wherever tried, it has been attended with the most signal success.”

In teaching religion and morality, our author strenuously stands up for the habitual use of the Holy Scriptures, adapting selections from the sacred code to the capacity of the child, and accompanying these selections with interpretation. He also argues earnestly for the union of sects in the same school, such as Protestants and Catholics in Ireland, but denounces proselytism as inimical to private virtue and public safety.

“To class our national schools under partial designations of Protestant,

and Catholic, and Presbyterian, is a contradiction. By becoming sectarian, they cease to be national. By thus parcelling out our people in lots, by thus keeping them "*parqués*," in their respective pasturages, we recognise a sort of inherent incompatibility; we tell the child that it is in his nature and in his duty to live apart and hostile: we grow Protestants, and we grow Catholics, for future conflicts; and lest, if confided to their own untutored feelings, they should seek in religion only that in which all agree, we take care to point their attention to that in which each differs. We convert into a law of hate what Heaven gave us as a law of love, and degrade seminaries for the universal mind of the country into rival garrisons for a faction. Half our animosities arise from ignorance of each other: we imagine every thing evil, for we are not allowed, either by our own passions, or by those of others, to discover what is really good. "We hate," as Schiller says, "until we love." The moment we come into contact, these phantasms disappear. We find that we are each of us much about the same kind of human beings and British citizens we should have been had we been born under opposite creeds and opinions. But it is some time before these discoveries are made; and of how many evils, and of what evils, is this separation and this ignorance in the interval productive! What years of distrust and dissension, how many generations of misery and crime, has it not sent forth from its prolific womb! We have seen these things, but seen them very late. We have attacked the consequences—but the causes are not yet extinguished. It is easy to pass the sponge over the statute book, but not so easy to pass it over the human heart. The sufferers and the combatants are still alive; it is to those who have been neither—to that generation who were *born free*, and not to the freed-man—to that yet untainted generation which is now rising up about us—that the country has chiefly to look. But this will be in vain, if the legislature anathematises the principle, and yet permits the practice. It will be a vain task to preach the union of manhood, if we continue to teach children separation. If we would make the country one, we must begin by gathering up its fragments while they are yet soft. Thanks to our original nature, unsectarian, unpolitical, unsophisticated as it always is, until corrupted by man, this is not difficult. Children, if left to themselves, will natrally unite. Their animosities and prejudices are not *theirs*, but *ther fathers'*. Such mixture of sects and classes is the true discipline, by which these pernicious tendencies should be counteracted. There is no place like a school, to teach universal sympathy, unadulterated Christian benevolence—I will not say (for it is a very unchristian word) toleration.* Separate at present our children

* To tolerate, is to bear—to endure what cannot be avoided, and as long only as it cannot be avoided. It is giving as grace, what is demanded as right; giving only, when it can no longer be withheld. It is the expediency of the politician, the insulting condescension of the superior. A Christian should not "tolerate" a Christian. Christ said he should "love" him. A citizen should not be satisfied with the toleration of his fellow-citizen. He who permits may refuse, he who "tolerates" to-day, may oppress to-morrow.

and the next generation will exhibit all the errors and passions of the old races over again. The Protestant school will turn out its annual show of Protestants—the Catholic school, its rival batch of Catholics; just in the same manner as an aristocratic school shapes its Exclusives, or a corporation school begets its Aldermen and Police magistrates. The age and country want Englishmen and Irishmen. Nationalism, not Sectarianism, should be the first article of our common charter.

A sketch follows of the different sorts of schools which the author conceives to be necessary to furnish the apparatus of the education recommended, as also of the studies to be prosecuted in each. These are particulars, however, into which we cannot go. But let it be continually borne in mind that education is not to be confined to the period of youth, but should last throughout life. Means should therefore be provided, for the constant and progressive improvement in knowledge and virtue of all, which may be called a *supplementary system*, in which public libraries, galleries, museums, botanical gardens, and other literary or scientific institutions might for every stage in manhood be ministering to the public stock of education, enshrined in the individual attainments of every member of the community. The picture which Mr. Wyse draws first of the uneducated, and then of the educated labourer, gives emphasis to all his preceding reasonings. But we must hasten forward to the second chapter, which maintains that national education should be *universal*. And here the author takes notice of four distinct opinions that have been defended by different parties. 1st. There are those who think that education is not useful to certain classes, excepting what may be communicated by the ordinary sort of religious instruction, and the example of their superiors. 2ndly. Those who think education good in the abstract, but dangerous at certain periods, and to certain bodies or individuals. 3dly. Those who think it ought to be given to all, and to the utmost possible extent; and 4thly. Those who think that it ought not only to be given, but that it can no longer be withheld. Now our author argues that the system that would join physical, intellectual, and moral education into one inseparable and harmonious establishment is what would not only augment the happiness of every one of the majority so trained, but would in no manner prove injurious to the minority who was above them. It accordingly becomes the positive right of all; to delay granting it is a positive wrong. Every one has therefore a claim on society and the government of the country to education, as much as to the protection of his person or his property.

“The social *distinction* between the several orders (in this country nicely graduated, and very strongly marked) is supposed to render their *interests* distinct, and often opposite; and this opposition, it is urged, will be still further enhanced by education. But neither of these positions

appear tenable. On the contrary, it may be shown (so closely are the interests of all interwoven), that no one class can be injured without also materially injuring all others; and that education not merely benefits the class to which it is immediately applied, but, by its reflex operation and influence, every other class, whether high or low, in the community.

"The cause of error, in this instance, is obvious; our judgments are much less the result of general reasoning, than of local prejudice. We see according to our point of view. We pronounce, not for the class at which we are looking, but for that in which we stand. Our own circle is the world; our own opinion infallibility; our most laborious disquisitions little more, when reduced to their true value, than a mode of saying, in many words, what the Duchesse de Ferté said to Madame de Staël in few:—"Il faut l'avouer, ma chère amie, je ne trouve que *moi*, qui aie toujours raison." When we can divest ourselves of these prepossessions, and look with somewhat less of the "*esprit de soi*," and the "*esprit de corps*," upon society, we are then, but not till then, in a fit temper to judge of its relations.

"The rich have no objections to contend with: their claims to universal education, are unanimously allowed. Knowledge is power: the rich contend for it, because it is power. Physical superiority was never theirs: moral, in an intellectual age, is only to be maintained by intellectual superiority. Nor are the poor opposed to such claims. The poor, even in the most democratic states, are governed much more, whatever they may imagine to the contrary, by the rich than by themselves. It is their interest to be well governed; therefore, that their governors should know *how* to govern well. This is not attainable without education. Hence, from a common sense of common interest, both parties concur, and for once an important truth is not contested in open defiance to its clearness and utility.

"But the public does not and ought not to stop here. This passive concession is not enough. Universal education amongst the rich is not merely a benefit to be conferred, but a duty to be enforced. It is not that they *may* be educated if they demand it, but that they *must* be educated, whether they demand it or not. To allow enlightenment, is nothing; the country *should not suffer ignorance*. Are we to trust to pilots who have never been off land, for right steerage through the shoals and shallows, the '*sævum mare*,' the '*monstra natantia*,' of state navigation? If they will not qualify, let them abdicate their functions."

"The People must be assimilated to the Aristocracy by a larger communication of knowledge and liberty, or the Aristocracy to the People by a timely surrender of impolitic and invidious pretensions;—a larger transfusion than ordinary of the popular element into their order must be hazarded, not, indeed, to the extreme of leaving the state without an aristocracy, but to such an extent as will preclude the chance of the aristocracy separating from the body of the state. Late events, have, more than once, appeared to call for such interventions; but it is to be hoped that it may yet be rendered unnecessary by the cooler sense and growing experience of the Peerage. Were a collision to occur, it is quite clear which body would be finally triumphant; but such a conflict should not be risked even by the stronger; the victory would be fatal, not

to the Peers only, but to the country. Union, then, close, cordial union, cannot be too anxiously cherished by all parties; but by none, assuredly, with more reason than by the Peerage itself. It is upon this combination with the other orders, upon the easy and gradual manner in which it works, that the whole secret of their power depends: it is its existence, hitherto, which has given, in general, such smoothness to the operations of government and legislation; and which, while education mainly contributes to secure, prepares, in turn, for the universal extension of education."

A question naturally suggested by these views of the aristocracy, is in a note so fairly stated with its surrounding difficulties, that at the risk of far overstepping the space that can be conveniently allotted to one paper we here insert it, satisfied that it will serve to moderate the tone of every reflecting reader, who may hitherto have seen nothing dangerous or impracticable in a sweeping reform of the House of Peers.

"The Hereditary-peerage question involves difficulties on both sides. A House of Commons which should succeed in extinguishing or emasculating the House of Peers, would soon raise up a succession of tyrants and tyrannies in its own bosom. A House of Peers which should *systematically* oppose the Commons, would soon find itself prostrate before the nation. Accessions *en masse* to the Peerage would not even work the object for which they might be designed. Whig Peers are much more Peers, than they are Whigs: to this *commonising* of their House they would be as much opposed as the staunchest Tories. It would be a curious question, in such a case to determine, how far *deserters* from one side, would go to counterbalance *recruits* on the other. An expectant or incipient peer is very devoted; a perfect one, very independent. The Radical commoner and the Tory Lord are often found to be but transitory states of the same individual. Over such there is little control; and whatever there is, it is not the control of the people. As a remedy for this, the elective principle has been suggested. It is proposed to elect the Peerage; to convert the Upper-house into an American Senate. The proposition is objected to, but not on just grounds. It is not an innovation, neither is it an anomaly. Ireland and Scotland elect their peers; England does not; the real anomaly exists *at present*. So far, an objection is removed with those who hate change, merely because it is change. But whether such change would be for the better, or for worse, is another question. For some time, at least, its results would be very different from what is now expected. If the Peerage, as now constituted, were to elect representatives, their representatives would be unalloyed Tories. What neutralising elements exist at present are to be found, not in the elective, but in the hereditary principle. To liberalise the representatives, the first step should then be, to liberalise the *constituency*. But here we are cast into the old difficulty. If the Peers are not to have the choice, are we to throw it into the hands of the Crown, or of the Commons? Either arrangement would extinguish, under plausible forms, the third branch of the legislature, and inordinately increase the power of that branch to which such choice should devolve. Such a House of Lords would soon become either a

Privy Council of the King, or a Committee of the Commons. A more manly course would be to vote it at once useless. But what could then protect us against the follies of an 'Assemblée Nationale,' and such decisions as those of the fourth of August?"

But not only is the universal diffusion of education to be recommended and hastened, but Mr. Wyse ably argues that it cannot be much longer delayed—that it is as inevitable as the progress of steam and political reforms, or reforms of any kind, which have of late years set in with such a determined and persevering aspect. "The club, the reading-room, the newspaper, the magazine, the mechanics' institute, the meeting are all educators." But though progressive education will make sure its steps, it may be bad, or it may be good. If none remain uneducated, the majority may be miseducated. Here then is serious cause for some great and enlightened directing power, bringing the author to his third chapter, which maintains that a national system should be provided with permanent means for its sustenance. Government support is therefore zealously called for in these pages, but not Government support and management exclusively. The people must have a share in the controul of the institution. The author's general views may be apprehended on this difficult point from the following citations:—

"If Government interfere, it should be beneficially. To interfere beneficially, it should have, in the first instance, the co-operation of the People. Without the co-operation of the People it is obvious that all interference of Government, whatever may be its intentions, must be powerless or pernicious. Such interference would differ little from the monopoly and exclusion condemned above. It is nearly the same thing whether Government prevents the People from taking advantage of the means offered, or offers them an article which the People either do not want, or do not like. No manufacturer would act on this principle; if he did, his customers would not be so likely to yield, as the manufacturer to fail. But when I say the People, I mean the People. I do not mean a portion, much less a very small portion, of the People; much less that portion which is comparatively independent of education, and which can always, whether competition is allowed, with or without Government, obtain it. I mean the whole, if possible, but, at all events, the clear majority; above all, that portion which, from greater ignorance and fewer means, is in most need of education. It is quite essential to the success of any system of National Education, that this portion, at least, of the nation should co-operate. But how win their co-operation? Is a government, which should enlighten and *teach*, to yield to the prejudices and follies of a people, who *are to be taught*? Were the private master so to act, he might, no doubt, be sufficiently acceptable to the idle scholar; but, in return, what would the scholar gain from such a master? To win the co-operation of his pupil, unwise and servile crouching to his follies and prejudices, is however by no means requisite. At the same time, there is not more necessity for rudely thwarting them. They should be gently removed, not forcibly pushed

aside. There are even prejudices which may be won to the opposite ranks; follies which, by a little management, Wisdom may not disdain to employ as her handmaids. No obstacle which can be removed ought to be allowed to remain; but neither ought any obstacle to be raised, to exhibit merely our strength and agility in overleaping or removing it. These obstacles and prejudices, with patience, and justice, and time, but above all, with the spread of knowledge itself, will be easily got rid of; but each of these conditions is requisite. The interference of Government must be a just interference, a patient, and a wise, and a slow—it must be a really enlightening and enlightening interference. Its plan, whatever it may be, must be impartial towards all, and impartial in every particular. The State ought to have no favourites—no pets. There ought to be, in this matter at least, no primogeniture; no English to the exclusion of Irish, no Protestant Jacob to whom the Esau of Irish Catholicism should bow. Education should not be of *any* colour, but susceptible of *all*. If this be once admitted, justice must follow.

“If the Government is to have the initiative, if the Government is to originate, to establish, to direct, it can only be by means of order and system. So vast an object as Education, scattered loosely amongst its several departments, will produce confusion in the management of these departments, confusion in the management of education. If left to the care of every one, it will not be taken care of by any. Order thus implies subordination; and subordination, a distinct and well organised department—a department confined to Education alone. To constitute such, there ought to be consultants to deliberate, and a head to direct; in other words, a *Board* and a *President*. But, to preclude abuse, he should be responsible to the Legislature. The President ought to be a *Minister*, and, to preclude as much as possible change and disturbance,—here disturbance would be peculiarly injurious,—a *permanent* one. Nor will this be sufficient. The People must not only have a security against alteration, but also against ignorance or favouritism; they must have a due motive for confidence in the wisdom and impartiality of these organs. They must be chosen in harmony with their feelings, and as much as possible from persons well acquainted with and sympathising in their wants. The People must not be solely in the hands of the Aristocracy, nor a Dissenting population in the hands of the Establishment. The Board must be constituted of the representatives of the different classes, and of the different persuasions, of most influence in the community. Such should be the organisation: the means to work it, should be in harmony with it. The Board, so constituted, should have under its control large funds, for the building of schools and the general originating of Education; extensive establishments for the education of Teachers, due provision for the publication of Books, and Officers sufficiently numerous and qualified for the inspection and superintendence of the entire machinery. The people, on their side, should be equally provided with their organisation, and instruments. They should have their ‘School Committees’ and ‘School Officers;’ their power of ‘School Assessment,’ their funds, their financial control, their inspection. The friendly and reciprocal play of these several powers will secure not only their free action, but their unbroken permanence; they are guarantees each for the other; so far from being

opposed, they are allies; they are not for the individual, but for the community."

Such are some of the leading doctrines of this deeply cogitated and well-filled volume. The next will proceed to try the theory thus laid down by the test of experience. Now, other countries have been similarly situated as our own, and from the manner in which they have overcome the difficulties, and seized the advantages of that position, a lesson and a beacon is provided for us, that if judiciously and earnestly observed, may with the safest and most lasting effects transform the face and the heart of society. That our author will then be acknowledged to have been one of the most eloquent and enlightened promoters of this lofty and imperishable boon, we do not for a moment doubt. We indeed hope that his counsel to those in power, couched in the following glowing language will be listened to, and if so, together with the aid and the light which he is capable of furnishing, his will be a triumph not less glorious or enduring than that which he would concede to others who may take the *initiatif* in the noble undertaking.

"The Minister should not wait till Reform calls to him for his hesitating assent—he should take the '*initiatif*' boldly with his age and country, and create events instead of following them. Nor let him think that, in such a work, he should want co-operators. There is not a man in these realms, who hath drunk at the fountains from which morality and intelligence flow, who would not gladly press forward at such a spirit-waking invitation. Not a day passes, but some token of its inward stirring is sent forth. What a year ago appeared impossible, to-day is sought for—to-morrow will be done. But the *how*, is as important as the *when*. Whilst yet unruffled by the rush of contending parties, the Minister can sit down, and take in, not a faction, but a country, in his glance; whilst he can legislate, not for this isthmus of life on which he stands, but for the continent of human existence beyond it: let him, in the name of country and religion, of all that is dear to man, patiently but fervently, but above all immediately, set him down to the task. A nobler never yet was confided to human intellect;—to pour out blessings on any country, in any age, is worth the ambition of the proudest; but when that blessing is universal enlightenment—and when that country are these realms—and when all this is done in the full blaze of the nineteenth century—nothing can be added in this life to the distinction; the full reward for the inestimable service can only be conferred in the next."

ART. VIII.—*Medical Clinics of the Hospital Necker, or Researches and Observations on the Nature, Treatment and Physical Causes of Diseases; preceded by Considerations on the Art of Observing and Relating Cases in Medicine.* By J. BRICHETEAU, Physician to that Hospital, &c. &c. Paris.

THE present is a period eminently characterised by the accumulation of clinical observations, and much valuable information has been collected;

yet it is to be feared, that the advantages, in this way obtained, have not been without countervailing results; and we think there are too many evidences of the minds of observers having been narrowed down to a simple observation of occurrences, instead of their being devoted to the consideration of great general principles. Facts, in other words, have occupied the mind, in the place of induction. The senses have been engaged, whilst the higher powers of the intellect have been too often permitted to remain dormant. It was the remark of a revered and talented teacher, who filled a large space in the domain of science, in one of the most distinguished medical schools of the period, that "ninety-nine in the hundred of medical facts are medical lies." The censure was splenetic; but doubtless the mass of false facts on record is large—is overwhelming; yet, since the assertion of that distinguished individual was first pronounced, the accumulation of the results of medical observation has gone on with ten-fold velocity; and the different periodicals, with the *ex professo* treatises on medical clinics, are now so numerous and diversified, that the searcher after great principles of pathology and therapeutics scarcely knows at what point to commence his investigations. Were all the recorded "facts" registered, and detailed by observers of adequate talent and discrimination, the severity of the task would be greatly diminished; but unhappily this is not the case, and hence the difficulty with the searcher after truth is often extreme. If, indeed, we reflect on the multitude of cases that have been published in periodicals, which have existed—as might be said of one of them lately discontinued—for upwards of half a century; and on the few—the very few cases which are, at this day, referred to as authorities on any point, we might have our clinical ardour somewhat damped, and justly fear that all our labour might be fruitless, and that, in a few short years, the results may be consigned to that oblivion which has shrouded those of our predecessors. That many we might say most, of the clinical cases which have been the emanations of recent and present periods, will meet with this fate, is doubtless; but still many will remain, and a spirit of accurate observation, emanating from one or two distinguished teachers of the day, and ramifying amongst their pupils in every part of the globe, will exist after they have passed away. The remarks on this subject of M. Bricheteau, in his preface, are apposite.

"If we compute the number of cases recorded, we find that it is prodigious; but, on examining them closely, we soon discover that they are not all exact and conclusive: hence the necessity of following the advice of Morgagni—not only to count the cases, but to weigh them—*non enumerandæ sed perpendendæ sunt observationes*." It may be here remarked, that many publications of this kind, which daily appear—although obtained from the hospitals and at the bedside—do not fulfil all the conditions that are desirable. Too often, indeed, pupils not over attentive, or young physicians, still novices in the career of observation, hasten to give them to the world before time and experience have given their sanction to the premature conclusions deduced from them."

Facts are the foundation of true theory—of all great principles—but such facts must be indubitable. The profession has suffered largely from the questionable and the false.

M. Bricheteau announces the work before us as a first fasciculus, which will be succeeded by another, as soon as he has collected a sufficient number of materials, and the chief object of his publication he states to be, to improve our acquaintance with, and to cause us to better appreciate the causes of disease.

His first article is an Essay on the Art of Observing and Collecting Cases in Medicine, but it contains nothing novel. The first case is one of the *Risus Sardonicus*. It gives occasion to some remarks on the seat of that singular affection, which the author places in the diaphragm; and this, chiefly, because the patient, in the case related, remarked, that compression on the region of the liver did not produce the same result as when it was made on the opposite side. M. Laugier, surgeon to the hospital, introduced his fingers between the liver and the ribs, and strongly agitated the attachments of the diaphragm, when the patient cried out, and laughed in a convulsive manner for some time. It appears to us, however, that M. Bricheteau has not pursued in this case the rules of rigid induction, which he so forcibly inculcates in his first article. Every one admits that laughing, in the healthy state, is produced by the action of the diaphragm: but this is a secondary result: the joyous impression must first be made on the brain, and from that organ irradiations proceed to the diaphragm, and the rest of the respiratory system concerned in the expression, and this whether the laughter is produced by the sight of a ludicrous object, by the titillation of any portion of the cutaneous surface, or, in short, by any of the causes that induce laughter. The same thing applies, we think, to the morbid condition constituting the case in question: the irritation was, doubtless, cerebro-spinal: the great nervous centres being pathologically impressed, in a manner somewhat resembling their condition when the physiological phenomenon of laughter is induced; and this is rendered the more probable by the fact mentioned by M. Bricheteau, at the commencement of the narration, that the man had been subject to stupor, and to epileptic paroxysms; and, when admitted into the hospital, had so many signs of cerebral congestion, that the house pupil in attendance bled him freely.

At the commencement of his observations on this case, M. Bricheteau exhibits that he is not free from the failing of many of the clinical reporters of the day, in dwelling on generalities, and, indeed, on specialities, which are universally received; and many of which are unworthy of mention, particularly in a work presumed to be mainly, if not wholly, clinical. What can one say to such common-place remarks as the following:—

“ Laughing is the expression of gay feelings, reflected in the countenance. The face of man certainly lends a peculiar charm to this manifestation of joy; but we do not think that, from such peculiarity, it can be said that animals are deprived of the faculty of laughing, as modern authors have asserted: it seems to us, on the contrary, that the dog, for instance, is endowed with the faculty in a great degree, and that, as regards expression, it exhibits it elsewhere, in a manner conformable to its organization.”

The history of two cases of scirrhus affection of the œsophagus and pylorus, leads M. Bricheteau to observe, that it is an abuse of terms to

place indolent scirrhi of the pylorus, cardia, œsophagus, and even of the intestines, amongst the varieties of cancer. He thinks it more correct to assimilate them to the fibrous substance of the uterus and other analogous transformations, which we are astonished to meet with on the dissection of persons in whom they had never been suspected, because they had never caused any disorder: and he adds, that we ought not to infer, that these kind of lesions must necessarily pass into another state; seeing that they have continued for so long a period, and been subjected to every chance of excitation capable of mastering their transformation. "The texture of a morbid organ," he concludes, "which has been twenty years in existence, must have long passed its *opogee*: its history is ended: else it could have no end."

M. Bricheteau gives the particulars of some cases of rheumatism and pneumonia, treated by large doses of tartrate of antimony and potassa. It may be known to most of our readers, that prior to the termination of the last century, the doctrines of Brown were universally embraced in Italy, and they continued in vogue there until Rasori, on the occasion of a petechial fever making its appearance in Genoa, subjected the prevalent doctrines to considerable modification; and, as in most similar cases, ended by embracing diametrically opposite views. Rasori maintained that the greater part of diseases are owing, either to augmentation of excitability or to an excess of stimulus, and he conceived that there are certain medical agents, which possess a peculiar debilitant power, and which act upon the excitability of the frame in a manner directly opposed to that in which stimulus acts upon it. To these agents he gave the name *contra-stimulants*.

Without going farther into this theory, it may be remarked, that the practice deduced from it has added many valuable facts to therapeutics, and not the least of these is—the knowledge that tartarized antimony may be administered in large doses in inflammatory affections, not only with impunity, but with marked advantage. This potent emetic may be given to a great extent during the day—72 grains have been administered in this period—without either producing vomiting or purging; or, if the first doses prove emetic, a tolerance is soon acquired, and the subsequent doses may be followed by no marked effect, except the diminution of the febrile symptoms. At other times the urinary and cutaneous depurations appear to be largely augmented, and rapid emaciation succeeds to its administration.

The *contra-stimulant* physicians maintain, that the exaltation of the vital manifestations, in febrile and inflammatory disorders, enable the system to bear these large doses, and they say that the tolerance vanishes with the disorder that communicates it; but this assertion is not confirmed by experience. There is certainly a greater resistance to the action of these agents, as there is to blood-letting, where all is exaltation; but the power of resistance does not cease, although it is diminished when the exaltation ceases. Some individuals, too, never possess the necessary tolerance; so that, with them, the tartrate of antimony and potassa does not exert its *contra-stimulant* effects, and it would seem that there are, also, what the French term "*medical constitutions*," or epidemic conditions, which forbid its employment. Thus, according to our author, although it was so

successfully used in 1831, it could not be beneficially administered at the end of 1832, and the beginning of 1833. Not until the autumn of this last year could it be resumed advantageously. On one occasion it was given in the hospital by the *élève de garde*, during the choleric epidemic. The most violent symptoms supervened, and the patient died of cholera morbus, no sign of which existed before the tartrate of antimony and potassa was taken.

The different phlegmasiæ, acute rheumatism, and pneumonia are those which are considered to have been most successfully combated by this agent in a large dose.

"Emetic tartar," says M. Bricheteau, "should generally be preceded by blood-letting, and commonly it is advisable not to have recourse to the former, unless the latter is insufficient, except in cases in which blood-letting is contra-indicated or impossible, owing to some special circumstance, as happened to me once in the case of a rickety individual, who had no veins proper for phlebotomy. The medical constitution of the season is likewise occasionally opposed to the abstraction of blood: in such cases the tartrate of antimony and potassa is a valuable agent. Recourse may also be had, unhesitatingly, to the tartar emetic, at the very first, when the patient is exhausted by age or other causes, and appears to be too weak to bear the abstraction of blood, or in cases where a positive refusal is given to the proposition for phlebotomy."

Granting, and it would seem it must be granted, that the tartrate of antimony and potassa exerts a sedative agency, it is interesting to inquire into the mode in which such agency is exerted. The salt, it is well known, is one of our best suppurants, when we are desirous of establishing a centre of fluxion on some part of the cutaneous surface, with the view of removing internal disease. Experience, too, has sufficiently shown that, when given in large doses, it produces pustulation in the mouth and fauces, if not lower down in the alimentary tube. Bricheteau, who has administered it largely as a contra-stimulant, says its local action is exerted more particularly on the mouth, tongue and pharynx, where false membranes and pustules are occasioned by it; but these lesions, he thinks, are by no means common. He is of opinion that the lesions, which may be referred with the greatest probability to the use of the salt—although, he admits, they are frequently owing to other inappreciable causes—are injection or infiltration of the sub-mucous tissue of the intestines, and softening of the mucous membrane. In the mouth, considerable inflammation, either pustular or ulcerous, is sometimes observed, which speedily disappears after the discontinuance of the antimony.

Every fact and argument, we think, tends to the conclusion that the contra-stimulant virtues of the tartarized antimony are dependent upon its revulsive properties: but this revulsion is produced in the lining membrane of the alimentary canal, and that when this is accomplished, the exalted actions going on elsewhere become diminished, and more or less nervous and vascular concentration takes place towards the seat of the artificial irritation.

A few cases of chronic gastritis are mentioned—an extremely interesting disease, whether we look upon it with reference to its im-

portance, its frequency, or its Protean character. It is commonly called dyspepsia, and this term, loose and unlimited in its acceptation, often proves a stumbling block to the student in medicine. Dyspepsia means difficult digestion, a circumstance which may depend on many causes, but perhaps on none more frequently than upon chronic gastritis. In the great majority of dyspeptic cases, the exciting cause has been overstimulation of the stomach, either from the constant excess in strong, highly-seasoned meats, or indulging in the use of exciting liquors. Persons, who feed grossly and drink deeply, are generally, the subjects of dyspepsia; by constantly stimulating the stomach they produce an inflammatory condition of that organ. Long-continued functional lesion will eventually produce more or less organic disease; so that in most cases of old dyspepsia there is more or less gastritis. But to go further, and inquire whether those views are borne out by the ordinary treatment of dyspeptic cases. When we open a book on the practice of physic, and turn to the article dyspepsia, one of the first things which strikes us is the vast number of cures for indigestion. The more incurable a disease is, and the less we know of its treatment, the more numerous is the list of remedies, and the more empirical is its treatment. Now, the circumstance of having a great variety of "cures" for a disease, is a strong proof, either that there is no real remedy for it, or that its nature is very little understood. A patient afflicted with dyspepsia will generally run through a variety of treatment, he will be ordered bark by one practitioner, mercury by another, purgatives by a third, in fact, he will be subjected to every form of treatment. Now, all this is proof positive that the disease is not sufficiently understood. What does pathology teach in such cases? In almost every instance where patients have died with symptoms of dyspepsia, pathological anatomy proves the stomach to be in a state of demonstrable disease. It appears, therefore, that, whether we look to the uncertainty and vacillations of treatment, or the results of anatomical examination, the case is still the same; and that, where dyspepsia, has been of considerable duration, the chance is that there is more or less of organic disease, and that, if we prescribe for dyspepsia neglecting this, we are very likely to do mischief. This opinion has brought disgrace on the school of Broussais. His disciples went too far, for whether the gastric derangement depended on nervous irritation, or anæmia, or disease of the liver, or mental emotion, they prescribed leeches and water diet, and thus very often brought on the disease they sought to cure. We may have functional disease independent of structural lesion in the stomach, as well as in any other organ; it is no unusual circumstance, and the practical physician meets with it every day. A great deal of confusion, however, arises from the similarity of the symptoms. We remember an accomplished medical friend getting into disgrace with one of the members of a board of examiners on this subject. He was asked to tell the difference between the symptoms of chronic gastritis and dyspepsia, and in reply stated that he could not. For this he was nearly rejected, but on a candid review of the circumstances, the reader must admit he knew more of the matter than the learned professor. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of chronic gastritis there is no fever,

scarcely any thirst, often no fixed local pain, and this leads persons away from an idea of the existence of an inflammatory condition of the stomach. What are the symptoms of a chronic gastritis? pain of occasional occurrence, flatulence, acidity, swelling of the stomach, foetid eructations, sensation of heat and weight about the epigastrium, and perhaps vomiting. Well, these are also the symptoms of dyspepsia, whether it be accompanied by inflammation or not. There are two circumstances, however, which should always be borne in mind, as they will afford considerable assistance in coming to a correct diagnosis; *first, the length of time which the disease has lasted*; secondly, the result of the treatment which has been employed. It will be found where the disease is a chronic gastritis, to have been of some duration, and came on in an insidious manner, and that it has been exasperated by the ordinary treatment of dyspepsia. Many persons think, that if you give a patient medicine, that you can cure him, and that, as he has no fever, and can go about his usual business, there is no necessity for antiphlogistic regimen. But as the disease goes on, he complains of pain in the stomach during the process of digestion, feels uneasy after dinner, there is an unpleasant degree of fullness about the epigastrium, he also experiences a variety of disagreeable symptoms, sometimes being annoyed with pain in the chest, sometimes he says he feels it in the region of the heart, and sometimes about the cartilages of the eighth and ninth ribs. These symptoms subside after the process of digestion is completed, but during its continuance they harass the patient. Very often relief is obtained by vomiting, and hence some persons are in the habit of throwing up their food for the purpose of relieving themselves, and consequently can have no benefit by it. In some cases digestion goes on until the food seems to reach a particular point, and then acute feeling of pain is experienced. In these cases the gastritis is generally circumscribed, and is likely to terminate in circumscribed ulceration. Various fluids are rejected from the stomach, during the course of a gastritis; sometimes acid, sometimes alkaline, sometimes insipid and sweet, sometimes bitter and bilious. There is generally a degree of fullness about the stomach, and the epigastrium is tender on pressure, but no decided tumour either of the pylorus, liver, or spleen, although the epigastrium presented that appearance of fullness and tension termed by the French "*renitence*." The bowels, too, are constipated, and this is a matter worthy of attention, for it sometimes unfortunately happens that the practitioner, mistaking the gastritis for simple constipation, goes on prescribing purgative after purgative, until the patient gets incurable disease of the stomach. We knew a case of a lady who got one stool a week by taking eight drops of croton oil. Some years ago, she was in the enjoyment of excellent health; her bowels happened to get confined, and she was treated by a systematic practitioner with continued purgatives; her bowels are now completely torpid, except when they are subjected to this unnatural stimulus. There are thousands of persons treated in this way, because practitioners look to consequences and not to causes.

There is one remarkable difference between acute and chronic gastritis, which deserves attentive consideration, as it exemplifies a law applicable

to all viscera under similar circumstances, and this is, that the sympathetic irritations are not so frequent or so distinct in chronic inflammation as in the acute form, and hence, in a case of chronic gastritis, we almost never have fever, and the affections of the nervous respiratory or circulating systems are by no means so well marked. It may even go on to actual disorganization of the stomach, and yet the patient will not complain of any particular symptom during its whole progress, which we could set down as depending exclusively on the sympathetic irritation of gastritis. Some of these cases, called dyspeptic phthisis, by Dr. W. Philip, are most probably examples of the sympathetic irritation of the lungs from chronic gastritis. Another case, respecting which much error prevails, is what has been called hypochondriasis. Persons labouring under these affections are condemned to run the gauntlet of every mode of treatment, sometimes (and fortunately for themselves) they are sent to travel, sometimes they are treated with musk and antispasmodics, then with the mineral acids, then with purgatives and mercurials, and lastly with bark, nitrate of silver, and stimulants. They go about like spectres from one practitioner to another, trying remedy after remedy, alternately sanguine with hope or saddened by disappointment, until at last they die, and, to the astonishment of all the doctors, the only disease found, on dissection, is inflammation and thickening of the mucous surface of the stomach. A condition, which, under these circumstances, it was difficult to say whether it was the original disease, or produced by "*fair trials*" of a number of powerful agents. Hypochondriasis is not always gastritis; but it is now found, that in many cases it commences and terminates with disease in the upper portion of the digestive tube and the assisting viscera.

Chronic gastritis terminates in various ways. Sometimes the inflammation is limited to a particular spot of the stomach, and here we frequently discover circumscribed ulcerations. In very bad cases these ulcers go on perforating the various coats of the stomach, until at last the contents of that organ escape into the serous cavity of the abdomen, and the patient rapidly sinks under a fatal peritonitis. It does not follow, however, that, in all cases of perforation, the contents of the stomach get into the perineum, causing death. Very often adhesions are formed, and the base of the ulcer is the serous covering of some other portion of the digestive system, or a false passage may be formed into the colon. One of the most common terminations of a chronic gastritis is, that the inflammation extends to other viscera; the patient gets disease of the liver, spleen, peritoneum, or lungs, and sinks under a complication of disorders. It was somewhat in this way that Napoleon died. He laboured for a considerable time under chronic disease of the stomach, which seems to have been overlooked by his medical attendants, and this terminated in the extension of disease to various other organs.

Three cases of tubercles in the cerebro-spinal axis—one being in the medulla spinalis, another in the cerebellum and tuber annulare, and the third in the right crus cerebri—lead the author to infer, what cannot be controverted, that the character of tubercles in the brain are by no means destructive. Every symptom may exist in other chronic affections of the brain and spinal marrow.

Some interesting cases of pneumothorax and vomicae follow, with remarks on their pathology and diagnosis. When Laennec published his researches on pneumothorax, and the fact that one of the symptoms—the metallic tinkling, *tintement métallique*, was a pathognomonic symptom of it, or rather, that it is always present whenever there is a communication between the bronchi and the cavity of the pleura containing fluid—great attention was paid to the diagnosis of pneumothorax. It would seem, however, that the disease is not common. During four years practice at the Hospital Necker, which may be regarded as the great hospital for the consumptive in Paris, M. Bricheteau only saw four cases. The affection is not difficult of detection: the compression of the lung, induced by the admission of air into the cavity of the pleura, prevents the respiration from being heard, on the affected side—the metallic tinkling is distinct, and, at times, by succession, the sound of fluid in the pleural cavity (the *flot hippocratique*) can be clearly heard. When the chest of the subject of one of M. Bricheteau's cases was agitated, a manifest fluctuation was audible at the distance of some yards.

“These two phenomena, (the evidence of air and water in the chest),” says the author, “may be explained by their mutual existence; it cannot be doubted that the transmission of the fluctuation is owing to the presence of air in the cavity of the pleura, so that whenever we hear the sound (*choo*) of liquid, we may be satisfied that there is pneumothorax.”

The *tintement métallique* exactly resembles the sound made by the rising of a bubble of air produced by blowing through a small tube immersed in water; and it has been conceived that, owing to the fistulous aperture in the bronchus being lower than the fluid in the pleura, the air rises through the fluid, and, as it bursts, produces the sound in question.

The intensity of the *tintement*, according to M. Bricheteau, increases in a ratio with the size of the fistulous orifice, the number of the fistulae, the nature of the parieties of the cavities, &c.; and there are cases in which, instead of the metallic tinkling, or associated with it, a kind of extensive *sonorous vibration* is heard, which seems to proceed from the brisk introduction of a strong column of air, into a metallic vessel of large size.

“This sound,” says the author, “does not resemble the *bourdonnement amphorique*, which some authors say they have met with in pneumothorax, and which they have probably confounded with it. It has appeared to me to be produced by the size and number of the pleuro-bronchial fistulae, by the arrangement of the cavities of the lungs communicating with each other, or being divided into several apartments, and by the cartilaginous nature of the parieties of the cavities.”

To this new sign M. Bricheteau gives the name *vibration métallique*, until “a deeper study of the phenomenon allows another denomination.”

Connected with the causes of vomicae of the lungs, M. Bricheteau does not adopt either of the exclusive views—that they are always produced by suppuration of the parenchyma of the lungs, or that they are always caused by the breaking down of tubercles. He adopts both views in part, being of opinion that they are sometimes produced in one way, and sometimes in another. The most dangerous, he says, are those that proceed from the inflammation of the parenchyma of the lungs, “inasmuch as they

involve the destruction of a great part of the organ, and more frequently than the others give rise to slow fever, and the accidents inseparable from the absorption of pus." But this admits of much question. What can be more dangerous than the vomicae caused by the breaking down of tubercles? We answer, nothing!—and, on the other hand, we know that abscesses form in the lungs in those of sound constitution, and are occasionally discharged, so as to leave the individual entirely well. These are cases in which the parenchyma was inflamed: and as to the absorption of pus, it is not easy to see how this can have anything to do with the irritative fever, and other symptoms of phthisis. The same symptoms often present themselves in diseases in which there can be no absorption of pus, because there is no suppuration. They are induced by the reparatory efforts set up in the system, whenever it is labouring under great irritability and debility. The hectic fever that supervenes on the discharge of large collections of matter, is produced in this manner.

An interesting paper succeeds, entitled "Considerations, physiological, and pathological, on the influence of the heart, and of hypertrophy of the ventricles of that viscus on the functions and diseases of the brain and lungs," from which we cannot do more than extract the author's deductions, which he has given in the form of propositions.

"*First.* The energy with which the heart—more or less near to the head—sends the blood to the brain in a state of health, as in disease, exerts an influence on the character and extent of the cerebral functions, and even of the instinctive and intellectual faculties.

"*Secondly.* Hypertrophy of the left ventricle of the heart may produce cerebral congestions, effusions of blood, and attacks of apoplexy, solely by the morbid impulse which it communicates to the blood, and this is far from being uncommon.

"*Thirdly.* The too great impulsion of blood to the encephalic organ may cause laceration of the cerebral pulp, dilatation and rupture of vessels in parts of the brain which receive most of it, a rupture which is easy when the vessels are affected with aneurism.

"*Fourthly.* The essential condition, and, as it were, the *sine qua non* of cerebral congestion or extravasation, in consequence of the hypertrophy of the heart, is the absence of every obstacle to the course of the blood between the left ventricle and the encephalic mass; such as would be, for example, ossification of the sigmoid valves of the aorta, narrowness of the origin of the artery, ossification of the small arteries, &c.

"*Fifthly.* Another condition which favours and accelerates the impulsion and congestion of blood towards the head, and ought to hasten the consequences, is a diminution in the coats of the hypertrophied ventricle. Dilatation produces an opposite effect, by augmenting the size of the heart, and enfeebling its contractile power.

"*Sixthly.* The knowledge of the influence of hypertrophy of the heart in the development of cerebral congestions and apoplexies, is of direct use in practice, inasmuch as it indicates certainly the means to prevent and combat those diseases, as well as to hinder their return."

In the second section of the article, M. Bricheteau draws the attention of practitioners to the effect that may be induced upon the lungs by hyper-

trophy of the right yentricle, and to the dilatations produced in the right side of the heart from obstructions to the circulation through those organs. The whole paper may be read with useful fruits.

A few cases are next given to shew the advantage of compression in dropsical and other hypertrophies in which this agency may be applied, but we see nothing novel either in the cases or in the reflections which they suggested.

A case of encysted carcinomatous tumour in the right ovary, simulating extra-uterine pregnancy, and the true nature of which was discovered in dissection, is given, chiefly, on account of the existence of the *bruit de soufflé*, or bellows' sound. This sound imposed upon M. Baudelocque and others who saw the case. M. Bricheateau suggests that it was produced by the compression excited by the encysted tumour on the abdominal aorta, or one of its principal divisions, a compression which diminished the diameter of the vessel, and hence the shock of the blood circulating rapidly against the parieties of the vessel, and the sound resulting from it.

The remaining articles in the volume are on pericarditis, aneurism, and on the sounds of the heart—on biliary calculi, and an *Eloge* on Pinel; but we see nothing in them deserving of especial notice.

On the whole, the work contains many materials for thinking, and facts and reflections, which add somewhat to our stock of existing knowledge, but it is not calculated to greatly enhance the author's reputation.

ART. IX.—*Manchester : its Political, Social and Commercial History, Ancient and Modern.* BY JAMES WHEELER. London. Whittaker and Co. 1836.

THERE is not a town in Great Britain which might not be made the subject of useful and curious history in the hands of a diligent or ingenious author. Traditions, biographies, local politics, and remarkable events, are closely associated with every considerable civil community in the land, which when collected, not only interest deeply the inhabitants of the same places, but fill up an important page in the national records. If then such be the case with respect to towns of moderate size and pretensions, how much more forcibly must the statement hold true of Manchester, the manufacturing metropolis of England, the very centre of the workshops of the kingdom! In the present unassuming volume Mr. Wheeler has given an outline of this history, so as to convey every essential piece of information that can be required in a guide-book—bringing Manchester's extraordinary progress in modern commerce, factories, and improvement down to the present day, as well as furnishing a concise account of its ancient existence and condition. Its social and literary characteristics are also described, to the latter of which we shall take occasion particularly to invite the attention of our readers, as falling more immediately within our sphere.

It is not necessary that we should go with the author far back in

his history of Manchester, since that has long ago been elsewhere compiled. But for modern times there has not been any continuous chronicler. It may be all very well to hear that certain Celtic emigrants planted a station upon the banks of the Medlock, about the time (*parvis componere magna*) of Darius' great expedition to Greece:—it may be very true that the active development of that religio-political spirit which eventually led to results so important to the nation, took a strong hold of the people of Manchester from the accession of James the First;—and that previous to the year Forty-five a celebrated descendant of the Scottish Solomon was not a stranger in that flourishing town. For, says our author,

“In the previous summer he had made a secret visit to Sir Oswald Mosley, of Ancoats, ancestor of the present Sir Oswald. This historical fact has been too little noticed. Prince Charles Edward passed several weeks at Ancoats Hall in privacy. He frequented the only news-room in town, where London newspapers were delivered three days in the week, and appeared always very anxious for the arrival of the post upon those occasions. The daughter of the person who kept this news-room was in the habit of attending upon the company there, and she had frequent opportunities of observing him. His personal accomplishments and polite address particularly attracted her attention, and one day when she had brought him, at his request, a basin of water and a towel to wash himself with, he rewarded her in a much more munificent manner than a common guest could have done. An indelible impression of his countenance and figure was thus left upon her memory; and when she saw him subsequently at the head of his troops, she immediately recognised him as the same person who had so frequently attended the news-room in the former year. Her father, who had been in the secret, enjoined strict silence from her upon this topic, but so soon as the rebellion was over, and personal danger to her father was no longer to be apprehended, she communicated the circumstance to a member of her acquaintance. Sir Oswald Mosley was not himself at Ancoats during the concealment of the Pretender there: he remained at his seat in Staffordshire during the Rebellion of 1745; but from the hospitality which had been previously shewn to him, and the encouragement offered by many influential men in Manchester and the vicinity, the Pretender had expected more powerful support than he received when he arrived in that town. He did not hesitate, indeed, to express his great disappointment to all those around him.”

But without entering upon these topics, we wish to direct attention to the better ascertained facts, viz. that wherever commerce and manufactures have made great advances, there have been engendered systems, opinions, interests, and powers which are fatal to the reign of political exclusives. Hence, more than half a century back the contentions between Liberals and Tories in Manchester were almost as inveterate and general, as they have ever since that period been. “Reform Clubs,” says our author, “and Church and King Clubs, were in full operation sixty years ago. Under the auspices of the former, Mr. Fox, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Gran-

ville, and Sir Frank Standish visited Manchester on the 15th of September, 1785, and dined with the Liberals, on which occasion the crowning toast of the evening was 'the Majesty of the people.' " Commerce and manufactures are still on the ascendant in that province and locality, and independence of mind, on the part of the intelligent classes, we believe, preserves its rightful proportions. At the same time, we see no just grounds for fearing the strides of foreign competition. Listen to our author's statement of the great improvement in the departments named, even within a very recent period of time.

" The great change recently effected in the trade to India and China has, beyond doubt, been the main stimulant to the augmentation of our exports, which have been the means of carrying back for the use of our own people a proportionably large amount of the luxuries of other climates. In the year 1833-4, the last in which the East India Company enjoyed their exclusive advantages, the import of tea from China was 29,592,310 lbs.; in the subsequent year, 1834-5, the first of the open trade, the import was 41,041,843 lbs. ! In Lancashire, however, local causes have operated very powerfully to give an unusual, it is to be hoped not an unnatural or unhealthy, impulse to the cotton manufacture. The sudden rise of several Joint Stock Banks in Manchester, the issue of their own notes, and the other facilities afforded by them, combined with a prosperous season, have recently made money exceedingly plentiful. As was the case also a few years ago, the apparent facility with which fortunes are made in the Manchester cotton trade—the still growing demand for manufactures in old markets, and the opening of new ones, have induced the erection of many mills in Manchester. Last year it was asserted, on the authority of Dr. Kay, an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, that mills would, within two years, be erected, which would require seven thousand horses' power to set them in operation. In order that the reader may be enabled to form some idea of this enormous addition to existing manufactures, it may be stated that, presuming one half of this power to be employed in producing yarn, there would be an addition to the present consumption of raw cotton of about 2800 bags, weighing about 500 lbs. each, per week, or about 15 per cent. increase on the present sales. In preparing this cotton and spinning it into yarn, 19,600 hands would be required; and, presuming the other moiety of the 7000 horses' power to be employed in afterwards weaving the yarn into cloth, there would be needed for this process 26,250 weavers, making a total addition to the hands employed in the cotton trade, of 45,850 persons, besides mechanics, warehousemen, clerks, &c. &c. For the 3,500 horses' power supposed to be employed in spinning, there will be required 2,800,000 spindles, which alone will be worth about half a million of money. Of the 19,600 persons working this horse-power, probably 8,400 will be occupied in the preparatory processes, and will earn, on the average, 10s. per week: of the remaining 11,200 engaged in the spinning, about one-fourth will be men earning from 30s. to 40s. a week; the other three-fourths, children, receiving from four to nine shillings.

The 26,250 supposed to be employed in weaving will earn, probably, on an average, not less than 10s. a week. Extraordinary and improbable as the extent of this increase may appear, there is reason to believe that the estimate is by no means exaggerated. It is stated on good authority, that in Bolton alone one foundry has orders, to be executed within this year, for a thousand horse power of steam-engines; and with equal authenticity it is asserted, that in the district of Ashton-under-Lyne the increase in factories will cause a demand for at least 7000 new hands. Nor is the calculated increase in the consumption of cotton so unprecedented as at first it may appear. Last year the weekly consumption was 17,750 bags, whilst in 1812 it was only about 12,000 : in one year, namely in 1834-5, the weekly consumption has increased 366 bags, or about 19,000 bags in the year. Cotton, indeed, is become an article of universal use, and new fabrics, in which it forms the sole, or a main ingredient, are daily brought into the market."

If ruin is to seize the marvellous undertakings of such a manufacturing community, we do not fear foreign competition half so much as the home-bred demoralization and discontent of the factory-operatives. Mr. Wheeler does not deny that this degeneracy has grown to an appalling magnitude. Indeed his picture of the habits and condition of a great mass of the Manchester cotton-workers is extremely disheartening. And yet with just such an inconsistency as may often be found in the opinions of an honest man, who daily may listen to the contradictory statements concerning a plain subject—the factory system for instance, but who is apt to take to a side zealously, he will not allow that the cotton trade and labour, as at present conducted in Manchester, has any other basis than "the excellent principle of making its influence most beneficially felt at home." It would be strange, indeed, if in the Divine government of the world the iniquitous treatment of the factory-children—those tender creatures who are made to pass through a terrible ordeal, the victims to the Moloch of avarice—were to afford permanent and beneficial pillars to society. But after having allowed "the Evils of the Factory System," so much space as we have done in a previous paper in our present number, we need do little more than refer Mr. Wheeler, and all who think as he does, to the statements there found and referred to. We have only to add that every one of the positions here taken by our author, has, by Mr. Wing, been completely demolished, and that the best and by far the greatest portion of the evidence adduced before the Factory Commissioners is entirely opposed to the defence of the mills and the majority of their masters, here set forth. At the same time, it is a difficult matter to legislate wisely for the regulation of these great establishments, to frame laws that will be operative, or to have a special regard for one portion of the population without doing an injustice and an injury to another. While on this subject we shall take advantage of Mr. Wheeler's abstract of the wages given to the

different classes of operatives in the cotton factories of Manchester and the neighbourhood, as furnished to the Factory Commissioners.

"To complete the foregoing sketch of the chief staple of Manchester manufacture, it is required only to exhibit, from authentic sources, the rate of remuneration to operatives. The wages of cotton-spinning and its dependent branches are not subject to frequent variation: a few employers, scattered over the country, and located in remote districts, may make their own caprice or their grasping cupidity the measure of the remuneration meted to their work people; but the trade of each town is generally carried on according to fixed scales of prices, from which there is no great deviation, except by common consent."

After inserting a table of particulars, he adds—

"Thus it appears that the lowest average of remuneration is that given to the 'piecers' and 'scavengers,' of whom the majority are very young children. Of these Mr. Rickards has stated in a recent report:—'If there are any children now in cotton mills receiving less than 3s. per week, they must be the youngest scavengers, and few in number; 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. being commonly paid to scavengers since the passing of the present Act, whilst the younger piecers are sometimes paid extra to do scavengers' work.' He adds:—'It may be stated of operative families, that a husband gets 26s. to 30s. per week; the wife, if working in a mill. 12s. to 14s. per week; with perhaps three children as piecers at 10s., 7s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per week. These are common rates of earnings by mill-operatives.'"

The following information regarding a plan of migration, which has been tried within less than two years is worthy of notice, and may, if judiciously conducted, produce important benefits to distant districts and materially affect the working of the Poor Laws.

"Several manufactures who felt a deficiency of labour, which the population of our own districts was unable to supply, obtained a number of agricultural labourers from the south, whose improved condition the Poor Law Commissioners thus referred to in one of their reports:—'The results of this experimental measure are stated in detail in the letters of Henry Ashworth, Esq., R. H. Greg, Esq., (our first correspondents) in a letter from R. Beard, Esq., and also in a Report from Dr. Kay, our Assistant Commissioner, to which we would direct your Lordships' special attention for the information it contains relative to the Lancashire cotton district. These results are, in substance, that nearly the whole of the individuals who have migrated are now in constant employment in Lancashire, and earning, collectively as families, three times the amount of wages which they had at any time earned in the districts which they had quitted. They have been provided with superior cottages, which they have been able to furnish by means of advances of money from their employers, to be repaid by instalments from their wages. They have abundant supplies of fuel, at such low rates as to be enabled to enjoy the luxury of a fire to an extent unknown to the labourers of the southern counties. The head of the first family who migrated declared that not all the horses

in Buckinghamshire should draw himself and family back to his parish. Similar expressions of satisfaction at the change were made by others of the heads of families to Dr. Kay. The employers of the work-people have expressed themselves well satisfied with the conduct of these southern families, and have declared their intention of seeking families from the same districts in the event of their requiring additional hands. On the other hand, the migrants have been cordially received by the established manufacturing operatives. This circumstance is accounted for partly by their mutual preference for their own countrymen, and partly from the fact that the adult operatives participate in the advantages of a supply of young working hands, as the increase is requisite for the advancement of their own more skilled labour. It has been reported to us, that so sensible have been the adult operatives of those districts of the necessity of an increased supply of hands, that although they have sometimes been guilty of acts of riot to prevent the introduction of new machinery, scarcely any instances are on record where they have taken steps to resist with violence the influx of new hands. The effect of the migration upon the parishes has been a proportionate reduction of the rates. It has been reported to us that in the parish of Bledlow, where the experiment was first tried, the rates were reduced one-half, mainly in consequence of the migration.' These bright prospects dazzled the agriculturists, who, in the last autumn, unfortunately so far over-stepped the bounds of prudence as to send hither, on their own responsibility and without due precaution, a number of farming labourers and children, who found themselves without resource, among strangers. Fortunately they were properly cared for by the parish officers, but it is to be hoped that no such unauthorized experiments will again be tried. Last year a gentleman was sent down to Manchester by the Poor Law Commissioners, for the express purpose of superintending and keeping within due bounds the location of new labour, and the public have the promise of the Commissioners themselves that 'to whatever extent it may be found expedient to promote further migration,' they will 'in no case promote a removal of any labourer to the manufacturing districts, where there is not a clear and specific demand for the labourers to be removed; and in all cases they will deem the gradual absorption, family by family, preferable to the removal of considerable numbers.' "

Passing over now every other section of the history before us, but that which contains the biographical notices of the most eminent literary characters which Manchester can boast of, we shall even here confine ourselves to some of the latest examples, beginning with Dr. Henry, who died not six months ago. This eminent and excellent man finished his education in the University of Edinburgh, and had the good fortune not only to attend the lectures of Dr. Black, one of the fathers of Chemistry, but to associate with Brougham, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and other celebrated men of similar standing.

"Dr. Henry was intended for the medical profession; but very delicate health, and the necessity of his co-operation in his father's lucrative pursuits, which he subsequently so greatly extended, induced him, after some practice, to relinquish that arduous and harrassing occupation. A

taste for chemical research had also, no doubt, its influence upon his determination.

"In private life Dr. Henry had qualities calculated to excite and to rivet esteem and admiration. His conversation was peculiarly attractive and insinuating. Pregnant with varied and extensive information, he knew how to impart it in the most alluring manner. His anecdotes, of which he had a copious selection, were always aptly introduced, and felicitously narrated. Intended to enliven or to illustrate at the time, they generally left upon the memory impressions worthy of subsequent reflection. He was a master of the science of conversation. He was never overbearing or dogmatical; and no one, how humble soever his talents, was, in private intercourse, made to feel an inferiority, except by a silent comparison which was, in many cases, almost unavoidable. He never appeared to speak for the purpose of display. He always seemed to talk for others, not for himself. He was always anxious to inspire the most diffident with confidence. He had no repulsive airs, but many admirable graces; and no one, it is believed, ever enjoyed his conversation without feeling that, high as was his reputation, it afforded a very inadequate estimate of his merits. It might be justly said of him, in the words of an eloquent statesman, that 'he was the life and ornament of polished society.'

"In all the relations of private life he was most exemplary. As far as the writer can judge, no man was more highly regarded and more warmly beloved by his relatives. The combination of kindness with mental superiority was his most marked characteristic; and it attached to him every one who came within the sphere of its influence.

"Occupying a splendid establishment, he displayed commensurate hospitality. He was particularly distinguished for the liberal and active patronage which he readily afforded to those aspirants in science who attracted his attention. In such cases, he required no solicitation. The encouragement was on his part spontaneous. It was the emanation of his nature. When he formed a favourable opinion, he was very unlike an ordinary patron. His kindness never ebbed and flowed. It was always equable. Any one who tried to deserve it might calculate upon it, at any time, with absolute certainty. He not only possessed high talents himself, but he was almost a creator of talent in others. The younger members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester will deeply lament the loss of him who peculiarly encouraged and stimulated their earliest efforts. That association will, in all its ramifications, mourn the absence of him who has been 'as water which was spilt upon the ground, and cannot be gathered up.'"

Chemistry was the subject of his passionate study. He not only delivered lectures and published works, on the science, but he was on terms of kindly intercourse with La Place, Davy, Wollaston, Leslie, and other illustrious philosophers. He wrote many papers as contributions to the Transactions of Scientific as well as Literary Societies and Journals. His character of Priestley, of Davy, and of Wollaston, are considered to be among the finest specimens of that species of composition in the English language. Several of his

chemical investigations have also been most successful. His death created a deep sensation far beyond the precincts of Manchester, not merely on account of the admiration and affection which his eminence and excellence had earned, but on account of the manner of his decease. We give the narrative of this distressing event in the words before us.

"To the death of Dr. Henry it is necessary to refer. In ancient times to shorten the natural period of life was, in certain cases, regarded with applause. Cato, Brutus, Seneca, and others were lauded by their countrymen for an act which has received from modern times unqualified censure. Yet, even in modern times, illustrious instances have occurred. Romilly, Whitbread, and others fixed the limit of their own earthly existence. Such an act cool reflection cannot justify; but we should not be disposed to admit the right of erring human beings to dictate to Providence in presumptuously assigning a penalty for the offence. In the case of Dr. Henry there was every circumstance which might preclude or could mitigate condemnation. Months had elapsed during which he had not slept; his ever active mind was perfectly exhausted; and he was himself conscious that, as others too clearly observed, his mind was acquiring, by perpetual excitement and want of repose, a tendency to 'wander from its dwelling.' It is, perhaps, in the very constitution of superior intellects, too continuously exerted, that they should be peculiarly liable to be shaken from their equilibrium. Even Newton's transcendent mind was repeatedly subjected to this condition of humanity. The pious and amiable Cowper was also a martyr to mental alienation. It has been so with very dissimilar dispositions and characters. The last days of Tasso, of Collins, and of Swift, were obscured by the same mysterious visitation. The human intellect may be, to a certain extent, compared to the dew-drop in the sun-beam—the brighter it shines, the more rapidly it fades away!"

Dr. Dalton claims even a loftier pedestal, in the temple where the triumphs of scientific genius are celebrated, than Dr. Henry. He is a native of Cumberland, was born in 1766, and is descended of parents whose worldly circumstances were moderate. His early education seems to have been limited. However, at the age of twelve or thirteen, he is said to have commenced a school in his native village, from which we may presume, that his natural abilities had made the best use of whatever instruction he had received. He is represented also as having given early intimations of a mathematical turn of mind.

"In the year 1781 he went to Kendal, where better opportunities were afforded for satisfactorily combining an indulgence of his own inclination with the necessary attention to the acquisition of an honourable livelihood. Having a cousin named George Bewley, who taught a boarding-school in that town, and with whom his brother had lived as an assistant, Dalton succeeded him in his office, and in the course of time his avidity for mathematics and philosophical speculation procured him the acquaintance, among others, of Mr. Gough, a gentleman of congenial habits, who possessed a good library, to which Dalton had access. During his residence in Kendal,

he contributed largely to two works, called the *Gentleman's* and the *Lady's Diary*. The volumes, extending from 1784 to 1794, contain the name of Dalton very frequently among the answers to queries of a mathematical, philosophical, or general character, but, strange to say, his mathematical answers do not appear to have been very generally received by the Editor of the work. His contributions, when inserted, appear as from 'Mr. John Dalton, Teacher of the Mathematics, Kendal,' and he was so successful as to obtain two of the prizes awarded by the Editors.

"In 1788 he commenced his '*Meteorological Observations*,' which have been continued to the present time. In 1793, he published a volume of '*Meteorological Observations and Essays*,' a work which displays much original thinking, and the germs of some of Dalton's after-discoveries. The first edition is dated at 'Manchester, September 21st., 1793.'

"Some time previous to the publication of this work, Dalton had serious thoughts of qualifying himself to practise either as a physician or a lawyer, and corresponded with a relative in London on the propriety of residing there for that purpose; but his views and determination were changed in consequence of the receipt of a letter by his friend, Mr. Gough, from Dr. Barnes, making inquiry for a gentleman to fill the situation of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New College, Mosley-street, Manchester. Dalton accepted the proposal, and removed hither upon his appointment to that office. He resided for about six years within this Institution, with which Dr. Barnes was contemporaneously connected as Theological Professor, and continued to hold his office until the College was finally removed to York. The volume of '*Meteorological Observations and Essays*,' though dated at Manchester, apparently from the circumstance of its being ready for publication at the point of time at which the Author removed, was written at Kendal, its original design being merely 'to explain the nature of the different instruments used in Meteorology, particularly the barometer and thermometer,' and to add 'a few practical rules for judging of the weather, deduced from experience;' but the Author's plan was afterwards enlarged, by having, 'soon after this,' discovered the relation of the Aurora Borealis to magnetism. In the preface to this volume, to which much greater value attaches than that merely appertaining to it as the first avowed publication of so great a man, Dalton remarks upon the difficulties which beset his early pursuit of knowledge:— 'It will be sufficiently evident, (says he) that I have not had a superabundant assistance from books, in providing and digesting the matter contained in the following pages; by an attentive consideration of facts, I have drawn conclusions, in some instances, which had formerly been done, though unknown to me at the time. * * * At the same time I acknowledge with peculiar satisfaction the friendly aid and assistance of one or two individuals, in the article of books, to one person in particular I am more peculiarly indebted, not only in this respect, but in many others; indeed, if there be anything new and of importance to science embraced in this work, it is owing, in great part, to my having had the advantage of his instructions and example, in philosophical examination.'"

This nameless friend was Mr. Gough, of Kendal, above named,

who lost his sight when quite an infant, but, who, nevertheless, became a proficient in various branches of science. On withdrawing from the college in 1799, Dalton began to teach mathematics and natural philosophy privately. His removal from Kendal to Manchester had not only extended the sphere of his rising ability, but added greatly to his means of pursuing his favourite studies. Numerous have been his publications and contributions connected with science. But—

“The greatest of those discoveries of Dr. Dalton to which a full reference will hereafter be made—the discovery, namely, of the atomic theory—first presented itself to the philosopher’s mind in 1803 or 1804. In the latter year he made some general reference to it, and he also touched upon it in his lectures in this town. In 1807 he developed his views more fully in lectures delivered at Edinburgh and at Glasgow, before the members of the two Universities. The merit, however, was not immediately awarded to him, other men claiming at least to participate the honour. Among these was Higgins, Professor of Chemistry at Dublin, who, in his lectures, boldly declared that Dalton was indebted to him for a discovery which he was claiming as his own. Several persons maintained the pretensions of Higgins, and Sir H. Davy, visiting Dublin in 1808 or 1809, was so strongly possessed by him with their justice, that on his return to London, on the occasion of reading before the Royal Society a paper on oxymuriatic acid, he appended to it a note asserting that not Dalton but Higgins was the discoverer of the atomic theory.

“This paper was of course published in the Society’s Transactions, but the volume containing it not being as usual transmitted either to the only three Fellows then resident in Manchester, (Dr. Henry, his father, and the late Charles White, Esq., to whom Davy had long been in the habit of sending his own papers as soon as they were printed) or to Dalton, who had hitherto received copies of the papers from Sir Humphrey himself, Dalton was wholly unaware of the authoritative sanction given to the pretensions of Higgins, of whose rivalry he was first apprised by Professor Leslie, on the occasion of a visit paid by him to Mr. Peter Ewart, of this town, soon after the publication of Davy’s paper. A formal controversy afterwards occurred between Davy and Dr. Thomson, the latter advocating the claims of Dalton. He himself, however, never mingled in the strife, nor could he be prevailed upon, either then or at any subsequent period, to embark in any such disputation. He has invariably left his merits to the arbitrament of the world, his sole ambition appearing to be to extend the bounds of science, without giving one thought to the applause which may be awarded to the discoverer. In this case the world has now arrived at a correct conclusion; Dalton’s merits are no longer in the balance; and Higgins is considered to have arrogated to the development of isolated facts, praises that were due to the law whereon those facts were based. The injury which he had attempted, perhaps unwittingly, to inflict upon Dalton’s fame, Sir Humphrey Davy afterwards repaired. In the last course of lectures ever delivered by him at the Royal Institution, in

1813 or 1814, speaking of the discoveries of modern times, he stated that the greatest step in science was the application of mathematics to chemistry, for which the world was indebted to Dalton."

Many honours have been conferred on him. The French Institute in Paris have distinguished him in a way becoming his eminence, as has also the Royal Society of London. Other testimonies of respect and admiration have awaited him; for although tardy the acknowledgment of his merits, it has come redundantly upon him at last. One or two passages more from the interesting biography before us of this unsophisticated man, and illustrious child of science, cannot be unwelcome.

"In 1833, a subscription was opened by some of his more ardent admirers, and the sum of 2000*l* having been raised, arrangements were made for obtaining a full-length statue of the great philosopher, from Sir Francis Chantrey, who has brought to the execution of his task, besides his great skill, a warm admiration of his subject and a proportionate desire to do him justice. The statue, when completed, will be deposited in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

"It being necessary that Chantrey should take a bust of Dalton, he was invited to visit London for that purpose. During a stay of a fortnight in the great metropolis, he was treated with the utmost consideration by scientific men, and invited to the *soirees* of the Duke of Sussex, who received him most graciously, and in a manner somewhat original. 'I am very glad to see you, (his Royal Highness is reported to have said,) I was too ill to go down to Manchester to see you, and it is very kind in you to come to town to see me.' His friends in London, also, conceived it only fitting that our townsman should pay his respects to Royalty, and arrangements were accordingly made for his presentation at the levee. Mr. Babbage undertook to escort him to the Palace, and, the then Chancellor (Lord Brougham) at once acceded to an application which was made to him to present the philosopher to his Majesty. With great skill, all the minute preparations for his appearance in such august presence, were made by his friends, and arrayed in the pompous vestments of a Doctor of Oxford, with the scarlet gown and black cap, the silk stockings, the buckles, and the whole paraphernalia of a learned courtier, our townsman mingled in the crowd of soldiers, sailors, statesmen and divines, who thronged the splendid apartments of St. James's, where he was very graciously received by the King. About the same time, some acknowledgment of his great deserts was made by the Government, in conferring upon him a pension. It was publicly announced at Cambridge, at a meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, of which the first meeting had been held at York. Dalton attended this meeting, and took an active part in the business of the various sections, in which he had, almost for the first time, an opportunity of communicating freely with the scientific men of the day, all of whom offered him every mark of respect. The next meeting of the Association was held in the following year at Oxford, and the University availed themselves of his presence to present him with the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. A public convocation was held for the purpose of conferring the same honour

on Sir David Brewster, Faraday and Brown, each of whom was introduced by Dr. Phillimore, in a Latin oration, to the Vice-Chancellor. Dalton was the last presented, and great as had been the applause bestowed on the other three philosophers, he carried away the meed of their warmest approbation.

"The next meeting of the British Association was held at Edinburgh, and again distinctions were forced upon him. The Town Council presented to him the freedom of the city. In the same year (1834) the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D., his diploma being signed by nearly thirty of the Professors, and he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of that city. In 1835, Dr. Dalton once more attended the meeting of the Association in Dublin, where he was honourably noticed, and invited to partake of the hospitalities of the Castle.

"Although seduced by these meetings to a short absence from his laboratory, Dr. Dalton is not a frequent traveller. For many years, however, he has paid a periodical visit to his native mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, pursuing there his philosophical investigations of the constitution of the atmosphere. On these occasions he invariably ascends Helvellyn, and often Skiddau, from the double impulse of gratifying his ruling passion for enquiry, and an ardent admiration of nature and the beauties of those magnificent regions. In his younger days, his passion for grand and picturesque scenery led him to visit various parts of the kingdom: on one of these tours he spent a day with the celebrated James Watt, at his residence near Birmingham—a day of which he has ever since entertained and expressed a pleasing recollection.

"But his annual tour is not the only interval from study which Dr. Dalton permits himself. As the records of his life must testify, he is not less remarkable for the great powers of his mind, than for the extreme industry, the indomitable insensibility to fatigue or weariness, with which he pursues his daily avocations. No sooner is the fast of the morning broken, than Dr. Dalton repairs to his laboratory, where he remains teaching his pupils, and, at the same time, pursuing his manipulations, till nine at night. These long hours of mental toil have for years been persisted in during six days in the week, with the exception of the Thursday afternoon, which Dr. Dalton has allowed himself as a period of relaxation, in the society of a number of gentlemen who meet in the country for the same healthful object as their illustrious associate."

There are other biographical notices of living literary characters in these pages, which will well repay a perusal, and to which we have pleasure in calling attention. Not only the works, but the lives of those authors whose faces may be familiar to us, or who may be daily heard of in certain circles of society, we are apt to regard as public property, because such men are looked upon as public characters. We are also tempted to think that there must be something more strikingly uncommon in the early career and daily habits of those gifted beings to whom all nature, external, and human, and spiritual, opens her treasures, her beauties; to whom the lovely, the pure, and the good, is ever ministring delight; than

in the case of any other of the race, be they warriors or statesmen. And so long as the disclosures do not feed a morbid appetite for gossip and scandal, and only trace the history of the dawn, the struggles, the waywardness of genius as respects its choice and its workings, we do not see that the confidence of friendship, or the personal feelings of individuals can take offence, or require to be consulted ; whilst, on the other hand, the domain of mind may be expanded, and its archives more widely circulated. Our fourfold list will please the majority of our readers, who have any considerable acquaintance with the progress of the late and current literature of the nation.

“CHARLES SWAIN is, by birth, education, association, and feeling, ‘a Manchester man.’ He was born in October, 1803, his father being a native of Knutsford, or its neighbourhood, and his mother of Amsterdam. He was sent in due time a pupil to the Rev. W. Johns, who conducted a well supported school in George-street : under that gentleman his scholastic education begun and ended. At the early age of fourteen, his father having been dead eight years, Swain was put into the dye-works of his uncle, Mr. Tavaré, under whom, with what philosophy he might, the aspiring young man pursued the unpoetical avocation of a dyer for fourteen years. But, not to say it jestingly, *dyeing* was, and ever had been, uncongenial to the taste of Charles Swain : he had caught a glimpse of Parnassus, and he longed to climb its dizzy height. Whilst yet so young he may be said to have been an imitator of the swan ; for as that fair bird sings itself to death, so Swain whilst *dyeing* was ever tuning his harp in praise of the muses. He first appeared in print in the pages of the ‘Manchester Iris,’ in some verses dedicated to Thalia. Three years subsequently, namely in March, 1825, a poem bearing his initials, and entitled ‘The Escaped Convict,’ graced the pages of the Literary Gazette ; and from that time he contributed liberally to several of the magazines and other periodicals of the day. In 1827 he brought together these fugitive performances in a volume ‘Metrical Essays on subjects of History and Imagination.’ About the year 1830 he published his ‘Beauties of the Mind,’ which in 1832 he republished in a revised and expanded form under the title of ‘The Mind and other Poems.’ In the same year he also sent forth a little poem of great merit on the death of Sir Walter Scott, entitled ‘Dryburgh Abbey.’ This production may safely be said to have travelled over the world, the booksellers of the continent and America having eagerly laid hold of and republished it. The ‘Metrical Essays’ elicited a warm and general eulogium from the metropolitan and provincial press ; but ‘The Mind’ stamped Charles Swain’s reputation in the literary world. Southey has said of it and of its author, ‘Swain’s poetry is made of the right materials. If ever man were born to be a poet he was ; and if Manchester is not proud of him *yet*, the time will certainly come when it will be so.’

“Charles Swain, it has already been remarked, was averse to dyeing. He hated logwood and turkey-red preparations ; and it would seem the atmosphere of a dye-house, (to him verily a ‘lazar house of many woes’)

with its pestilent air inhaled during the day in conjunction with the oil of a midnight lamp too closely adhered to, so shattered his health, that he was necessitated to change his pursuits. His constitution was, in fact, seriously deranged, and as a lighter and more genial occupation, he located himself in a bookseller's shop, in partnership with Mr. Dewhurst. After a two years' trial, however, this undertaking was abandoned, and Mr. Swain has latterly entered the world of trading-professionalists as an engraver and lithographer, with success, we trust, commensurate to his wishes. Let us hope that the din of trade and the musical clangour of children's voices (for Mr. Swain is a husband and a father) may not stifle the voice of poetry within him, but that he may still live in his vocation long enough to wear the crown which fame is weaving for him.

"T. K. HERVEY was born either at Paisley or Glasgow. He is the oldest of his family by his father's second marriage, and was brought to Manchester by his parents whilst yet an infant. He resided in the town for many years, and served a clerkship to the law, in the office of Messrs. Sharp, Eccles and Crie: subsequently he resided and studied two years at Cambridge. He entered at the Bar, and has served the terms necessary to qualify him for that honourable profession, but he was never 'called.' He is Author of the 'Poetical Sketch Book'—'The Devil's Progress'—and 'The Book of Christmas,'—besides other fugitive pieces, of which the most beautiful is his 'Convict Ship.' He has also written several tales and sketches, which have earned the approbation they have met with. The picture of the Dying Hebrew in 'The Devil's Progress' is the most beautiful and sublime of all his poetical compositions. Mr. Hervey has not for many years resided in Manchester.

"WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH is another of the small phalanx of literary men destined to attain some permanent distinction, whom Manchester claims as her own by birth. His father was a respectable solicitor, and the son was articled in his office with a view to traversing the same fate. But law was too dry a study for the future writer of romances; he gave his energies therefore to the cultivation of a natural taste for literature, which his associations, his residence in London as a law student, and his subsequent connexion by marriage with the family of Mr. Heber, tended to confirm and strengthen. His first production was a series of Winter Tales—his next the Romance of Sir John Chiverton (of which the scene is laid at Hulme Hall.)—his third, the Novel of Rookwood—and his fourth, which is announced, but has not yet appeared, Crichton. The work which has most widely extended the Author's name is his Novel of Rookwood, in which that portion descriptive of Turpin's ride from London to York, is certainly the most graphic and life-like delineation in our language. There are also a few poems interspersed through the book, which in themselves betoken a mind of very high order. The forthcoming work of 'Crichton,' report ranks even more exaltedly than its precursors. Mr. Ainsworth has not resided in Manchester since his marriage, nor does he now trouble himself with the cares of law.

"DE QUINCEY, the author of the celebrated 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' was born, it is said, in the house at present known by the name of the Princes' Tavern, in Cross-street. He was of an original turn of mind even when a youth, and one of his earliest exploits was the running

away from the public school in which he had been placed by his guardians, because he considered himself a better Grecian than his tutor. He was in fact an excellent classic, and at the age of fifteen, 'not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment,' so perfectly, that one of his own masters, who was himself a scholar, has said of him 'that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than I could address an English one.' After having repeatedly written to one of his guardians, requesting to be sent to College, without receiving any favourable reply, he resolved so soon as his seventeenth birth-day should arrive to quit the school for ever, and no longer to rank as a boy. Accordingly, having borrowed ten guineas from a lady of rank who had known him from childhood, he arose stealthily on a bright morning in July, with breathless silence stole away from the classic ground he had been treading for the last two years, and bent his steps towards Wales. For some time he wandered about enduring the extremest hardships and privations, until at length a reconciliation took place between his friends and himself, and he proceeded to the University. In 1822 he finished his 'Confessions,' to which those who are not already acquainted with them may refer for such particulars as may be interesting in the life of this author. In Tait's Magazine, also, will be found several of his cleverest papers—amongst others a memoir of the opium-eating Coleridge. Mr. De Quincey has for some time resided abroad.

It must not, however, be supposed that we have named, or had described in these extracts, all the sons and citizens of the manufacturing metropolis of England, in times past or present, that have successively and successfully wooed the muses, cultivated the sciences and arts, or otherwise brought an increase to the treasures of knowledge and the triumphs of mind. To Mr. Wheeler's volume we must refer for a fuller record; but we trust enough has been said and cited to show that the work is highly creditable to his industry and judgment, and worthy of the patronage of the inhabitants of Manchester. This patronage will be felt to be the more becoming and well bestowed, when they understand that at some future day, if successful in his first effort, the author intimates he may enlarge his history—his past labours, of course, affording him facilities for such an extended work, which, probably no one else can command, and which no one is so likely to seek or to obtain.

ART. X.—*The History of Party; from the Rise of the Whig and Tory Factions, in the Reign of Charles II., to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE, Esq., Barrister at Law, Author of "Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke," &c. Vol. II. A. D. 1714—1762. London: Macrone. 1837.

THE present volume comprises the reigns of the Georges, First and Second, and the commencement of that of the Third, down to the

dismissal of the first Pitt. In every respect this portion of the work maintains the high character of its predecessor, in so far as Mr. Cooke's share in it is concerned. Indeed, we have experienced considerably deeper interest from its perusal than the other afforded us. The period treated of, and the great actors in it, come nearer to our own times, and we more fully sympathise with them. There is a more advanced stage in the progress of free institutions discovered, the people are seen to be gradually assuming and obtaining a more independent footing and a louder voice in the government of the empire, while the struggles of parties, though probably as keen and unprincipled as during the early history of the Whigs and Tories, are not so sanguinary and revoltingly violent. The period embraced, in short, affords gratifying evidence of greater civilization than that which the former volume exhibited—whether the general aspect of the nation, or the public character of individuals be regarded. On the part of the author too, there is more freedom of manner, more confident command of the subject, and a better sustained and jointed flow of narrative than he previously displayed. We therefore anticipate, taking all these general matters into view, that the next volume, which is to conclude the work, will even establish additional claims upon public favour, and especially upon the attention of all those who desire to become masters of the constitutional history of England, which in the struggles of party come often to be explained and tested.

It has been objected to Mr. Cooke's work, that it rather contains the history of administrations than of parties. But what other method could be so conveniently or satisfactorily adopted, or that would so clearly and succinctly convey the temper and opinions of great masses and divisions of a nation, than to seize upon those representatives and leaders, whose heads and hearts were alone, or chiefly made manifest, and have as statesmen alone occupied the pages of annalists, or other observers of the human race? We have heard it objected, too, that our author is a Whig, and necessarily a partial historian. Now, if there were found a writer, who could not, or would not, make up his mind as to certain great subjects of human investigation and doctrine, merely because they are complicated, or may have divided the wisest and best of men, we confess that we should place very slight reliance upon the decisions of his head or heart; we would not have a lukewarm historian upon the plea that he would therefore be impartial. Such an author could not picture the complexion of an age, nor fathom the motives of any party as construed by the conduct of energetic and strong-hearted leaders. But let the chronicler of events, and the interpreter of human actions, undisguisedly state what is his creed, and the grounds of every important conclusion at which he arrives, and the consequence will be that we shall be both

pleased and instructed, though we may differ from him after all, either owing to the inadequacy or the contrariety of the premises to that creed. Mr. Cooke is one of these undisguised and reasoning writers ; and the judgment which a Tory most likely will form of his work will be, that his statements of facts are fair and remarkably free from bias, but that they do not always warrant his conclusions, which, taken in the aggregate amount to this, that the country was always most prosperous when the Whigs were in power, and that of the two parties, they have been by far the most consistent both as respects their conduct when compared with their professions, and the similarity or constant maintenance of these professions.

Measuring the conduct of the two parties, however, Mr. Cooke's work does not afford us ground for thinking highly either of the one or the other, if they are to be judged according to the standard of patriotism or disinterested ends. The chief labour, some of the grandest mental displays, and the severest conflicts recorded in the present volume, were called forth by the selfish ambition which said, that to get into office was the greatest triumph, and to keep in the greatest good ; pride, personal aggrandizement, vindictive feelings very often have prompted our public men, and equipped them with marvellous dexterity. Many of them have shamefully deserted friends, and long avowed principles, in pursuit of some sordid end. Yet, however sorely victimized the nation may have been by these malpractices, and by the consequences of these base motives, or however degrading and disastrous the conduct of unprincipled and flagitious statesmen may prove when merely regarded as a conspicuous and tempting example to future persons entrusted with power, perhaps it may be thought that the personal gain is entitled in the sight of the individual transgressor to be considered a sufficient premium and reward. But let us ask, by referring to the reigns of the Georges, First and Second, how many statesmen during that period have earned an undying renown ?—or rather, how few whose names are now familiar to the ear, whose patriotic deeds blaze on the page of history ? The true answer offers a chastising lesson to human nature, and to the loftiest pretensions of human virtue. Marlborough, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pitt, and Murray, will readily occur ; but even of some of these few *illustrissimi*, how numerous are the crooked deeds, and the more than questionable arts ! This, however, is a hackneyed sort of moralizing—hackneyed, because the same reflections painfully arise in every mind that has turned its observing powers in the same direction—and therefore, we now proceed to present some portions of the pages before us, in which either the importance of the matter, or the striking character of the author's manner, seems particularly worthy of being noted.

The very first chapter of the volume might be entirely extracted, both on account of its general accuracy, and strikingly particular application at the present moment of our national history. Its commencement states, that when in the year 1714, the hereditary sceptre of these kingdoms passed from the hands of the ancient dynasty, without bloodshed and without any apparent struggle, the revolution was unparalleled in the annals of nations. Let us see how Mr. Cooke accounts for the wonder.

"This event was caused by the active zeal and suddenly exerted energy of one of the great factions, and by the fear, the surprise, and the disunion of the other.

"Of these factions the Tories were at that time, although broken and inactive, the most numerous throughout the nation. A very large majority of the agricultural portion of the population has always adhered to this party. The landholders saw, in the power which they themselves exercised over their tenantry, a miniature representation of Tory government. The feudal feeling, which expired without leaving a trace of existence among the inhabitants of towns, was little more than modified among the cultivators of the fields. The descendant of the feudal lord succeeded to his possessions, and almost to his power; his tenantry derived from their fathers an hereditary loyalty to his house, they claimed an interest in the honour of its representative. This was an instance of the patriarchal state which, under favouring circumstances, the Tories have delighted to eulogize; it is not surprising that the possessor of such influence should look with horror upon principles calculated to disturb it, should declare war against a system which promised, eventually, to make those who were then, upon all political subjects, the mere doers of his will, reasoning men and independent agents.

"There were few of this class of men who were numbered among the Whigs, but these exceptions were generally found among those who were most eminent for wealth and intellect. Those whose possessions were of sufficient extent to give them importance in the higher house of legislation could, as they mingled in the world, correct the prejudices imbibed during their childhood. It required, however, honesty as well as intelligence to disavow errors which gave them power.

"Hence we may perhaps draw the reason, that the smaller landholder was universally a Tory; the clergyman whom he patronized was a Tory by education, almost by profession, since, the smaller benefices being generally in the hands of the second-rate land-owners, the inferior clergy were compelled to adopt the politics of the patron to whom they looked for preferment; the tenantry were Tories because they were habituated to the influence of the landlord, and were accustomed to receive, as incontrovertible truths, the political sermons of the rector; they were Tories also, because they were sunk in ignorance and knew no other creed, because not one in ten of them could read, and those few who possessed this rare acquirement never thought of exercising it upon the subject of politics. Political pamphlets never penetrated to the remote dwellings of the agriculturalist; their sphere of circulation was confined to cities.

"While the villages and smaller towns were monopolized by Tories, the

larger cities, the manufacturing districts, and the ports of commerce, formed the strongholds of the Whigs. Here there existed no shadow of that hereditary connexion between landlord and tenant, so powerful in the country; here the usual pursuits of handicraft or commerce required some rudiments of education, or at least, some mental exertion. The faculties for acquiring the first elements of knowledge were incalculably greater; no guide was present, upon whom the mind was accustomed indolently to lean, and from whom it was thought heretical, nay, atheistical, to dissent. The press was at work, it produced nothing but controversy; society was more general, the clash of opinions was more frequent. Here, where all were contending, every man must think for himself, and a mind once accustomed to independence would naturally prefer a system essentially progressive, whose action was bounded only by the confines of a rational moderation, to one which was fettered by precedents and enclosed within dogmas.

"The Tories of the manufacturing and populous districts were usually those whom some connexion with a Tory government, or some family influence had directed in the choice of a party, or those who, having acquired great wealth, thought only of its preservation, and dreaded the slightest departure from ancient rule, as subversive of the rights of property.

"The class which formed the strength of the Whig party had greatly increased in consequence and resources since the expulsion of James. The wars by which England had wiped away the accumulated degradation she had suffered from France had given an impetus to commerce, and had called into being a new class of persons, whose interest was distinct from that of the landholder. The ministers of William and Anne had mortgaged the land and the industry of the kingdom for the supply of its immediate exigencies. That powerful body, which soon became known as the moneyed interest, was the immediate offspring of the expedient, and increased in influence as the debt became augmented. The merchants, who gained by the vast expenditure of these years, commonly became the holders of the national mortgages, and gradually began to rival in wealth and influence those who drew their income and honours from the possession of land. This circumstance greatly increased the power of the Whig party."

How much stronger have those classes become in later times, whose wealth, intelligence, and interests, attach them to political facilities and social improvements! Our author, after the above opening, proceeds to sketch the history and character of the leaders both of the Whig and Tory parties, who figured at the period when George the First came to the British throne. The eloquent but apostatizing William Pulteney, was eminent among the former party. He was descended of an ancient English family, his predecessors having been Whigs ever since such a distinctive name had grown into use. He was, when a student at Oxford, a youth of so much promise and ability, that he was selected to deliver the congratulatory speech to Queen Anne upon her visit to Christ Church. Afterwards he travelled in foreign parts, and when he returned to Eng-

land, was a person distinguished not merely by his natural abilities, and his acquired learning, but by the extent of his observation. His conduct and progress as a senator offer some valuable hints, and are, as given by our author, exceedingly interesting.

"Pulteney's conduct in the house was cautious: he made no attempt to dazzle by a brilliant and well-learned speech delivered upon some important debate: for it was his maxim, that there were few real orators who commenced with set speeches. He applied himself to the study of the practice and the temper of the house, and exercised himself cautiously and concisely upon unimportant topics. It was only gradually, therefore, that Pulteney's powers of oratory became developed; the house had been occasionally startled by the bitterness of a passing sarcasm, or impressed with the justice of a single remark; but it was not until the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne that he began to compete in excellence with the first orators among the Commons. He is then said to have centred the chief advantages which can give effect to the harangue of a speaker. 'He was,' says the fastidious Chesterfield, 'the most complete orator and debater in the house of commons—eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and even tears at his command.' Pulteney possessed great fluency of speech, flexibility of voice, and grace in delivery; his arguments were well chosen and forcibly presented; according to the hyperbolical description of his biographer, 'it is impossible for the thought of man to conceive with what dexterity he unravelled such points as seemed most arduous, and detected the false gloss that was put upon them to conceal their imperfections.' By the testimony of his contemporaries, he appears to have united the most opposite advantages; so clear was his apprehension, that he could readily simplify the most involved accounts, making their purport plain even to the distracted attention of a large assembly; so lively was his fancy, and so brilliant his declamation that, upon a more general subject, he compelled the house to admire and follow him; so perfect was his knowledge of the classics, that delicate allusions and apt quotations were always at his command, to shed their light over even the most unpromising subjects; and so exquisite was his art, that he always persuaded those who heard him, that he felt every sentiment which he uttered.

"Such was the eloquence which this great man displayed, when at the height of his reputation and in the full blaze of his popularity. We are told, however, that this power of speech was the growth of time and practice, and, doubtless, although Pulteney had vindicated the principles of the revolution at the time of the impeachment of Sacheverell—had defended Walpole, when expelled the house of commons, and had battled, during years of Tory supremacy, by the side of the Whigs, it was only recently that he had acquired the reputation and influence of a leader."

His private character was far from being worthy of imitation. He was passionate, addicted to convivial pleasures, yet avaricious, and, according to the following account, dishonest.

"No man was more punctual in paying his tradesmen; but it is said that it was, when Earl of Bath, his custom to amass a great quantity of Portuguese coin of all sorts, from pieces of the value of 4s. 6d. to those of 3d. 12s. ;

all which he was extremely expert in reckoning. The tradesman who received them was expected to be as quick in counting them as himself, and if he was not, he was told to despatch or call again. Many of course received their money, and took it away uncounted; but none ever did so without afterwards discovering that there was a very considerable miscalculation, which was always in favour of the payer. These instances of parsimonious habits, if true, must rather be looked upon as eccentricities, than as proofs of a dominant and continual avarice: but such anecdotes are usually useful, rather to show what contemporaries thought probable to have occurred, than to tell us what did occur. They derive their consequence rather from their currency than their truth. If Pulteney's avarice tempted him in earlier life to be niggardly in his hospitality, and in his old age to put a dotard's cheat upon his tradesmen, it does not therefore follow that he was through life a miser. On the contrary, we learn that, when a young man, he subscribed liberally to a very unprofitable loan, made by the Whig party, to the emperor during the negotiations at Utrecht. Even Chesterfield, who has deepened every shadow in his character, allows that he affected good nature and compassion, and admits that, perhaps, he might feel the sorrows and distresses of his fellow-creatures; when he adds, 'his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them,' he is directly contradicted by Dr. Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester, who averred, of his own knowledge, that Pulteney bestowed the tenth part of his income in charitable uses."

This last observation furnishes an opening for the remarks, which we have had occasion very often to make in going over the pages before us, and which, we fear, will have to be repeated no less frequently in future times, when the annals of the present age come to be consulted; it is this, that there is so much personal virulence or favouritism engendered by political partizanship, as to set any thing like unreserved faith in historical memoirs completely at defiance; so that while we know that the leaders of parties are exposed to manifold temptations to abuse their opportunities, they are also, like all other conspicuous objects, exposed to injurious storms and unmerited assaults.

The character which our author draws of George the First, if it contain nothing that is striking on account of its novelty, has at least the merit of being brief, and of bringing under a glance the whole man. We cite it as a fair specimen of Mr. Cooke's ordinary style and impartiality.

"George the First had passed his life in the rule of a petty principality his ideas of government had radiated as far as the frontiers of his electorate, and had been stopped by its confines; habit had formed them to their sphere, and even when transplanted into a nobler field, they refused to germinate. George upon the throne of England was still only the Elector of Hanover; he was ignorant of the language, he hated the habits, he was even impatient of the acclamations of his new subjects. Lazy and inactive, and therefore lowly sensual, even in his pleasures, the ordinary duties of his station were to him intolerably wearisome; his disregard of splendour, and

his utter ignorance of ambition, took from these onerous duties their corresponding rewards; what wonder, therefore, that he thought little of the honour or advantage of a nation he did not understand, and in questions of foreign policy looked only to the interests of his own electorate?

"This partiality to his native country cannot be objected personally against this prince, it was the price which the nation paid upon changing the family of its kings. At the age of fifty-four, George had the formed habits of a German; it was England's misfortune, not his fault, that he did not possess or seek any knowledge of our history, our laws, or our constitution.

"In his private character, although jealous and resentful, this prince was not without benevolence, and, although dull and phlegmatic, he was not destitute of ordinary ability, nor, when among those whose company he chiefly affected, even of pleasantry. A rare instance is recorded of a happy and ready repartee—too curious an achievement for George I. to be omitted:—At the time of the Scotch rebellion, Bishop Atterbury, so celebrated as a Jacobite, a scholar, and, as his contemporaries judged, a deist, was detailing to the king, with many expressions of affected sorrow, the progress the rebels had made. 'My Lord Bishop,' interrupted the king, 'I fear the rebels as little as you do Jesus Christ.'

"The disadvantageous parts of the king's character were already well known to the nation, as they had been carefully sketched and artfully heightened by the emissaries of the Stuarts; they were also the most prominent and obvious features: his simplicity, economy, and love of peace, required time to be developed and appreciated."

There were two remarkable Bills which the Whigs introduced during the reign of George the First—one of which passed, the other not—and regarding them Mr. Cooke's tenets and modes of reasoning may be very justly tested; we refer to the Septennial and the Peerage Bills. The former, he characterises as a bold and unconstitutional, but necessary assumption of power. There was reason to fear that without such a measure, the election that was about to be regularly resorted to, would send to the House of Commons a Tory majority—a party who had become Jacobite—and that the ensuing Session would have to be opened by James the Third. It is, however, amusing, he remarks, to note some of the arguments with which the supporters of this Bill maintained their ground, which furnish a remarkable instance of how easily men adopt any propositions, when they have once become converts to the conclusion they appear to favour. He continues—"Unwilling to manifest any distrust of the electors, and denying that they were at all unpopular, the Whigs became suddenly awake to the great inconvenience of popular tumults, the debaucheries occasioned by elections, and the corruption of the morals and principles of the people. They sighed over the animosities which these frequent contests created throughout the country, and declaimed against the exorbitance of their expense as ruinous to the candidates. They appropriated for the occasion all the common-places of Toryism, and paraded inconveniences which are as powerful to prove that

Parliaments should endure twenty years as that they should last for seven." Perhaps some may also charge our author with inconsistency, and wilful blindness when, after all this, he says, that this "bold and unconstitutional" act is not now-a-days a matter of "practical importance," being neutralized by the average duration of Parliaments.

With respect to the Peerage Bill, Mr. Cooke's animadversions and censures are more decided.

"The next enterprise of the Whigs was one which can admit of no defence. It was an undisguised attempt to perpetuate the power of their faction, at the expense of the constitution. I allude to the Peerage bill, which was, in 1719, introduced into the house of lords, and which, although for a short time abandoned, at length passed that assembly. The Whigs now possessed so decided a majority in the peers, that the only means by which the Tories could hope to carry on the government, upon the accession of the prince, was a large creation; and they did not conceal their intention of following the precedent which their own party had established in the reign of Queen Anne. Sunderland, aware that they would not scruple to put this threat into execution, prevailed upon the king to sanction a bill, by which the crown surrendered the right of unlimited creation. This, like the Septennial bill, was an efficient provision against an expected exigence; but, like that measure also, it established a certain and permanent change, as a provision against a contingent and temporary danger. The change, however, now proposed to be effected was infinitely more important, and its noxious character was far less problematical than had been that of lengthening the duration of parliaments. The instances are comparatively rare in which irresponsible power has been trusted to an individual, and has been used with moderation; there is no instance of it having been possessed by a body of men without being abused. The constitution, therefore, had wisely reserved a power which, although not intended to be frequently or lightly resorted to, was of infinite value, since the knowledge of its existence would frequently prevent the necessity of its exercise. By this reservation an assembly, which the ends of the constitution required should not be acted upon by every breeze of popular feeling, was nevertheless controllable by the deliberately-expressed judgment of the nation. No rational monarch, at the risk of his throne, no rational minister, at the peril of his life, would dare to put violence upon this assembly, unless he felt that the house of peers, as then constituted, was plainly hostile to the sentiments of the great majority of the nation; and unless he felt that this majority were not acting from impulse which a moment might check, but from a deliberate conviction, which would ensure permanent approbation and support. Had this responsibility been destroyed the consequences would probably have been more fatal to the peers than to the country. When commoners could no longer look up to a seat among them as an attainable object of honourable ambition, all sympathy for the order would quickly have died away; when they beheld them, as they must have beheld them, in frequent collision with their representatives, having separate interests from the body of the nation, they would look upon them as a body permanently hostile to the whole

untitled population of the kingdom. It would require only the recollection that there existed no constitutional means by which this spirit could be overcome, to suggest that where these had been found wanting, force had, heretofore, efficiently supplied the defect. A revolution, favoured by the great majority of the landholders, and the whole mercantile interest of a commercial country, could not fail of success. There can be little doubt that, had the Peerage bill succeeded, the popular indignation would ere long have swept away the house of lords.

Walpole, who was out of office, defeated the measure, although Mr. Cooke is inclined to question his motives, and to set them down to jealousy and vindictiveness.

When speaking of Marlborough's death, our author takes occasion, as is usual with other historians, to review in outline the great man's life—presumed motives of action—feelings under disappointment—and prospects as to the future. There is discriminative point in the estimate of the Duke's political principles, and by keeping it in view, one may arrive at a satisfactory solution of certain contrarieties in his public conduct. But when licence is given to the imagination, and delightful conjectures are sported concerning the delights and happiness which sentimental prognostications might afford the retired and neglected hero, we can only say that we fondly hope they were realized at Blenheim. The summary and the speculation, however, which we now quote, do honour to Mr. Cooke's head and heart.

"Since the accession of George I., Marlborough had been treated with great outward courtesy, and real neglect. While levelling the colossal power of Louis XIV., and scattering and pursuing his armies, Marlborough had been so unreasonable as to postpone to the interests of Europe, the peculiar interests of the electorate of Hanover. This want of deference to the elector the King of England never could forgive. It was necessary to respect the national admiration, and to retain him in public employment; but he was allowed no particle of influence. So little was he consulted, even upon subjects supposed to be immediately under his control, that he was unable to nominate to a vacant lieutenantcy. If he wished to obtain for another a favour from the crown, he was compelled to make the application through a private friend having less distinction and more influence; but 'Don't say it is for me, or you are sure to be refused,' was his invariable and necessary injunction.

"Disgusted by such unworthy treatment, and unable, after having ruled so absolutely in the court and cabinet, to recommence the arts of an expectant courtier, Marlborough retired entirely from public life. In the magnificent domain of Blenheim, the splendid testimonial of his country's gratitude, he could fly from the present to the future; he could anticipate the time when his name would still be familiar, and his deeds still fresh in the memory of all, when the acts of his contemporaries had ceased to interest, and their names were with difficulty remembered. Neither the neglect of a court, nor the more tormenting tyranny of an ignoble vice, could render unhappy a man who had such a refuge. If, during the

declining days of Marlborough, the present was dim and cheerless, he could, while reason yet remained, look back upon acts whose brightness even the treachery and meanness of Lord Churchill could not destroy, and forward into fields of time, where his glories should only be more widely diffused, as the deeds whence they radiated became more distant.

"As a political chief, we have seen Marlborough the leader and mainstay of each party alternately. In this character we must record his acts, but it would be vain to attempt to trace them to any principles of government. The early part of his life was spent in working out the fortune of a courtier; so long as he strove only to attain this object, or to preserve it when attained, he continued a Tory. His manhood was spent in building up the fame of a soldier. War—the prostration of France—was his object, and, as the Whigs alone were heartily inclined to second him in this, Marlborough became a Whig. I believe it was the bitter hatred he conceived for Oxford, the persecution he suffered from the Tories, and the controlling influence of the masculine mind of his duchess, strong, even when yoked with that of a hero, that preserved his party consistency. I can remember no proof that he was ever governed by any theoretical preference for a peculiar principle of government."

Of one among the last of Walpole's battles, the following presents a graphic sketch. It also affords a striking picture of the stratagies sometimes resorted to by parties, when the floor of the House of Commons becomes the theatre of their explosion.

"On the 21st the government members were startled upon entering the house of commons to find the opposition benches crowded with the whole strength of the party. It was evident that no effort had been spared to bring up every vote at their command; cripples had been brought in upon their crutches, and sick men, enveloped in bandages and nightcaps, proclaimed the importance of an occasion which had drawn them from their beds. Meanwhile so well had the secret been kept that the government benches were empty, and no business of importance had been expected. The appearance of the house was explained, when Pulteney rose and in a speech of great power arraigned the conduct of the minister in the prosecution of the war. He concluded with a motion, to refer those papers relating to the subject which had been produced, to a secret committee. Upon this demonstration messengers were, of course, despatched in all directions. As the debate was industriously drawn out, the ministerial retainers gradually arrived, and, although so completely outmanœuvred in the first instance, Walpole compensated by his diligence for his want of preparation.

"When each party had ready every vote they could hope to muster the debate was concluded, and the most extraordinary artifices were adopted to influence the division. The Prince of Wales, who was present, astonished at the number of invalids who were being carried into the house, exclaimed to General Churchill, who sat near him, 'They have got together the lame, the halt, and the blind,' — 'Yes, the lame on our side, the blinds on yours,' was the reply. Two of these invalids and a gentleman who had recently lost a relation, and could not appear with decency for want of a suit of mourning, had been impressed by Lord Walpole,

and kept in a room opening into the house, which he held as auditor of the exchequer; some opposition members getting information of this stuffed the keyhole of the door with sand. At the critical moment the key was found useless, and three votes were thus lost. Upon the division the defection of two Tory members turned the scale, giving Walpole the majority of two, which would otherwise have been against him.

We go forward to a period when a man, whose patrimonial fortune was small, whose birth was far from being of the first rank, and whose family could not command extensive influence, came to the helm of affairs, and let the people know something of their rightful powers—we mean the elder Pitt—he, who when first he got into Parliament, though only a subaltern in the army, drew from Walpole while admiring and trembling, these words, “we must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse!” When he became minister, with the confidence of a master mind, he proceeded to fulfil the prophecy which he had uttered in the former year to the Duke of Devonshire—viz. that “he was sure he could save the country, and he was equally sure no man else could.”

“From the moment that he assumed the reins of government the panic which had paralyzed our efforts disappeared; instead of mourning over former disgraces, and dreading future defeats, the nation assumed, in a moment, an air of confidence, and awaited with impatience for tidings of victory. The narrator of party-struggles has nothing to do with this era; party was extinct; the mastery of Pitt’s genius was felt in every bosom; dazzled by his genius, born onward by a tide of success, the nation followed his counsels as the dictates of a superior being, and rose, as one man, to do his bidding. France, lately so insolent, felt his power and bled from every limb; that people, who lately revelled in the anticipation of invading and plundering Britain, now fled the seas at our approach, and trembled, even upon their own shores. In each of the four quarters of the globe were our arms at the same time triumphant; in each our alliance was deemed the best assurance of safety.

“It was not the Whig or the Tory party which did all this—it was William Pitt. The plan of operations was his, his colleagues heard and obeyed. ‘It will be impossible to have so many ships prepared so soon,’ objected Lord Anson, when Pitt had projected the expedition to Rochfort. ‘If,’ was the reply, ‘these ships are not ready at the time specified I shall impeach your Lordship in the house of commons.’—The ships were ready.

“Pitt was one of those few men who have been able to serve their country without submitting to the bondage of a party. He was a Whig in the best and purest sense of that term. He was such as Russell would have been had nature bestowed upon him genius, and fortune the government of an empire. When was the voice of the first Pitt ever raised against the rights of the people? who has ever been so constant and so eloquent in their defence? He was foremost among those who sought to promote the happiness of the many, by recovering the usurpations of the few; and whenever the all-engrossing subject of the war allowed him

a moment for domestic legislation, his measures testified the colour of the principles whence they sprung. Let his militia bill show that he was not afraid to trust even the power of the sword in the hands of the people."

This is a lofty character, but not more lofty than deserved. It is delightful and refreshing to alight upon such a noble instance of prodigious genius, which made the nation bend in something like an attitude of adoration to it, so deeply imbued with public virtue and private worth, as shone in the character of the immortal Chatham. On the comparison between Russell and Pitt, our author afterwards remarks, that it is not to be supposed that they held precisely the same sentiments upon the principles of government—that the former sought only for the people an exemption from tyranny, while the latter demanded for them a large share of political power. The distinction is good; but then we ought to consider the different circumstances and periods in which each flourished, and then the enlightened and unflinching policy of each may claim a closer resemblance.

The last extract that we have room for, describes the character of George the Third, at the time he ascended the throne. We are not going to canvass its accuracy, nor indeed, was it our intention, in taking up the volume, to do more than to speak generally of its merits, and afford an opportunity to our readers to judge of it for themselves; the topics handled being of a nature, which every one will pronounce upon, probably, according to some former bias. We may add a single sentence, however, regarding Mr. Cooke's merits as a writer, and say, that with few exceptions he composes correctly, forcibly, and easily; but on some occasions there are symptoms of labour and false ornament.

"George III. was in his twenty-third year when he ascended the throne. His education had not been that which is calculated to form a wise or a popular monarch. His tutors, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Scott, were men of sense, learning, and good intentions; but they had little to do with the moulding of the mind of their pupil. This prince's early youth had been passed in the nursery, amid the adulation of weak women and ignorant pages; and he emerged from this tutelage only to become an instrument in the hands of his mother to work a petty opposition to his grandfather. Being thus continually in the hands of persons whose interest it was to flatter and deceive, we cannot expect to find him possessed of any knowledge of mankind, or evincing any powers of self-control. His character is, nevertheless, a most singular consequence of such an education; and we are rather inclined to wonder at finding him what he was, than disappointed at not finding him what we could wish him to have been. We expect to see in a youth accustomed from infancy to unvaried indulgence, never subjected to control, and living at a period when morality was so little esteemed that vice dispensed with a disguise, strong passions which discover themselves in headlong vices and glittering virtues. But George

was destitute of both. The Earl of Waldegrave, who enjoyed such peculiar opportunities of knowing him, has sketched his character when he was entering on his twenty-first year, and his sketch bears internal evidence of faithful resemblance. According to this authority, he possessed abilities which, although not excellent, wanted only a proper cultivation to be tolerable: he was honest, but not generous; religious, but not charitable; willing to act justly, but not active to discover what was just; indifferent to pleasure, but averse to business; not violent in his resentments, but moody, sullen, and unforgiving towards those who provoked or incurred his displeasure."

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*Impressions of Italy, and other Poems.* By the LADY E. STUART WORTLEV. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

THIS lady's feelings are amiable and tender, and she occasionally expresses herself naturally and happily. But why does she write so much, or why does she not bestow more pains upon that which she publishes? Here we have poems about Italy, miscellaneous poems, and songs, almost innumerable—filling an octavo volume of more than three hundred pages. We have looked over the whole in search of some superior bit, that will occupy little space. But really there is so much sameness throughout, that, open anywhere at random, we cannot do our poetess injustice. The following from "*Songs, &c.*, from unpublished poems," is certainly not an unfavourable specimen. It is called, "*Alone! I love to be alone.*"

"Alone! I love to be alone,
Wandering in silence, fancy-free,
By none addressed—approached by none—
For then, *then*, I am most with thee!
Thy voice of music fills the air,
Thy smile of beauty fills the sky,
And though thyself thou art not there,
The world is all thy memory!
Thy memory doth enchant—illumine
The world within me and around;
Without that they were one blank gloom,
But *with* that they're as Eden found!
Alone! I would be oft alone,
And shapes unseen by others see;
And hear sweet voices heard by none—
Shapes?—voices?—nay! *but thine—but thee.*"

By far the longest poem in the volume is meant to be satirical, under the title, "*Reform—Liberty—March of Intellect—Equality.*" Let Liberals, Reformers of all classes, and Radicals, look to themselves; otherwise her ladyship will be the death of them. But many of the pieces are pathetic. Yet whether sad, gay, or sarcastic, the instances of feeble thoughts and faulty rhymes are constantly occurring. We heartily counsel the authoress to strive to avoid these defects and errors when she next comes before the public with any of her still "*unpublished poems.*"

ART. XII.—*Rabbi David Kimchi's Commentary upon the Prophecies of Zechariah. Translated from the Hebrew. With Notes, and Observations on the passages relating to the Messiah.* By the REV. A. M'CAUL, A.M. London: Duncan.

FROM the Introduction to this translation, we learn that Kimchi flourished about the time of the third Crusade, A. D. 1190, and lived through the first quarter of the thirteenth century. It is supposed that he was born at Narbonne. Of Jewish learning, Mr. M'Caul speaks in highly favourable terms, and he seems to be a perfectly competent judge. Concerning the Jewish commentators of the Hebrew Scriptures, he adopts Gesenius's words, who says, that "the judicious (Christian) commentator will know how to use much in them that is indisputably true and good; and a facility in understanding these sources is indispensably necessary to every respectable interpreter." Our translator adds, "To the reader of the English Bible, Kimchi is also of value, as he will find the translations generally confirmed, and see how very little that rabbi would have altered. Indeed, a comparison with the rabbies would show that our translators were deeply read in, and diligent in consulting the best Jewish authorities, and would go far towards proving that we have great reason to be satisfied with, and thankful for, our English translation. To the student of divinity, Kimchi and his contemporaries are of great importance, inasmuch as they may be regarded as the founders of a new school of Jewish theology." Mr. M'Caul therefore offers the present translation as a specimen, which, if favourably received, may induce him to proceed farther, since it is his wish that Kimchi's Commentary on the Prophets complete, was laid before the English public. We are sure, that were the whole so learnedly executed, and copiously illustrated as the Book that is before us, no ordinary contribution to Christian divinity would be therein found. The Notes throw much light upon Hebrew erudition and Hebrew scholars, but from the extended Observations that are appended to each chapter, whenever any reference has been made in the text to the Messiah, the chief practical good will be derived. We should think that every biblical scholar, and every minister of the Gospel, will consult this translation. Its price is only seven shillings; and considering the manner in which it is got up, and the quantity of Hebrew letter-press which is inserted, it must be pronounced extremely cheap.

ART. XIII.—*Meteorology considered in its connexion with Astronomy, Climate, and the Geographical Distribution of Animals and Plants, equally as with the Seasons and Changes of the Weather.* By PATRICK MURPHY. London: Ballière. 1836.

MR. MURPHY is an indefatigable student of the sciences immediately connected with the subject of the present volume, and from what we have glanced at in several of his works, we are inclined to think he has made considerable progress in the culture of these sciences. But there is such a quantity of pedantic egotism about him, and his inability to express himself in grammatical and intelligible English, is so deplorable, that he can never be a successful teacher of any science or art, when his instructions take the shape of a book. The Preface (which is the part of a book we

always read, immediately after catching the announcement in the title-page), of his work is more than enough to repel the reader. We cite three sentences, as examples of our author's skill in literary composition. He has been urging the necessity for the formation of a Meteorological Society, and would willingly contribute his influence towards the institution—*modestly* alluding to his own *discoveries* as a ground-work. He says—"And if in the event of being successful, and that, as being identified with the country, Englishmen of a future day, may, possibly, turn to these discoveries with feelings of pride and exultation:—what more appropriate or honourable record could those of the present day leave to future times, as to the reception afforded them at the period of their being made, than the one here proposed; having, as it would be sure to have, from its ability, the countenance and support of all good men on its side. For, as to the individual whose name happens to be associated with these discoveries—as personal considerations have had but little to do in the devoting his time and attention in the manner he has done to these subjects, as proved by the, to him, severe pecuniary losses, which, to the present, it has entailed on him." Again—"For, in a case such as this, where at the outset, or when first taken up by the author, all was obscurity; and where, consequently, commencing in darkness, and thence advancing gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees into light, the transit could not by possibility have been sudden; but, even under the most favourable circumstances, must have been the work of time; and one determined more by accident than by talent in the result." What will "Englishmen of a future day" say of this arrogance so miserably set forth? But Mr. Murphy need not fear them, but rather the additional "pecuniary losses" which his snuff-paper will entail upon him. It is not a little remarkable, and yet, it is not without a precedent, to find a man who cannot express himself in tolerable English, everlastingly interlarding his speech with French phrases and quotations. But such is so frequently the case with our author, that we advise him next time he burdens the press, to eschew entirely the language that claims an affinity with the Saxon; and at the same time to take lessons in the science of punctuation, but, above all, to study the sequences of thought. His long sentences are only half sentences.

ART. XIV.—*Remarks on Dr. Buckland's View of the Mosaic Creation, as the Last Fitting-up of the Earth: with a Notice of the Recorded Extent of the Deluge.* By ERETZSEPHER. London: Smallfield and Son. 1837.

AN able and learned examination of Dr. Buckland's explanation of the events detailed in the first chapter of Genesis, given in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, which we reviewed some months back. On the subject of the Deluge, the author argues that the relation in the original does not require it to be believed, that it was universal, or that it covered the whole globe. We recommend the pamphlet to those who either as geologists, or sincere inquirers, but hesitating believers as to the whole canon of Scripture, may have stumbled at the Mosaic account; each of whom will find in these passages ingenious and valuable suggestions, as well as expert, critical interpretations.

ART. XV.—*My Travels; a Series of Conversations with a Young Sister, after returning from Journeys in France, Italy, Malta, and Turkey.* pp. 302. London: Westley and Davis.

AMONG the multitude of books that are constantly issuing from the press, there is every now and then some unpretending little one, which, whatever may be said concerning the trashiness of the majority, and the thinly disguised trade of appropriating yet spoiling what has long ago been written by some generally neglected genius, or about an age of scribblers, convinces us, that the schoolmaster really has been abroad and is alive and active,—some little book, that in a less fertile age would have exalted the name of the author and been the vehicle of long remembrance. Here is just such a work,—written, we cannot for a moment doubt, by a young female, who has visited and closely observed the countries named in its title page. It is full of remarks which could only occur to an intelligent person of this description; often remarks, too, which have seldom or never occurred to the lords of the creation, though learned and scientific, who have set out for the avowed purpose of enlightening the world. If works upon a plan similar to the present were abundant, and introduced into our seminaries, there would be fewer novels read, and therefore fewer published.

ART. XVI.—*On Deformities of the Chest and Spine.* By WILLIAM COULSON, Surgeon, &c. Illustrated by plates. London: Hurst.

THIS work, among other things, ably treats of those direful evils which absurd custom, in the matters of tight lacing and stays has propagated and still upholds to a frightful extent. England with all its civilization and knowledge, has never been surpassed for follies of the sort alluded to; neither by semi-barbarian, nor savage nations. The system of resorting to artificial means for the purpose of controuling the natural growth of the human frame, is as outrageously practised in this country, though the parts abused may be different, as in China where small feet are in vogue, or among those American Indians where flattened heads are, or were, the surest signs of nobility of birth, and exquisite proportions. One cannot read a work like the present without being led to feel that custom can blind the common sense of a nation to the most mischievous absurdities, and that it is almost as easy for man to create something out of nothing, as to banish monstrous habits, that send thousands prematurely to the grave. All females, and all parents ought to study Mr. Coulson's work. All journalists should unite, as concerning a cause, which vitally involves public morality and good taste, in denouncing and holding up to scorn the worse than brutal practices referred to.

ART. XVIII.—*The Life of Alcuin, by Dr. F. Lorenzo Halle; translated from the German.* By J. MAY SLEE, 18mo. London: Hurst.

THIS is a very ably written work, containing the life of an extraordinary man who illumined a dark period in the history of mind and manners in
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Europe. No less a person than Charlemagne, and an era of no less mark in the history of the world than that in which he flourished, are curiously illustrated in these pages. Of the translation we must speak in the highest terms; it ought to be the means of obtaining for the talented and accomplished female who has executed this department of the performance, according to its present shape, permanent honour. We confidently predict that it will do so, and that it will be rendered the occasion of such encouragement to her as may hereafter be more voluminously shown. In point of neatness, cheapness, and intrinsic value, few modern publications can present superior claims upon the favour of the public than this "Life of Alcuin," and we are far mistaken if it do not speedily become a universal favourite with the reading public; especially with all those who love to trace the career of a great and good man, as evidenced in a literary and religious life of uncommon activity.

ART. XVIII.—*The Policy of England towards Spain considered chiefly with reference to "A Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces, &c."* London: Ridgway.

THIS pamphlet contains a searching examination and a powerful refutation of many of the statements advanced in a work lately published, which, it is understood, came from the pen of Lord Carnarvon, and which, we reviewed in our Journal for January last. It is probable that his lordship, who is a strong *Conservative*, put forth that performance,—which animadverts on the measures of our own Whig Government, frequently and severely, in reference to its policy towards Spain,—with the view of strengthening the party to which he belongs, during the present session of parliament. But if such have been his motives at the particular juncture of time which he chose for the publication of his book, it is not less probable that some one of the able adherents of Lord Melbourne's administration has, with an equal regard to the season, undertaken this reply and review. But whoever the writer, or whatever his motives may be, he proves himself singularly well acquainted with the past history, and present condition of Spain; particularly is he well-armed as respects the interests and duties of Great Britain towards that nation, and the state of feeling which it reciprocates with us, as well as to the precise causes of insurrection that actuate the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces. On each and all of the questions which divide the political parties in England concerning Spain, the present writer detects extraordinary mistakes and ignorance in the noble author's accounts and reasonings; so that to every one who takes a deep interest in the affairs of the peninsula, or who is ill-informed regarding the Spanish people, and to all, especially, who have read Lord Carnarvon's delightful but one-sided volumes, this pamphlet ought to be heartily recommended. Lord Palmerston has found an efficient advocate in its author.

ART. XIX.—*The State of the Question as to Steam Navigation with India.* By CAPTAIN MELVILLE GRINDLAY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

THE impracticability of Steam Navigation to India by the Euphrates is now confessed, and the only route that remains to be thought of is by the Red Sea. The practicability of such communication by this line is not doubted; the expense attending its establishment and continuance, is not apprehended to be great; while the advantages, social, political, and commercial, which would attend it, must be vast and incalculable. We only wonder that active measures, and a strenuous effort have not a year or two ago been applied towards the completion of the means by which this line of intercourse is to be opened. We cannot, however, on considering the wealth, and the spirit of enterprize, of which England can boast, or the magnitude of the interests at stake, believe that the matter will much longer remain in this state of uncertainty. At any rate the blame of supineness will not lay at the door of the author of the pamphlet before us, which details clearly, succinctly, and forcibly, the bearings of the whole subject; and earnestly urges upon his countrymen, attention to its merits. The publication is not only able, but well timed: no doubt it will have its proper effect with many readers.

ART. XX.—*The Outcast.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1836.

IN the preface to this gloomy poem pains are taken to convince the reader that there is no propinquity or sort of relationship between its hero and the author. His caution, we think, might have been omitted; for it would never occur to any one, we are sure, that such a character, as the Outcast describes himself to be, could exist. However, poets are entitled to much licence, and the principal question is not as to the verisimilitude or probability of the portraiture, but the merits of the poetry which clothes the story. Well then, it does not seem due to the author to allow him any very considerable praise. The story concerns a personage of Byron's Corsair order, and does not betray the slightest originality. The poetry, though sometimes effective, is upon the whole forced, wonderfully laboured, and tiresomely redundant, both in respect of sentiment and language. The author, though a student in the school of Byron, has none of that poet's grasp of thought, power and felicity of concentration, or meteor-like imagery. He cannot limn a character by a few bold strokes, and he uniformly seems to have striven to sketch some mighty and unsurpassed features, but to have felt that he could not compass his purpose; as if the contemplated achievement failed for want of having a defined object in view. A specimen will show our meaning. Here is part of the description of the hero, but only a part; for the same sort of antithetic delineations are not only again and again resorted to in outlining this precious gentleman, but he himself, whose autobiography occupies the greater portion of the poem, is quite an adept at the same style of painting. This second Conrad thus appears at an early interview between the poet and him:—

" I look'd on him, and I felt I viewed
 A lofty spirit; but 'twas one
 That fate, in a vindictive mood,
 Had vented her despite upon.
 In his stern, proud and rugged mien,
 Though deeply scath'd, might still be seen
 The noble cast his features bore,
 His eyebrow, thickly set, bent o'er
 A dark determined glance; an eye,
 Though proud, that told of misery
 It seemed to feel, and yet defy.
 The locks that on his temples grew
 Had somewhat lost their raven hue:
 His form, though powerful still, was bent;
 His brow with many furrows rent;
 But still the eye's fierce glow and stroke
 Unquench'd, undimm'd and flashing spoke!
 It told—the will once fixt to do,
 The spirit that would dare it too:
 There was that recklessness which flows,
 The product of successive woes,
 That harrow up the soul to dare,
 And leave it nought to hope or care;
 But not the dark malignant will,
 By nature fiercely prone to ill:
 It told of passions deep, intense;
 But 'midst them the observant eye,
 As oft it is found, could espy,
 Of milder feelings, such as raise
 The man above mere brutal sense,
 That had blaz'd strong in earlier days,
 Affection and benevolence.

stump it to.

* * *
 One where grief had done its work
 But midst whose darker traits a spark
 Of brighter yet appeared to lurk.
 His features shewed in many a track,
 The wretch of passions fiery rack;
 There times and scenes that long had flown,
 As years o'ergrey the rugged stone.
 Had left their furrows deep imprest;
 The brands by burning sorrow thrown,
 To mark the wretched as her own;
 There was the haggardness she leaves
 Upon his mien, who hopeless grieves;
 The rent of anguish, and the wear
 Of feeling's fierce contest was there;

Though that eye's fearless glance express't;"

With a great deal more to a like tune, even before the hero's eyes and visage is depicted; the same sort of hammering about furrows, tracks,

rents, &c. fatiguing the reader without adding a new or distinct image. We may add, as a general criticism, that, as may be seen in the extract above, the imagery is often confused and inaccurate. There is, besides, many violations of rhythm, not a little that is prosaic both in thought and dress, and sometimes simple grammatical construction is lost sight of. For example:

" I know 'twas him ;"
" Ah yes ! I knew her well, and ne'er
Was there a gentler soul than her."

ART. XXI.—*The Churches of London: A History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis.* By GEORGE GODWIN, Jun. Architect. Assisted by JOHN BRITTON. London: Tilt.

" Here we have the second number of this well-conceived work, which both in plan and execution is worthy of the Churches of London. These churches as regards number, variety, and, in many instances beauty, in others antiquity, furnish ample materials for a descriptive and illustrated history. The present portion of it contains two views of St. Paul's Cathedral—that majestic and beautiful temple—the glory of the city over which it seems to preside with a holy aspect. Along with the views there is corresponding literary matter, which, in point of judgment, knowledge, and taste, evinces that the conductors of the work are masters of the subjects discussed. An extract will best show the style and minuteness of the descriptions, and also afford to our country readers an inducement to visit such a magnificent specimen of architecture. " The Whispering Gallery at the base of the dome, is an object of popular curiosity and wonder. The rationale of the acoustic effect produced by the cylindrical wall and concavity of the ceiling, aided perhaps by the materials of which they are composed, is so difficult to be arrived at, that it will not be expedient to enter upon the subject in this place. The slightest sound is transmitted from one side of the gallery to the other with great rapidity and distinctness.

" Above the interior dome, in order to carry the lantern with which the Cathedral is crowned, (reputed to be of the enormous weight of seven hundred tons,) Sir Christopher has introduced a brick cone; one of the most original and skilful contrivances the building exhibits; and on this is constructed the exterior dome, which is chiefly of wood. When looking down into the church from the gallery around the opening at the top of the inner dome, whence men below seem but as children, the immensity of the structure is more than ordinarily felt, and reflections on the greatness and the littleness of man—his power and puerility—flit through the mind involuntarily,

" The Choir is separated from the central area by an organ screen, on which appears an inscription in Latin, to the following effect, taken from the tomb of Wren, whose body reposes in the crypt, below the western aisle of the choir:—" Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the builder of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but the public good. Reader! if you seek his monument—Look around ! "

We add the dimensions of St. Paul's as given in the work before us. Length of the church and porch 500 feet; breadth within the doors of the porticos 240; exterior diameter of the cupola 145; and height from the ground without to the top of the cross 340 feet.

ART. XXII. — *The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer; being a Summary in familiar language of the exclusive and peculiar rights and liabilities, legal and equitable of Women, when unmarried, wives, or widows.* By a BARRISTER of the Middle Temple. London: J. Van Voorst.

In this neat pocket volume, the Ladies may have for three shillings and sixpence, an amount of condensed information that may be of eminent service to them in every condition or period of life. They have really much cause to be grateful to the "Barrister," whose considerate recognition of their best worldly interests and dearest rights is not more prominent, than are the ability and the taste which distinguish his performance. There can be no doubt of "*The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer*" having many readers, who will make the volume their frequent and not unpleasurable study; and if it instruct and encourage but one timid or misused fair one to assert her privileges, or to guard against imposition, we are sure the gallant author will deem himself amply rewarded for his work. We recommend the small volume to every one of the tender sex, for it contains more than may be presumed even from its descriptive title.

ART. XXIII. — *Indian Reminiscences; or, the Bengal Moofussul Miscellany.* Chiefly written by the late G. A. ADDISON, Esq. 8vo. London: Bull.

WE learn that G. A. Addison was a collateral descendant of the great Addison, that he was born in 1792, was private secretary to Sir Stamford Raffles, and died in 1815. From the contents of the present volume, there is reason for believing, had his days been prolonged, that he would have made a figure in the republic of letters. These pieces exhibit very considerable merit and variety; and though it is easy to discover that they are the productions of a juvenile writer, their defects and redundancies are such as we like to see in the style of a youthful adventurer. Still, we do not think that the fame of the deceased would have sustained much damage, though his early literary efforts had been allowed to waste themselves in India; nor do we believe, had he lived till his imagination, judgment, and taste had been matured, that he would have acceded to the proposal of their re-publication in England. As a specimen, we quote the description of a peculiar method of taking bees' nests.

"A large swarm of bees had fixed their abode on the ceiling of a verandah, and, in due time when their honey was deposited, we wished to collect it, but were for some time at a loss for the means. Hearing, however, that there was a gardener who possessed a peculiar art of doing it unhurt, he was sent for and desired to bring down the honey. I watched him closely through the whole process, and was told by him, and believe, that he used no other precaution than the following: He took some of the plant called *toolsy*, and rubbed it over his body, face, arms, and hands; he then chewed a little, and held a sprig of it in his mouth. With no other than this apparently slight defence, he mounted a ladder, a large dish in one hand, and a sharp knife in the other; and though as thinly clad as his class usually are, with thousands of bees swarming about his

naked body, he with the greatest *sang froid* cut immediately through the upper part of the comb, where it was suspended to the roof and receiving the whole of it in his dish, brought it down without having suffered from a single sting!"

The notices of this potent plant, which is the black ocyman of botanists, are not less curious. The author goes on to say, that "its aromatic odour is, perhaps the strongest there is. I know that some of the species of this genus are cultivated in England; this, therefore, might be, in all probability, if it is not so already. Sir William Jones addresses it in one of his poems—

'Hail! sacred *tooley*, pride of plains!'

This epithet he has given to it from its particular prevalent use in the Brahminical rites: indeed, the extraordinary sanctity attached to it, is evinced, by its forming, with Ganges water, the basis of the Hindoos' most solemn oath: his mode of swearing is by touching these. The legend respecting it in the Sanscrit records is, that it was once a most beautiful nymph of the same name, passionately beloved by Chrisna, who, to perpetuate her memory, transformed her into this plant, and ordained that no worship to him should be availing, or complete, which was not graced by her presence; hence it is invariably used in all *poojahs* made by the followers of Vishnu. On such a metamorphosis, with the circumstance added of the bees still paying so deep a respect to her charms, how elegant an Ovidian tale might be formed!"

ART. XXIV.—*A View of the Law of Scotland in Intestate Succession, as compared with England, and with Suggestions for its Amendment.*
By J. TAYLOR, A. M. Newcastle: Finlay and Charlton.

THIS essay, the author informs us, was the first read before the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Institute—a Society which was established towards the end of the year 1835, but not confined to professional men. It contains a correct and distinct view of the law of Scotland as regards succession when intestate, both as respects moveables and immoveables, or, in other words, property personal and real; and, in treating of its anomalies, dwells chiefly on that most unnatural rule, by which a mother is totally excluded from succeeding to any property left even by an only son, however distant the other relations may be. Erskine lays it thus down—"Brothers or sisters of the deceased by the mother only, who are called *uterine*, are by the law of Scotland incapable of succession, either in heritage or in moveables; which is indeed the case of all cognates, *i. e.* relations of the deceased by the mother." Again, "The mother, though an ascendant in the same degree (as the father), is as incapable of succeeding to her child, as any of the child's relations by the mother are." And again, "A father was preferred to the succession of his son, in lands in which the son was infert as heir to his mother, to the exclusion of the brother-uterine of the deceased from that very estate which belonged to his own mother." The reason given for this is deduced "from the choice or *delectus* of a special family made by the superior in his feudal grant, which choice would be elided if the fee were descendible to the kinsman of the mother, whom the law considers as of a differ-

ent family from the vassal," a reason which, though it may have been good in strictly feudal times, has no reality or application in the present state of society. The author, therefore, after showing the hardship and grossness of such an anomaly, suggests and urges that the Lord Advocate of Scotland, should, during the present session of parliament, seek for an amendment of the law, especially in so far as the point referred to is concerned. Without objecting to such a view and recommendation, we have only to say, that as a real grievance practically experienced, the anomaly pointed out, is by no means the first that should be expunged from the Scottish civil code, although the day will come when it ought to be removed."

ART. XXV.

1. *A Voice from Ireland upon Matters of Present Concern. Addressed to Legislators and Ministers of State.* By DANIEL O'ROURKE, Esq. London: Ridgway. 1837.
2. *Some Observations upon the Present State of Ireland.* By SAM F. WORKMAN-MACNAGHTEN, BART. London: Ridgway. 1837.

In each of these pamphlets there are tokens of ability and penetration, and in each much forcible truth; yet they have been written by men who entertain very different opinions, it seems, upon not a few topics of vital importance as concerns their common country. Indeed, one cannot but feel, after reading their productions, that when persons of such undoubted talent, information, and patriotism are so much at odds on vital questions, that the day of repose for Ireland is not yet at hand. It is not our province, however, to endeavour to reconcile them, or to say which is the soundest judge, or the safest physician. It must suffice, if we merely indicate some of their leading doctrines and recommendations.

In the voice from Ireland Mr. O'Rourke maintains that there are sufficient causes for discontent in that country without the aid of any agitator whom it may have called into existence—that Ireland seems to be the theatre upon which are to be decided all those great principles concerning the nature of government, which have been obscured by ignorance, or perverted by selfishness and bigotry—that the ecclesiastical establishment stands in the foreground as one of the master grievances, "that requires an immediate removal," an establishment for the benefit of "those clerical idlers who draw their incomes from the country to spend in the fashionable towns and watering places of England"—that "it has ever been a prevailing idea amongst Church of England Protestants, that they are the only people upon earth who are entitled to hold the reins of government,"—and that "the struggle now maintained by the aristocracy and its retainers to exclude the people of Ireland from any share in governing themselves, is but a continuation of the old exclusive system, based upon sectarian and antinational prejudices, and terminating in political favouritism." The tone of the pamphlet may easily be gathered from these fragments of its pages; but one short unbroken extract will more fully exhibit the flow of its eloquence. "There is also much hypocrisy mixed up with the matter; for in spite of all the noisy zeal for protestantism, it is quite evident that state-craft involving also church-craft has much more to do with it.

than religion. But if it could be shewn that the feeling displayed is purely of a religious character (as may be true of a few fanatics) and that Church of Irelandism is the best devised system that the wit of man has invented, still, it would be quite beside the purpose, for it so happens that the people think otherwise, and their religion being the best in their own apprehension, they have a perfect right to set up the same pretensions for it as the men of the dominant church. But the population is Catholic, and people of that religion, we are gravely told, are unfit to be trusted with local governments, from which they would exclude the Protestants. This is only saying in other words, 'you Catholics when you have the power will act towards us Protestants precisely in the same manner that we have acted towards you; and as we happen to possess the power, we will keep it as long as we can.' If political institutions are to be regulated by the narrow conceptions of rival sects, the design of government is lost, and the longest sword must prevail.' But although the author of a *Voice from Ireland* chiefly discusses the grievances that arise from her ecclesiastical establishments, he is far from saying that a reasonable adjustment of these would be a complete or immediate panacea for all the evils that have for ages been gathering strength in that unhappy country. To his pamphlet, however, we must direct all who wish to read a strenuous and eloquent argument on the particular side to which he belongs.

Sir F. Workman-Macnaghten professes to belong to neither party in Ireland; neither to be a persevering Orange-man, nor a supporter of the "General Association." Still he is on the Conservative side—entertains the most gloomy prospects as to the future condition of his country, especially if that Association is allowed to exist. He throws out not a few hints that go to the support of a charge of unequal dealing on the part of Lord Mulgrave between the Orange-men, and the members of the Association, and maintains that that Association attacks the constitution of these realms, including the church (*our church*—are the words of the Baronet) and not the church and its establishment alone. "It is," says he, "as a political question that I consider the 'General Association,' and look upon its proceedings to be the most insolent and audacious defiance that ever was flung in the face of any government. If it be not lawful, why is it permitted to exist? The question must be propounded to our rulers. I am sure it is not tolerated on the ground of its utility. Whether or not, the conduct of their agitators be an attempt to intimidate, might be left to the decision of a jury;—that it aims at 'an alteration of the laws and statutes of the kingdom' is beyond a doubt. I had thought that every assemblage, to do an unlawful act, was an unlawful assembly. Here we have an association for the wide, the unlimited purpose of ordering all things according to their own will. The spoken and published defamation of every description of person, whether in authority or not, is a matter of daily occurrence. They hold the Lord Chancellor to be responsible to them for his appointment, or non-appointment, or dismissal, or non-dismissal, of magistrates. They defame and vilify, and ridicule and abuse every person, without distinction, who acts contrary to their own designs; and they give currency to their slanders throughout the kingdom. They tell us their proceedings are open. For the purpose of disseminating defamation, they are so; but we hear of their committees

up-stairs ; and they, it is to be presumed, are conducted with closed doors. * * * As pacificators, they are to send an emissary to every parish in the kingdom. They will have thousands of *Normal Schoolmasters* abroad, instructing an ignorant peasantry in the very complex and delicate science of 'peaceful agitation.' "

This pamphlet is much more discursive than the former. Its author proposes a number of remedies negative as well as positive. But it does not appear to us, that either one or all of them, even supposing them to be good in themselves, go to the root of the evil. The baronet, however, can make home thrusts, and his pamphlet ought to be read by all who take a deep interest in Ireland's welfare, especially by all who may have listened to any of the numerous publications lately published concerning Ireland's wrongs, and Ireland's remedies.

ART. XXVI.—*Goëthe's Novel. Translated from the German. London : Moxon. 1837.*

THIS beautiful poem, in prosaic garb, was composed by Goëthe in the seventy-eighth year of his age. It is said that he had cherished the idea of the story for thirty years; and though as respects its length when compared with our three-volumed novels, it be a trifle which need not have occupied its author's pen for one whole day—extending as it does in the translation to no more than fifty small pages—yet, it is of itself a monument of wonderful genius, and what in a lifetime hardly any other man could have conceived. Whether as a story, or as regards sentiment and profound reflection, it is amazingly beautiful—a lofty but serene beauty. It is said that the poet attached no common value to his novel, nor can we doubt it. According to the authority of Eckerman in his *Conversations with Goëthe*, he even condescended to explain the moral meanings of the piece, stating that it was "to show how intractable and ungovernable natures are often better subdued by love and piety than by force;" and in following out this theme, a child and a lion become prominent actors—extraordinary results arising from a combination of circumstances which are by no means extraordinary.

A just and adequate idea could not be formed of this novel, were but one of its paragraphs or sentences, even left out; but we may enable our readers to obtain some notion of its power and poetic beauty by introducing a short extract. A fire has broken out in a city; a large wooden booth within which wild beasts are caged, is in danger of being burned—the keepers rashly let the prisoners free to save them—a princess and her equerry riding through the forest, encounter a liberated tiger, and deeming him wild and that he is about to devour them, the equerry shoots the animal. The mistress and female keeper of the stray wild beasts arrives to witness the havoc that has been wrought—a black-haired and black-eyed boy, who held a flute in his hand, and who, crying like his mother, with less violence but with deep emotions, knelt at her side.

"The ungovernable out-bursts of passion of this unfortunate woman were followed, although by starts and interruptedly, by a stream of words

as a brook leaps at intervals from rock to rock. A natural phraseology, short and abrupt, made itself impressive and touching; it would be impossible to translate it into our idiom; but we cannot refrain from giving, as nearly as possible, the substance of what she said.

"They have murdered thee, poor beast; murdered thee without need. Thou wast tame; and with gladness wouldst have laid thyself down quietly, and have waited for us; for the balls of thy feet pained thee, and thy claws had no strength left. They lacked the hot sun to ripen them. Thou wast the most beautiful of thy kind; who ever saw a kingly tiger so magnificently stretched out in sleep as thou liest here now, dead, never to rise up again? When in the morning thou didst awake at day-break, and open wide thy jaws, stretching out thy red tongue, thou appearedst unto us to smile; and even when roaring, thou wouldst yet take thy food playfully, out of the hands of a woman, from the fingers of a child. How long did we attend thee on thy journeys, and how long was thy companionship to us, and bore good fruit! To us, to us, above all others, out of the eaters came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. It will be so no more. Alas! alas!"

ART. XXVII.—*Lectures on Popular Education.* By GEORGE COMBE. 2nd Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Edin.: MacLachlan and Stewart. 1837.

HAD Mr. Wyse's much larger and fuller work not been put into our hands, we should have found ourselves bound to devote considerable space to the present condensed and able production, consisting of no more than three lectures of ordinary length, and an equally concise Appendix, but yet touching upon all the leading improvements which the enlightenment of the present generation has suggested on the all-important subject of Education. Lord Brougham, in his speech at York, delivered on the 10th of October, 1833, said—"The efforts of the people are still wanting for the purpose of promoting Education; and Parliament will render no substantial assistance, until the people themselves take the matter in hand with energy and spirit, and the determination to do something." Mr. Combe has very properly used these words as his motto; but he has done far more, for he has not only written, delivered in public, and published, these lectures, but he has been the great instrument of instituting a system and an association in Edinburgh, for procuring instruction in useful and entertaining science, which has already been attended with singular success, not merely as respects males, but females. That the present work has reached a second edition, is of itself an evidence that the feelings of the people are beginning to assume the attitude desired by Lord Brougham, whose statement, however forcible and true, is yet by no means incompatible with our opinion, that it is the immediate duty of the legislature to do every thing in its power to awaken the recommended and necessary efforts of the people. If the legislature or government would but second heartily the efforts of such individuals as Dr. Chalmers, Lord Brougham, Mr. Wyse, and Mr. Combe, philanthropy would not have long to deplore the apathy that generally prevails on the subject of popular education. The small and cheap production

now before us, if put into the hands of every one who can read it, would do, of itself, incalculable good, but to none so much as the tender sex, for indirectly through them, it would reach the whole contemporary community, and descend to future generations, and this not merely in relation to the health and vigour of children, but their mental and moral culture, and all the re-transmissions that would thence ensue.

To show what may be done for the benefit of the rising generation, even in one branch of education, and that principally of a mechanical nature; and to show the research and pains which such men as Mr. Combe have bestowed on the subjects which he here handles—we extract a few hints that are not more ingenious than simple—being almost self-evident. We refer to an improved method of teaching Drawing, described by Mr. Robinson, Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

After stating that the drawing to be described refers chiefly to that art or power of delineating the objects presented to our eyes, and which may be useful to every one in the ordinary habits of life, without taking into consideration the further training requisite for artists, Mr. Robinson goes on to say, that every one who can write is capable, with a slight effort, of making every line or mark which is wanted in order to represent any object presented to him. He continues—"It is not, therefore, the mechanical use of the pen or the pencil which requires to be taught, so much as the art of looking at objects, and of *recognising what we really see*. When the habit of noting the true visual forms of objects has been acquired (which it will soon be, if cultivated under the directions of an intelligent instructor), the power of delineating the outline will not be long found wanting; the perception of the effect, of light and shade, may be acquired in the same way, and they will then be rendered on paper by the pupil with a degree of truth which he could not attain by any time or labour spent in copying the drawings of others.

"If a young or instructed person be required to make a representation of such an object as a common pencil, he will probably proceed to mark on his paper an outline of the actual length and breadth of his pencil, but he will be at a loss to shew that it is round and not square; again, he will not be able without consideration, or perhaps explanation, to delineate on paper the different appearances which the pencil assumes when held nearer to or further from the eye; or in positions more or more oblique until nothing be seen but the circular end. A little pains on the part of the instructor would lead the pupil to observe and comprehend all that is required to do this, by making him attend to what he really sees; and the lesson, when once acquired, would be in little danger of being forgotten, although in fact it includes the whole doctrines of perspective.

"In forming any institution for teaching drawing *as an useful art*, I should therefore propose that the pupil should, from the very commencement, be exercised in noting and delineating the appearances of a few simple objects, presented to his view at varied distances, heights, and degrees of inclination. A convenient object may be found in a cubical box of wood, fitted to slide on an upright rod or stand, on which it may be fixed at any desired height by a hollow through its axis. If this model be set in front of a pupil, at such a distance that it can be conveniently seen, and its height be made that of his eye, and one of the sides be parallel to his face,

then, on noting its appearance, he will soon observe that it may be represented by a square outline, parallel to the sides of his paper. If the model be then raised by sliding it up the rod, the pupil will find that a change in the *apparent* form has taken place, and that his outline must include a representation of the bottom, which he will be enabled to give, by combining his present observations with what he learned in studying the changes of position of the pencil in the earlier lessons; he will also find, that the degrees of light falling on the two faces which he now sees are different, and require different shadings from the pencil. In the first case, the single face of the cube, may have been either lighter or darker than the distant back-ground, and in the delineation some shading may have been required on the back-ground, or on the object, according to which appeared darkest to him; but in this second case, he may have three degrees of light to represent, according to existing circumstances. In the same way, the position of the model may be varied, both in respect to figure and to light; or, if a class be under instruction, the pupils may interchange their places round the object, and each in succession take similar views, and compare the results at the conclusion of each series."

Thus, it may be seen, how much improvement might easily be made in elementary and popular education, even in branches that have generally been considered intricate, and only fitted for the higher classes of society;—and thus it may be seen, that enticing and useful knowledge may be made to go hand in hand. We are persuaded that the single extract, now taken from the publication before us, will tempt many to purchase the work, and to study it.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Christian Correspondent: Letters, Private and Confidential, by Eminent persons of both sexes; exemplifying the the Fruits of Holy Living, and the Blessedness of Holy Dying. With a Preliminary Essay, by James Montgomery, Esq. 3 vols. London: Ball, 1837.*

FEW or none of these Letters, we believe, appear here for the first time. They have, however, been selected from a great number of different sources. Not only has religious correspondence and biography been extensively ransacked, but many volumes in which epistolary gems of the kind required, may have happened to be imbedded, and other unlikely magazines for such serious matter, have been diligently searched, to contribute to this choice cabinet. We have gone through the three volumes with considerable closeness of scrutiny, and can confidently recommend them to the critical as well as to the devout reader; for though it would be too much to say that nothing has been left which might have enriched the work, certainly nothing has been inserted which can offend the strictest morals and the standards of pure religion. Nay, much more than this sort of negative praise ought here to be bestowed. Take the compilation merely upon the score of its literary value, it contains a noble assemblage of varied and choice beauties; but take it on the far higher ground as a treasury of religious sentiments, scriptural precepts, affectionate exhortations, and individual personal experience, and the reader will be astonished

at the imperishable excellence of its contents. To make use of the Editor's language, "the Christian can be placed in very few circumstances of life, whether of sorrow or temptation, of prosperity, or adversity, without seeing in these volumes how some of the wisest, and holiest of men have felt, or acted, or thought, in circumstances closely resembling his own." Or, we may adopt part of the concluding observations of the poet, whose fine and christianized genius has made a fitting display in the preliminary essay to the work (which we learn was undertaken in consequence of his suggestion) when he says of it: "Among its diversified contents are presented beautiful and affecting examples of letters by martyrs and confessors; nobles, statesmen, and judges; eminent prelates, divines, and ministers of various evangelical denominations;—Ladies of high as well as humble birth, distinguished by the virtues and graces peculiarly becoming their sex and adorning it;—celebrated patriots, philosophers, poets, and Christians of all classes, who have been successively the glory and defence of our country, from the sixteenth century to the present time."

The preliminary Essay itself is not only a fine and ingenious piece of writing, which none indeed but a poet could have produced, but it breathes a spirit so pious and scriptural, that, we believe, no other poet but James Montgomery at the present day has been imbued with. He does full justice to the innocent and exquisite pleasures which letter-writing communicates between friends that are widely separated by time or place, and he points out the requisites or characteristics of what alone can properly come under the denomination of epistolary correspondence. For the instruction of those who are apt to write essays with a view to publication, but who dub these formal and laboured treatises by the name of "Letters," we shall quote a passage which occurs early in his dissertation. "In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are to be communicated; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet they are so delicate and evanescent, that, unless caught in their first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strictly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odours from 'a bank of violets,' a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again for a moment, but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow and hold it, as longer to inhale and obtain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amidst the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select, arrange, and array them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme."

We cannot conclude this notice more appropriately than in the words of the same authority. "In spare intervals, then, let the 'Christian Corres-

pendent' be consulted, at whatever page the eye may first light upon; for open where he may, the reader will at once find himself in company with one of the excellent of the earth; and not merely admitted to a formal audience as in his published works or official memoirs, but received on familiar and confidential terms into his house, his closet, and his heart.'"

The work is got up in neat pocket-volumes, and is cheap.

ART. XXIX.—*The Carthusian*. No. I. London: Walker, 1837.

"In honourable rivalry," so says the prospectus, "of successful attempts of the same kind which have emanated from other Public Schools, the Carthusians (Charterhouse scholars) of the present day have determined to shew themselves on the green, and fly their literary kite in the wide æther of London publication; convinced that, though the number of 'stupendous balloons,' which periodically soar aloft in the higher regions is so great that there is danger of jostling, there is yet ample room and verge enough for their paper ephemeral to sport its hour in the more contracted circulation of an humbler atmosphere, if those by all the ties of good public-school feeling are bound to lend a helping hand to their pastime, will every now and then supply an additional paper to the tail of their soaring aspirations, and contribute their due proportion of that currency, which the Conductors, while they deprecate any idea of raising the wind by unfair puffery, believe to constitute the circulating medium of all literary aerostation. To let go the string of their—metaphor; the Editors ('we are three') confidently look to their Schoolfellows, both past and present, for their hearty co-operation in their present undertaking, without which they need hardly remind them this humble attempt to do their school honour and service must of a certainty fail."

Such is the proposed and professed nature of this new periodical, and such a fair specimen of the juvenile, but scholarlike, character of the contents of the first number. The production, take it all in all, is extremely creditable to the young gentlemen who conduct it, and to the talent of their schoolfellows who contribute to it. There is a due admixture of poetry and prose, and a considerable variety of theme and style among the several productions. The "to be continued" of one or two of the pieces, the "Preacher's Tale" particularly, is an injudicious arrangement, particularly in the outset of such a work; and there is something like drawling and weariful spinning of small threads in some of the dialogues. But not to be over nice, especially with a first number, which, whether the conductors be old or young, generally bears tokens of such labour, anxiety, and incertitude, as are self-destructive, the effort is to be commended, and its results favourably spoken of; and if there be any "good public-school feeling" among the young and the old Carthusians, it will receive their support. The second number is to appear on the 1st of June. Among the contributions before us, some of which would not disgrace any monthly periodical of the day, we might find very amusing, tasteful, or instructive specimens. There is one called "Hints for Nonsense Verses," and though dealing chiefly with Latin spondee and dactyls, concludes with some nonsense verses in English, that are very clever, rich in rhythm, and musical. Indeed, to quote the

contributor's words, if the lines were read with emphasis to any circle of young poetical ladies, as the finest passage in the last prize poem of a particular friend, they would be voted far nearer to Byron, than the nonsense Latin verses will ever be to Virgil.

We quote the lines :—

" Afraid? afraid? amiss?—in verdant sky
No dark'ning emblems mark the distant eye;
No widows' tear, no energetic thrall—
Clear conscience carols o'er the mystic hall,
And the dire vengeance of the earth-born spark
Melts into madness—deadlier than the dark!
Oh for a bullrush! If the icy pole
Enwrap the cobweb fluttering to the soul,
If the fond heart, the goaded tongue to rest,
The milk that curdles, or the babes that blest—
Tyrant, avaunt! in holier ground for thee
Is spread the dew of pampered charity,
And heaven's best refuge when the muse is o'er
To lighten love on Albion's sea-girt shore."

The verses we like best in the present number, are those addressed to a young lady "On the Morning of her Marriage," supposed to be by a scholar, who is thus doomed for ever to lose the object of his boyish attachment. These verses are glowing both in language and sentiment.

ART. XXX.—*New Light on the Irish Tithe Bill; or, the Appropriation Clause Recommended by the Heads of the Irish Church. In a Series of Letters.* By ALIENUS. Ridgway.

THESE Letters were originally published in the Morning Chronicle, and from the title of them and this circumstance, their drift may be easily understood. The writer professes strong attachment to the Church, and as one of its most zealous friends and members, strenuously counsels Englishmen to call upon their representatives in Parliament to set the Irish Tithe Question at rest. He says that the present policy of Protestants seems to be, to nail the colours to the mast, and sink with the ship. But instead of thus proceeding, he maintains that the motives of party must yield to the interests of the State—that the present balanced condition of its legislature—the nearly equal division of parties in the House of Commons—the Court adverse to the Ministry—and other symptoms, are alarming; but that if the leaders of party do not see, or yield to these dangers, the people must instruct them and force them to do it, at the hustings. One of the strongest positions taken by the author, is this—that the Church *before* it even came to be Protestant, was burdened with the liability of *general* education, and that no authority exonerating it from that burden, *since*, can be shown, but quite the contrary; for example, the 14th Report of the Commissioners of Education. We have been deeply impressed with the force and earnestness of these Letters, and advise all who wish to be enlightened on the absorbing subject of which they treat, to peruse them dispassionately, for the sake not only of coming to a sound speculative conclusion, but of millions that are allowed to perish for lack of knowledge, or rather, of a sound education.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1837

ART. I.—*Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales; with Appendizes A. B. C. D.* London: 1836.

IN directing the attention of our readers to the First of the Reports given to the public by the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales, we could not avoid characterizing the precedent of thus making universally known the progress and conducting of the most important trusts that can be originated by any government, and largely subjected to the discretionary power of a few agents, but as worthy of admiration and proper to be followed on all occasions. And this for the most obvious reasons; for while the precise principles, tendency, and working, of any great enactment may thus come to be justly appreciated by all, sufficiently strong motives are offered to those to whom are intrusted the practical management of such mighty concerns, in the shape of inducements, to the securing of good conduct, or for checking effectually malversation in office. Now, if the opinion here expressed holds true as a general doctrine, assuredly it applies with unparalleled force to the Poor Law Amendment Act, and the conduct of the Commissioners who have been appointed under it to carry into effect its provisions; and to whom also extraordinary discretionary powers have been necessarily given. What other enactment can there be named which more closely affects the interests of every member of the community? But when one considers the character, the station, and the opportunities for obtaining accurate information on the part of those whom the measure in question most vitally touches, the paramount importance of such Reports becomes still more manifest—the peculiar and immediate objects of its provisions being the poorest and the most ignorant members of society; and yet they present those materials which constitute the best indices of a nation's strength or weakness.

The value of these Poor Law Reports, however, and the necessity for their periodical publication, cannot be fully understood without a

reference to the far-spread, the deeply-rooted, and the inveterate nature of the diseases which the Commissioners are appointed to remedy. When the numerous and singularly ingenious, as well as strenuous, efforts which have been used to defeat an effectual and salutary method of checking and subduing to a vast extent enormities that were a disgrace to civilized society, and a dreadful growing sore in the heart, and over the whole surface of our country, are considered, the subject acquires additional breadth and emphasis. Go on, however, we would say, if consulted by Government in an earnest and unflinching determination to uphold the great principles of the Amendment Act. You have made a bold, but a successful beginning; nay, your triumph is almost complete in practical effect, while it is more than achieved by speculative and abstract argument, as regards the purses of the rate-payers, but far more illustriously as regards the physical condition and the moral attainments of the pauper population. The same sort of urgent counsel we offer to the Commissioners, persuaded that if they persevere as they have hitherto done, through good and through evil report, they will soon find that all resistance to their activity will become extinct; for the real enemies of the poor will be shamed out of their opposition, and driven from the strong holds of misrepresentation. One thing is certain—that the Report before us contains not only very many irrefragable evidences of conversions of opinion, both in respect of individuals and masses of the nation, but notable reasons for those conversions. Neither fabrications nor sophistry could have accomplished this; neither erroneous principles of legislation, nor the incompetency of the legislature's servants, could have blinded the majority of the people to the real force of constantly teeming and increasing evidence such as is here adduced. To the nature and extent of that evidence we are now going to invite attention and inquiry, by glancing at some of its prominent points and varieties.

The present volume, after generally alluding to the measures which the Commissioners commenced with, as set forth in their First Report, goes on to inform us that nothing had transpired to intimate that a similar method of procedure should not be followed with respect to those localities and parties that had still to be dealt with, in the course of developing the new law, and that they, therefore, have continued to extend the measures thus approved; viz., to form Unions of parishes, establish Boards of Guardians, make arrangements for providing adequate workhouses, &c. It is known to many of our readers that to facilitate these measures, the whole of England and Wales has been divided into twenty-one districts, and an Assistant Commissioner appointed to the superintendence of each of these divisions, for the sake of more speedily and perfectly completing the fulfilment of the law's intention. At the presentation of the First Report (between the 1st of December, 1834,

and the 8th of August, 1835), 2,066 parishes had been formed into 112 Unions. Since that period, the Commissioners also inform the public, 5,835 parishes have been brought within 239 Unions, besides a certain number of single parishes which have been placed under separate Boards of Guardians, making the proportion of the total population comprised in the new Unions 45 per cent. of the population of England and Wales; but from the fact of the most heavily burthened districts having been selected, the proportion of rates expended in the parishes so united is declared to be 65 per cent. of the total expenditure for the relief of the poor in England and Wales. That the functionaries, whether principals or assistants, who have effected all this within such a short time, cannot have been idle will readily be believed. That they have been employed to the greatest advantage, is a different question, which receives what to us is a satisfactory solution, by the contents of the present volume.

The fundamental principles of the new Act we take to be, that no able-bodied pauper is to receive any relief out of a workhouse—that in a workhouse the paupers are not to be provided with comforts which many of the rate-payers out of doors are unable to procure—and that every method, consistent with reason and experience of human history be employed to induce every pauper to labour to the uttermost to earn his own subsistence, which is as much and far more for his own personal good, than that of any one of those who help to support him as a pauper. In a word, the sheet-anchor of the new law is the workhouse system. Now, it is not a little remarkable, that this law, which has materially affected the distribution of 7,000,000*l.* per annum, and especially as respected the source from which a large portion of the inhabitants of the country directly derived constant means of subsistence, should have been received, in many districts, by this same class, with a just understanding of its bearings, who have honestly and earnestly set about earning a livelihood for themselves. Such, at least, is the averment of the Commissioners, upon the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, that have had immediate access to the facts. Yet on the part of others out of every class of His Majesty's subjects, there have been many, who, either from mistaken notions of charity, deeply-rooted prejudices, or interested motives, have employed every effort of evasion and subversion, and every arousing appeal to the compassionate feelings which can be imagined to defeat or impede the operations of the measure.

Among the necessary effects of the rules and regulations adopted by the Commissioners to fulfil the intentions of the Act, the following are enumerated—viz. “to supply the inmates of a workhouse with wholesome food and sufficient clothing, a better bed than they are used to lie upon, a cleaner and a better ventilated room

than they are used to inhabit, an immediate supply of medical attendance in case of illness, and to establish a degree of order and cleanliness unknown in a labourer's cottage." But to carry all these and other salutary regulations into effect, classifications and restraints are established, without which the most valuable provisions of the Act would be frustrated, or turned to a mischievous end. Thus, the separation of men from their wives has been rigorously established; but it has at the same time been made a subject of much inflammatory language, as if it were a systematic contrivance to commit violence upon the most sacred ties, merely because a person may have, through inevitable disasters in the world, been reduced from opulence to penury. We do not stop to point out how narrow are the grounds upon which such modes of speaking and noisy humanity rest; nor the consequences that would attend an opposite method of conduct. But respecting a kindred restraint, we quote some explanation by the Commissioners, from which the conduct of these functionaries, and the sagacity of their impugnors may be contrasted, and with striking effect pretty generally tested.

"Also attempts have been made, in almost every form which ingenuity could suggest, to evade or subvert the rule which renders it necessary for a pauper who resorts to a workhouse for a maintenance to continue altogether within its limits during the time he receives relief. The doors of the workhouse are always open to him whenever he will exert himself for his own support; but the liberty of going in and out at pleasure cannot, consistently with the objects of the Act, be freely admitted.

"The most powerful of the attempts to break down this essential rule have reached us in the form of applications that paupers should be permitted to go out on Sundays for the purpose of attending places of worship. Of these applications, the one which has attracted most notice was transmitted from several clergymen in Kent, (of the perfect sincerity and uprightness of whose intentions we entertain not the slightest doubt,) pressing us in the strongest and most earnest terms to permit the paupers of the Eastry workhouse to go on Sundays to their several parish churches."

This point receives no slight illustration from that portion of the Report, which treats of the religious instruction of indoor paupers in the metropolitan parishes.

"In some of the Metropolitan parishes it has been the practice to let the paupers go out on Sundays, in order that they may have the opportunity of attending their respective places of Divine worship; and we do not doubt that there have been many instances in which that object has been answered, and the privilege has not been abused. With respect to children, indeed, there is frequently but little difficulty in preventing abuse, seats in the churches being commonly provided for the workhouse children, and they can be attended to and fro by their teachers. It is evident, however, that, with respect to adults, this species of control is in most cases not practicable; and we are assured by those best acquainted with the subject, that instead of seeking for a seat in the church, which a pauper would not always

be able easily to find, the day is too commonly passed in begging and dissipation. Mr. Benjamin Hewett, who has been the master of the workhouse of St. Andrew and St. George the Martyr, Holborn, 12 years, and during that period has constantly had the charge of about 450 paupers, states—

“ In our parish we have always had a chaplain ; but the paupers who are Catholics or Dissenters have been allowed to go out on Sunday, and in other respects our regulations were not so strict. The consequence has been that I do not remember one Sunday that has passed during the last 12 years without some scene of drunkenness or disturbance, occasioned by those paupers who have thus had leave to go out. They have been carried home by the police drunk, and with their clothes torn, followed by trains of vagabonds ; they have been complained of by the inhabitants for the disturbances they committed, and in very many instances they have been imprisoned to no purpose. One woman named Shields, a Catholic, had been imprisoned at least six times each year. Another old woman, named Manning, a pauper, about 80 years of age, has never gone out on leave to go to the Catholic chapel that she has not returned drunk.

“ What has been the effect of the new regulations, which prohibit paupers going out on Sunday, on the general management of the house ?—We are now perfectly quiet and orderly, and the paupers are well-behaved ; the sick and the infirm make no complaints on the score of disturbances. The complaints which we always had before of the noise and outcries of such characters preventing them sleeping, have entirely discontinued ; we are now as quiet as any private house, and no persons can behave better than the inmates now do.

“ Have any means occurred to you of permitting paupers to go out on Sundays to their places of worship, and of avoiding disorder ?—None. I have tried several, and have never succeeded ; I know of no means but sending a person to take care of them, and we have no means of doing this where the numbers, though small, go to different chapels. Besides, if this liberty were given, almost all the paupers would turn Catholics and Dissenters for the privilege which would enable them to go out and beg, and get the means of getting liquor and indulging themselves in vice. We have had some of them diseased. There could be no means so good as setting a place apart in the house for the Dissenters, in which their worship may be celebrated. I have suggested this myself, and I should be very glad to do so to preserve the peace and morality of the inmates. There is no difficulty in finding a small room for the numbers.”

“ Mr. Drouet, the master of Lambeth workhouse, who has held that office for nearly 13 years, and during the last six years has constantly had under his care an average of about 800 paupers, states—

“ What Mr. Hewett says as to the effect of allowing paupers to go out on leave, is exactly applicable to the experience of our parish. The Chairman of our Board of Guardians has been round to the clergymen of all denominations within the parish, and they agree that the paupers will be a great deal better in every respect within the workhouse. All the masters of workhouses agree as to the same facts ; I never heard a dissentient opinion amongst them.”

“ Much of the objection to the regulation appears to have been founded

upon an erroneous estimate of the characters of the greater proportion of those who, from want of friends or otherwise, are compelled to accept relief in a workhouse. The evidence of other permanent officers, as to the general character of the inmates of the workhouse, is of the same tenor.

"Mr. Fitch, the clerk to the Board of Guardians of St. George's parish, Southwark, states—

"The beadies have, from time to time, before the adoption of the new Poor Law, complained to me that they have had to turn out paupers in a state of drunkenness from the church.

"From my knowledge of the characters of the paupers in the workhouse, I should say that not more than 10 in the workhouse, which contains between 300 and 400 paupers, are persons of former reputable life."

"Mr. Huish, an experienced relieving officer of the same parish, states—

"I should say that not more than 10 out of 100 could be trusted out of the workhouse."

"We may cite the reports of Dr. Kay and Mr. Tufnell, in illustration of the fact, that in the rural districts a similar relaxation is followed by similar effects. Such a relaxation could only be proposed in ignorance of the condition of the paupers, and of the habitual want of self-control and prudence which is the general cause of their condition. The testimony of dispassionate and well-informed witnesses tends to establish the conclusion that such licence must continue to be, as it has heretofore been, a licence to avoid the religious instruction which has been provided for them in the house, and to indulge in sinful acts of disorder and irreligion, and all those habits which it is one great object of religious observances to repress.

"There can be no doubt that, if the attendance on Divine worship is the object sincerely to be sought, throwing open the workhouse doors on Sunday is not the best mode of securing it. If all the inmates of a workhouse were of one religious persuasion, we should have done all that was necessary when we had availed ourselves of the power conferred by the Act, and appointed a chaplain to perform Divine service in some commodious room appointed for the purpose. A difficulty, however, has arisen as to all those who dissent from the Established Church, with respect to whom our powers are only permissive, and we can do no more than admit the licensed ministers of the different denominations of Christians to have free access to all those who agree with them in religious opinion. Thus in the workhouse of the parish of Shoreditch there are three services performed successively in the course of Sunday; one by the curate of the parish, who is chaplain, and two by Dissenting ministers to their own particular followers.

"It is clear, however, that the rule prohibiting paupers from quitting the workhouse on a Sunday must apply to all classes of adults alike. There may be individual cases of exception; but we are assured, that if the rule should be relaxed in favour of any particular sect, the other inmates of the house would undergo a nominal conversion, and would at once profess themselves of the favoured creed, whatever it might be, if by so doing they could avail themselves of the opportunity which it would secure to them of going out on a Sunday.

"It is necessary however, for us to add, that in workhouses in which

no chaplain has been appointed, and in which no adequate accommodation exists for the performance of Divine service, the rule has been relaxed, and the inmates of the house have for a time been permitted, under certain regulations, to go out for the purpose of attending Divine worship.

"Some difficulties have occurred as to the regulations under which the attendance of ministers of different religious persuasions could be permitted for the exercise of their functions within a workhouse; and on this subject we cannot do better than refer to the explanation already given to your Lordship, in answer to a letter from a Dissenting clergyman at Abingdon, and which is inserted in the Appendix to this Report. We are duly sensible of the delicacy and importance of the arrangements which bear upon this subject, and, in dealing with it under the provisions of the Act by which our proceedings are regulated, nothing shall be done which is not consistent with the principles of religious liberty."

Thus, by reference merely to one branch which it has behoved the Commissioners to direct and restrain, according to the spirit of the Act, the difficulties and niceties with which they have to deal, and the ability which they have brought to the work, may be judged of. If, however, the Report be traced further, and to the conclusion, many other still more interesting explanations and accounts will be found in it connected with the general operation of the Act, some of which we must notice.

Few clauses in the Act have aroused a greater share of tender remonstrance and indignant gallantry, than the Bastardy clause. Our readers all know the usual current of discourse and argument that has been adopted on this point; but perhaps they are not all aware, that there is not another clause in the Act, which in comparison with its importance, has occasioned so little correspondence with the Commissioners as the one we have now specified. The following extracts from some of the communications received on this subject, together with certain explanations, deserve to be remembered:—

"The Rev. Thomas Pitman, minister of Eastbourne, says—

"Among the labouring classes there is a decided and progressive alteration; even the farmers themselves have observed to me, that there is in the general conduct of the agricultural labourers a civility of manner and attention to their masters' wishes, which of late years has been little perceptible. Perhaps the most marked difference in the lower orders, observable by us as clergymen, is the almost total cessation of early and improvident marriages. I should not forget also to mention that, as far as I can form a judgment, there is also a decided improvement in the marriages that do take place. The altar is not now, as heretofore, disgraced by the appearance of a woman, to take upon her the solemn obligation of matrimony, in the last stage of pregnancy; a fact which, I think, goes far to show that the morals of the people are undergoing a change for the better, and promises that ere long we may hope for all that domestic happiness among our poorer neighbours which results from a match of

pure affection, in the place of all that wretchedness, discord, and misery which are the too sure produce of a marriage commenced in sin, and fostered only by a hope of procuring a means from the parish of carrying on from time to time sinful indulgences.”

“ Rev. J. Austin, minister of Pulborough, states that,

“ ‘ We now begin to look for moral and religious improvement, as the hard-working men engaged in husbandry are become civil and attentive to their masters. Only two marriages have been solemnized since December last, the yearly average being 15; and only one bastard has been christened between July 12th, 1835, and May 17th, 1836. (The population of this parish is 1,979, according to the census of 1831).’ ”

“ We are at all times ready to affirm our opinion that the recommendations of the Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry, as to the Bastardy Laws, were founded on just views and sound policy; and it is satisfactory to us to observe, that the practice, which was at one time almost universal, of dealing with the mothers of bastard children differently from other paupers, is rapidly giving way; and the sounder course of giving them relief only according to the measure and character of their wants is more generally adopted.

“ It is not as yet commonly known, that when a parish is included in a Union the law requires that the application for an order of affiliation must be made by the direction of the Board of Guardians, and not, as heretofore, at the instigation of the parish officers. We entertain a confident expectation that Guardians will soon see that the workhouse is the proper place for the mothers of bastard children who fail to support their own offspring.

“ The information which we have received on the subject of the clauses in the new Act, with relation to bastardy, is confirmatory of the facts and conclusions stated upon the subject in our last annual Report. From the returns which we have received it appears that

“ The whole number of bastards chargeable to the parishes		
of England and Wales was, in the year 1835	.	71,298
“ The number chargeable in the year 1836 was	.	61,826

Being a decrease of	.	9,472
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or of 13 per cent.

“ But the progressive operation of the Bill appears in the numbers affiliated during the two years, which numbers were,

in 1835	.	12,381
in 1836	.	7,686

Being a decrease of	.	4,695
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or of 38 per cent.

“ We endeavoured to obtain an account of the numbers born during those years chiefly, as shown in the baptismal registers; but our respondents declare that these returns are extremely imperfect, and are so much at variance with other testimony, that no reliance can be placed upon them for accuracy. In some parishes very many of the bastard children are never baptized; and in many other parishes, where they have not been accustomed to baptize them before the passing of the Act,

children have been baptized subsequently, in consequence of the fact of a woman being known to have had a bastard not rendering her liable to the interference of the parish officers, where she does not claim relief.

"The evidence of midwives and parish officers, and other witnesses, speaking upon their own knowledge of their respective parishes, would prove that the diminution of the number of births was considerable.

"The number returned as born in the year 1835 was 17,036, and in the year ended 25th March, 1836, was 17,578. This variation between the two years is attributed to the more full registration in the last year.

"According to the Population Returns, the number of bastards born in the year 1831 was 20,039, which, if allowance were made for the increase of population since that year, would show a decrease of between 4,000 and 5,000 born in the last year."

On the subject of medical relief for paupers as provided under the Act, there have been many complaints, and, we believe, a vast deal of declamatory misrepresentation, especially on the part of the medical gentlemen themselves. It is at one time said that this relief is inadequately provided—at another, that a course has been pursued that is injurious to established practitioners, and calculated to degrade the profession. We cannot find space to notice any of the individual complaints alluded to, nor the explanations of the Commissioners. But just to show one of the many indirect yet excellent results which begin significantly to mark the history of the new law, let us see what has arisen out of the anxiety which the Commissioners have evinced, that suitable and permanent medical relief may be provided for the labouring population as well as for paupers.

"The tendency of the new system is to convert paupers into independent labourers; and, when once they have won that position for themselves, no effort should be spared to enable them to maintain it. It is comparatively not difficult for them, when stimulated to the exertion of prudence and forethought by being thrown on their own resources, to provide the necessary articles of food and clothing which are the objects of daily use. Rent, too, may be provided for by payments at short intervals; but the approach of sickness is not foreseen. Hope will suggest that it may be altogether escaped, and its duration, and the cost of the necessary remedies, cannot well, even by the most cautious, be correctly estimated. It is hardly to be expected, therefore, that a labourer will, without some prompting and assistance, provide against this contingency. The medical officer of the Union may still be applied to, and it is well known that this form of relief is accepted with less repugnance than any other, though it operates as an easy introduction to further applications on less pressing emergencies. We have endeavoured, therefore, to place within reach of the labourer the means of maintaining his independence, and averting from himself and his family the degradation of a return to pauperism, as well during sickness as

during health. This we feel persuaded may effectually be accomplished by the establishment of 'independent sick clubs.'

"It is found practically that for a regular annual payment from each of the labouring families in a district, not exceeding in amount what a labourer can spare from his wages, (an amount which voluntary kindness and charity will perhaps often supply), a medical man residing in the district will undertake to attend on the labourer and his family during sickness whenever it may occur. An institution founded on this principle supplies in detail the means of providing, as heretofore, medical aid by contract, with this difference, that the money is in the one case paid voluntarily by the person who seeks for the advantage, while in the other it is taken compulsorily from the pockets of the rate-payers."

A statement such as this not only enables us to discover how serviceable some of the indirect results of the Act may become to the community, but affords an intimation, that by means of the Commissioners, and a head-quarters for the reception of information from all parts of the country, as well as for the issuing of every important order and regulation, a thorough knowledge of the people—their wants, their capabilities, their efforts, may be easily obtained, and be rendered as respects other great measures of policy, such as that of national education, one of the most valuable and powerful engines that ever was contrived by philosopher or statesman.

We have seen what is declared of the effects of the amended system, when referring to the Bastardy clause. But there are many other kinds of fruit in relation to the manners, and general condition of the labouring classes that are not less capable of gratifying the moralist and the philanthropist. Nay, there is something more than this amelioration to be noted, for it is no small source of delight and hope to hear and to know that the public is rapidly acquiring a correct view of the change that has been effected among the labouring classes, through the agency of the new law. From the almost innumerable testimonies which go to prove the already greatly improved condition of the people, to be found in the present volume, we cite some examples.

"Since the introduction of the new system of Poor Laws, a most beneficial change has taken place in our parish. Before, we had a heavy surplus population; this has nearly disappeared; the labourers will not accept relief in the workhouse, and will strain every nerve to keep out. There is a greater difference between the condition of the good and bad labourers than there used to be: the good men are always sure to be in work, the bad men are not so regularly employed; the single and married men are now upon the same footing, as far as relief is concerned, and therefore there is no inducement to marry early; before, there was, because relief was given according to the number of the family. Generally the characters of the labourers are greatly improved. I think the masters, too, are more considerate to the men than they used to be; they

will now take care to keep good labourers when they have got them. There is no measure, I think, which has done so much good in so short a time: we now see all the men employed where formerly there were none. Our saving has been very great; but I consider the improvement of the people a greater general advantage than the reduction of the poor-rates.'—[Mr. *Allnutt*, of Sutton Courtney, Abingdon Union.]

“The old and infirm are at the same time equally as well taken care of as under the previous system. But, in addition to the advantages which it has conferred upon the poor, it has been equally advantageous to the moral feeling of those who are more fortunately circumstanced. I hear from all quarters that the current of private charity never ran so clear and unobstructed. I have heard many of the farmers say, that they have now a pleasure in employing men who apply civilly for work, and who, when they are employed, are anxious to please their masters; a conduct directly the reverse of the rude and insolent manner in which work was formerly demanded as a right.’—[Rev. *C. Dodson*, Chairman of the Andover Union.]

“As to the moral improvement of the labouring classes. This is chiefly perceptible in the relations of master and servant. All the labourers are now anxious to obtain permanent employment, and are, therefore, more studious than formerly to please their masters by respectful and diligent conduct; carelessness as to whether they had work or not is already vanished.’—[Colonel *Vilett*, Chairman of the Highworth and Swindon Union.]

“I think I shall not be saying too much, when I inform you that the result of the introduction of the new Poor Law in this neighbourhood has been productive of a greater degree of moral as well as pecuniary benefit than the most sanguine among us anticipated; in fact, such is the judgment and opinion of those who in the first instance evinced the greatest hostility to the measure.’—[Mr. *Love*, Chairman of the Sevenoaks Union.]

“The men are more civil and obliging, more anxious to keep their places, and less inclined to improvidence and intemperance, than they were before the Poor Law Bill came into operation. Almost all the able-bodied men have found employment during the past winter. The rates have been reduced pretty nearly one-half compared with what they were four years ago.’—[N. *Atherton*, Esq., Chairman of Calne Union.]

“There is a very general increase in the habits of industry among the labouring classes. Persons who never could be made to work before have become good labourers, and do not express any dissatisfaction with the measure. In most parishes the moral character of the poor is improving; there is a disposition to be more orderly and well-behaved. So far as I can judge, from the inquiries I have made from time to time, and from conversations with respectable farmers and others, who hold no offices, I may venture to say that the measure is working very satisfactorily; that the great body of the labouring poor throughout the Union have become reconciled to it; that the workhouse is held in great dread; that there is a greater disposition to seek for employment, and but very few complaints of misbehaviour; and that cases of bastardy are

on the decline.'—[*Langham Rokeby, Esq.*, Chairman of the Market Harborough Union.]

“‘The reason why in this parish we had, under the old system, from 50 to 60 labourers out of employment during the winter months, or in the gravel pits, or on the farmers on the billet system, and that under the new law we have had scarcely any, is, that now the labourers are thrown on their own resources, and have consequently been more diligent in seeking for work; this, coupled with the farmers’ knowledge that they could no longer have their work done by parish men, and awaiting particular times, has caused the work to come more regularly into the market. Some few have got work out of the parish, but it has generally been found within.’—[*Mr. Smith, of Framfield, Uckfield Union.*]

“‘Not only have we no men out of employment at this time (January 23), but, judging from a circumstance which happened the other day, there appears to be an insufficiency of hands to perform the requisite labour. In the parish of Fletching, where I have property, I required the services of some labourers to cut a coppice; this is profitable employment: but so great was the scarcity of hands, that I was unable to obtain one, and this in a parish where last year there were from 60 to 70 men unemployed throughout the whole winter.’—[*W. C. Mabbott, Esq., Uckfield, one of the magistrates for the county.*]

But other kinds of highly gratifying evidence abound in the present Report. Perhaps nothing will strike the reflecting mind, among these delightful testimonies, more forcibly than what is asserted concerning the training of the children of those that are dispauperized. To be sure nothing can be more natural than that where the parents have assumed the attitude of independent men, and tasted the elevating sentiments which must necessarily attend persevering and honest industry, their children should be made to participate in all the moral and intellectual qualities thus tasted and displayed. But let the reader not pass over with ordinary attention a newly coined word which we have just now used, and borrowed from this Report, *dispauperized*! There is a term for you, that a short time ago, could not have been uttered, because there would have been no meaning for it to represent; and nature, human nature, even in the endless variety of its creations, though these should amount only to the utterance of unsubstantial airy words, is never so lavish as to frame an expression where it has no idea to communicate. But, to be *dispauperized* will no longer be an unmeaning term; and however harsh it may sound upon the ear in rhythmical cadences and measures, it will become a serviceable addition to our language in familiar discourse as well as in political statistics.

We shall not, after noticing some of the paramount blessings resulting from the Act, dwell upon the pecuniary savings, which it has already been the confessed means of accomplishing, and this to

a vast amount, although such a consideration, with its concomitant effects and tendencies, cannot be measured by a money standard; for it will instantly occur to every one who has paid any attention to the bonds of society, to the foundations of a country's prosperity, or to the happiness of each individual inhabitant, that money is not only a medium of traffic, but according to its distribution, the nature of the demands made upon it, and the occasions of its interchange and currency, it may be associated with all that concerns comfort at present, and hope as to hereafter.

The auxiliaries to the amended Poor Law administration, and the beneficial effects that may be calculated upon as permanently to flow from it, are thus outlined—

“ There are persons who imagine that the prosperous state of the country would have gone far to produce the results we have exhibited without the aid of the new law ; and that even with its aid, if any change should take place, arising from scarcity of food or commercial distress and embarrassment, pauperism, with all its former train of evils, must inevitably recur. We do not deny that the progress of the change we have described has been highly favoured by the prosperous condition of the manufacturing districts, by the cheapness of provisions, and by the general demand for labour.

“ The knowledge of the fact of the existence of the demand for employment has given confidence to the Boards of Guardians in the execution of our orders and regulations, and the cheapness of provisions has encouraged proceedings for the extinction of the system so prevalent in the southern counties, of making allowances in aid of wages to able-bodied labourers as the heads of families. But it must not be forgotten that in whole districts, whilst provisions were as cheap as they have ever been of late years, and whilst the demand for employment was progressive, pauperism nevertheless continued to increase. The application of the measure at different periods of the two last years, at times when employment has been slack, and in places where distress has been the subject of loud complaint, has been attended with the usual average of beneficial results, results differing only in degree.

“ In several of the dispauperized districts where the change has approached to completeness, as in Kent, Sussex, and in others, the labour market has not apparently, during any portion of the period of change been influenced by the demand for labour from the line of railroads in progress of formation, or from the manufacturing districts, no considerable number of labourers having been found to have removed to meet such demands during any period of the change. The total number of labourers who have emigrated under our sanction during the year ended July, 1835, was, from Kent, 9 ; from Sussex, 31 ; the number who emigrated during the year ended July, 1836, was, from Kent, 320 ; from Sussex, 248. The numbers who have migrated with the aid of the Board to the manufacturing districts have been, from Kent, five families, comprising 48 individuals ; and from Sussex 14 families, comprising 66 individuals.

"The parts of the country where these aids have been put into the most active operation are not proportionably distinguished for their advance beyond others, and their condition supplies a proof that neither the cheapness of provisions nor the existing demand for labour, even when aided by emigration, can, without the aid of the law, suffice to dispauperize a district. It is evident, we think, that pauperism when once established defies such influences, and, if it were necessary, facts might readily be adduced in proof of this assertion.

"It is stated by Mr. Power, in his Report,—

"That the season was highly favourable to the operation of the new system, and that it was more than usually productive of resources to the labouring man, especially in those quarters where the new law has been brought into operation; there was in fact more employment, and much more employment afloat, than in any recent former season;' but he denies—

"That this great increase of employment was owing solely or mainly to so precarious a cause as the bulk of the harvest, or to another cause which has been alleged, the demand for labour existing in distant parts of the country.'

"Neither again does he admit,

"That the increased amount of employment, great as that increase from various sources may have been, can account in any great degree for the sudden and universal disappearance of the applications to be paid 'for lost time,' knowing that the latter practice may co-exist in full vigour with the most abundant state of employment. Otherwise it would not have happened last harvest that the wheat was rotting in Rochford hundred and other southern hundreds of Essex for want of hands to reap it at 21s. and 24s. an acre, at the very same time that able-bodied healthy men were lying under the hedges with a parish allowance of 3s. a-week, in another part of the same country, not at that time under the operation of the new law.'

"Several districts where emigration has been applied most actively are yet amongst the least advanced in improvement.

"In estimating the probable permanency of the results which we have shown to be produced by the Poor Law Amendment Act, let it never be forgotten that the whole amount which has been saved out of the former expenditure is placed in the hands of those who are shown, by the evidence in the Appendix, to apply it immediately in the payment of wages of labour, in the very district in which it was formerly wasted in maintaining paupers in idleness. The labourers having become orderly and industrious, the farmer has now both the means and the inducement to improve the cultivation of his farm, and, in so doing, a new and extensive demand for labour is permanently created.

"We see nothing in this which is temporary or transient; prices may rise or fall, as seasons or circumstances vary; but under all such circumstances a principle of adaptation will exist, arising from the mutual interests of the labourer and his employer, which will induce them so to adjust their concerns (if the law does not interfere to prevent them), as to ensure a palliative at least, if not a remedy for the evil. If difficulties occur, such aid as a Poor Law can afford is always attainable, there being no rule of

the Commissioners which is not capable of being adapted to any emergency whenever it shall be proved that a necessity for it has actually arisen. The evidence of the operation of the measure in the various districts referred to, appears to us to establish the conclusion, that no distress of the classes engaged in agriculture or manufactures, that shall not exceed the distresses which have occurred of late years, can call for any relaxation of the rules now in force for the administration of relief.

"From the trial made under such varied circumstances, therefore, we feel justified in expressing our confidence, not only in the permanent character of the improvements herein described, but that such improvement will be progressive, so long as correct principles of poor-law administration continue to be enforced."

We have from the first entertained sanguine opinions regarding the Amendment Act; and according to our abilities have shown ourselves hearty in its support. That it is a perfect measure, or one that will not require occasional revision and correction, it would be folly to declare. To say that cases of individual hardship have not arisen in consequence of its being put into operation, would be to contradict notorious facts. But that its principles are sound, we are the more strongly convinced, the more we hear of its practical workings; and though sufferings have arisen from its operations, we deny that they are half so great in number or enormity, as those that were according to a rapidly accumulating ratio constantly occurring under the old law.

ART. II.—Report from the Select Committee on the Record Commission; together with Minutes of Evidence, &c. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

THERE can hardly be a more important concern, as regards the sources of national history, than the due preservation and arrangement of public records. Matters, which at the moment of their occurrence, or when they were noted down, may not have been possessed of the slightest novelty, or capable of exciting the least degree of interest—such, for example, as the mere name or price of an ordinary article of wearing apparel—may, in after ages, serve to shed no inconsiderable light upon national manners, manufactures, and other statistical subjects of curiosity and finance. In a monarchy so ancient, so grand, and so acquainted with vicissitudes as that of England, every one will instantly presume, when his attention is directed to the matter, that its records must be voluminous, and many of them extremely valuable as well as curious. But still there is no person, that has not obtained a sight of some of these collections, filling galleries, halls, cellars, and wooden sheds, as they do, who can entertain anything like an adequate conception of the number and antiquity of vast quantities of our national archives;

much less have a due apprehension of the confusion, the decay, and the ruin that have overtaken waggon-loads of them, occasioned by damp, vermin, and the reckless hands even of common day-labourers, when employed, perhaps, in the mere ordinary drudgery of bricklayer's work.

The loss which neglect has occasioned to these immense treasures, is not the only circumstance connected with their history that is to be regretted, and that arouses the displeasure of every reflecting and patriotic mind. The volume before us shows too forcibly, that even the persons who have been specially appointed to take care of them, and arrange them, have not succeeded in restoring them to order, or in protecting all of them from destruction, or in rendering the whole of them easily accessible; so that ignorance and mismanagement have united with neglect and violence in hastening and extending the injury described. It may be remembered by many of our readers, that Parliament at the beginning of the present century, took the condition of our legal and historical muniments into consideration, and the result was the appointment of a Commission "to provide for their arrangement and preservation." This Commission in the course of about thirty years, somehow or another, managed to expend more than three hundred thousand pounds. This wasteful and unsatisfactory conduct led to the appointment of a new Commission in 1831, which seems to have done little better than its predecessor. The consequence has been, that a Select Committee was constituted last Session, "to inquire into the Management and Affairs of the Record Commission, and the present state of the Records of the Kingdom." This Committee sat for several months, examined about eighty persons, and has published the present folio volume, containing eleven hundred pages, as the fruit of its inquiry. To this Report we now call attention; in the first place, confining ourselves to the state of the Records, as here described; and, secondly, to the conduct of the Commissioners, whose duty it has been to take care of them.

We have already intimated that the records of this kingdom are not deposited in one place, but are scattered and piled up in a number of inconvenient, and insecure abodes. That many of them have been lost, and that more of them have been spoiled by damp, dust, and vermin, will readily be credited, after the evidence which we are about to abridge; and also that of those that remain, and are legible there is no sufficient catalogue or index. But few of our readers will anticipate how numerous and varied are the casualties to which such perishable property is exposed. For example, could it be presumed that those archives, which are deposited in the Tower, have a gunpowder magazine immediately below them, or that a steam-engine, which is in daily operation, is close to the same building? Yet such is the fact.

Again, the Records of the late Clerk of the Pipe and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer of the Exchequer, are to be found in vaults, two stories under ground, at Somerset House. The former of these Kolls are understood to be the most splendid collection that any nation can boast of; and yet it has been admitted, that the vaults in which they are placed are so murky and dark, that it is with difficulty any visitor can find his way out of them, without carrying a light. They are also described by one witness to be damp and unhealthy. There are even mineral formations in these apartments, consisting of stalagnites and stalactites. The Crown Leases are here deposited, and are thus exposed; and besides these dangers, they are in such a state of confusion, that the whole may have to be turned over, before any one particular document of the kind can be found.

If we go to the Records of the Treasury of the Exchequer, they will be discovered in the Chapter House at Westminster. Under them are vaults filled with spirituous liquors, and brewhouses join the same building. Sir Francis Palgrave says that the majority of these extremely valuable documents "can neither be preserved nor arranged, nor even consulted;" and so much exposed are they to damp, that masses of them are in a state of complete fusion, while the whole, must in the course of time be destroyed, unless removed to a more suitable receptacle.

Even in the Rolls Chapel, which is the principal depository of the Chancery Records, though they be tolerably well arranged, these documents are so covered with dirt, that one person says it is "not fit for any one but a coalheaver" to handle them. It is said also that a practice has obtained of pasting many of them into volumes, and when wanted for use, of detaching them by means of wetting. This is not the only active method adopted in the same office to obliterate these writings; for, Sir Harris Nicholas has stated that here and in other similar places, it is the practice to throw a certain kind of composition over those parts which are supposed to be illegible, which, although it restores the ink for a short time turns the parchment afterwards quite black.

We might much extend this list of insufficient and ruinous Record Depositories. Thus the rooms of the Augmentation Office are "surrounded with fires." They are also in "a very filthy state, dirty as a chimney-sweeper's room." The Records of the Duchy of Lancaster Office are exposed to fire, part of the house in which they are kept being a private residence. But the Records of the King's Remembrancer's Office will afford a sufficiently impressive example for the whole. When the new courts of law were built in 1822, these were removed from their ancient habitation; but no place having been prepared for their reception, they were put into a temporary shed that was erected in Westminster Hall,

and carried thither in sacks by labourers, over whom there was no superintending authority or guardian. There appears to be reason for believing that quantities of these parchments were at this time purloined and sold to the glue-manufacturers. "An apron full" was sold by one labourer for five shillings; and I knew, says Mr. Cole, that "the master-builder employed on the occasion, at one period possessed a very considerable collection of seals, charters, and other documents found in the old building." Another transfer of the same Records took place on the coronation of his present Majesty. In 1831, they were again removed to the King's Mews; so that it has been said that these and other migrations to which the particular Records in question have been subject, "have cost what would have sufficed to erect an excellent General Record Office." An extract from the report of Mr. Cole, who was appointed in 1833, to examine the Miscellaneous Records which were deposited in two large sheds or bins in the King's Mews, will place the matter more fully before the reader—these documents comprising records of all periods, from Richard the First to George the Fourth.

"The dimensions of the larger of these sheds were 14 feet in height, 14 feet in width, and 16 feet in depth; of the smaller, the dimensions were 10 feet in height, 5 feet in width, and 16 feet in depth. In these sheds 4,136 cubic feet of national records were deposited in the most neglected condition, besides the accumulated dust of centuries. All, when these operations commenced, were found to be very damp; some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls; there were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin; and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile, as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together, that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and, besides furnishing a charnel-house for the dead during the first removal of these national records, a dog was employed in hunting the live rats, which were thus disturbed from their nests. It was impossible to prosecute any measure of assorting whilst the records remained in this position; indeed, a slow process of selecting or separating any portions could not have been endured, even by the greatest physical strength, or the greatest stock of patience. The first step taken was to divide the mass into small and approachable portions; accordingly, three Irish labourers, besides superintending assistance, together with the dog aforesaid, were employed, during a fortnight, in removing this deposit of national records, and placing it in sacks; and nothing but strong stimulants sustained the men in working amongst such a mass of putrid filth, stench, dirt, and decomposition. In this removal not less than 24 bushels of dust and the most minute particles of parchment and paper were collected; 500 sacks of national records were filled from these sheds, each sack containing eight bushels; so that from

this locality alone 4,000 bushels of every species of record were obtained. From various other parts of the King's Mews about 800 bushels of records were collected."

In short the national archives are scattered throughout the metropolis, and for the most part are huddled together upon a scale of most amazing confusion; and yet Commissions have for more than thirty years been in existence for the purpose of arranging and preserving such precious property, which have by this time cost the country nearly *half a million of money!* and which, surely was amply sufficient to have provided one great, central, and convenient building for the whole of the separated collections, to have paid for their proper arrangement, and to have furnished a suitable index to each. Yet what does Sir Thomas Phillips say about the efforts of those Commissioners? Why, these are his words—"More of the Records of England have been destroyed since the Record Commission was first established in 1800, than were destroyed during the four previous centuries!" This brings us to the second subject of inquiry proposed in the present paper.

When we mention that the Record Commissioners include most of the great Ministers that were in office at the period of their appointment, it will be immediately presumed that, in so far as they are concerned, nothing of a very active or constant kind, could be performed. Such men have far too much to do connected with their chief offices to allow of time to study or closely superintend the arrangement and publication of old musty national records. Among these twenty-two unpaid gentlemen, however, there are at present some persons differently situated, and differently equipped for the duty under consideration—such as Messrs. Hallam and Allen, who have obtained some celebrity as historical students of the Middle Ages, and whose avocations do not seem to be at variance with the attention referred to. Now, will not our readers naturally expect that to these gentlemen especially, were the duties of the Commission entrusted? One of the duties in question consists, of course, in fixing upon such Records as are to be published, and of judging into whose hands they shall be placed for the purpose of having them ably and correctly edited. But how stands the case as described in the Report before us, both by Mr. Hallam and Mr. Allen?

"You have been a commissioner since 1831? (Mr. Hallam answers) I have.—Have you frequently attended the board? I have attended pretty frequently.—From your experience as a commissioner, should you say, that you have had an accurate knowledge of the proceedings of the board all that time? By attending the board, I have had so far a knowledge, that I have known the proceedings, when I was present, which has been generally the case.—Have you generally known what works

were going to make their appearance, under the sanction of the board? Not entirely. The meetings have not been very frequent; I should think, upon an average, six or eight in the year: but the general management of the board has rested with the secretary, and some commissioners with whom he has had communication. I cannot say that I have always known what was going forward, but I have always had the power of doing so."

Then what does Mr. Allen declare?

"Will you explain the phrase which you used, that you could not say whether they were all selected with reference to those which remain unprinted, and which you, a commissioner, knew nothing of, or knew very little of? I should say that I knew very little of a work that I never considered with a considerable degree of attention. I do know the Pipe Rolls are very valuable; but I must confess that, except the Pipe Rolls of Stephen, (it appears that there is no such Roll), I know nothing of the Pipe Rolls but through Maddox.—How is it that, as a commissioner, you have been allowing works to be selected for printing and publication, not knowing whether or not there were more valuable works? It is to be considered that two persons may have very different opinions as to the comparative value of different publications: the publications that were ordered to be published, I know to be valuable; whether they are more or less valuable than others is a matter of opinion, upon which I might have one notion, and another person another notion.—But, not knowing what was in the office, you could hardly form an opinion upon that subject? I knew from Maddox that a great deal of valuable matter was to be got from the Pipe Rolls; and perhaps a particular record might be preferred because there was a person qualified to edit it."

Such is part of the testimony furnished by the two Commissioners, who seem alone to have paid any attention to their duties, and who may be presumed to have been best fitted for their discharge. By whom then were the duties performed? By the Secretary. But has he proved himself competent to their discharge? The Secretary himself, Mr. Cooper, gives this account of the matter—"I believe," says he, "it was the circumstance that I did not possess a knowledge of the ancient records that induced the board to force upon me, (for Lord Brougham forced upon me) the office of Secretary, rather than upon a record man; I was appointed for checking the zeal of those lovers of ancient records." Mr. Protheroe also says, "that it was an express understanding between him (the Secretary) and Lord Brougham, that the record business was to yield to his private law avocations; and to use his (the Secretary's) own words, 'that the condition on which he accepted the office of Secretary was, that its duties should be made in all respects secondary and subordinate to his professional avocations.'" Really, when we consider the importance of our public archives, and the thousands of pounds per annum which the Record Board

costs the country, there surely never was such a bungled job as this, even in the history of Commissions. It would be a wonder, indeed, if any considerable good were to result from the measures adopted under such directors. But what have been some of the real results? Let us mark the discoveries which Messrs. Hallam and Protheroe made as auditors of the accounts of the Secretary. Why, the former of these gentlemen, in the course of this labour, found out for the first time, the names of many persons that were employed by the Board, and of works already printed, of which, as a commissioner, he had previously been unacquainted, and that a library had been purchased, which cost several hundred pounds. Mr. Protheroe speaks to the same purpose, when he says—

“In auditing the accounts, did you become acquainted with any expenditure or payment of which you had been previously ignorant? Yes, a great many.—Of any amount? A very considerable amount.—At which audit did you first become acquainted with any expenditure of which as a commissioner, you were ignorant? We became acquainted with expenditure, of which we were ignorant as to its nature and object only, perhaps, at the first audit; but in all subsequent audits I have become acquainted, and I should say my colleagues have become acquainted, with payments to individuals with whose names, even, we were wholly unacquainted, although the objects for which those payments were made had become known to us at the previous audit. Perhaps I shall best explain my answer by stating that, for instance, in the purchase of books, we became acquainted for the first time, with any large expenditure of that nature on our first audit; but subsequent bills for books were sent in from other booksellers, which purchases we had previously been made acquainted with. We became acquainted at the first audit of sums paid for foreign collections, said to be for the continuation of the *Fœdera*. At our subsequent audit we became acquainted with the names of other parties to whom payments had been made, besides those whose names had occurred the year before.—By whom were those payments made? By Mr. Cooper.—By any authority from the commissioners? I am not aware of any general order for incurring this expenditure: certainly none for the particular payment.” Again, “The accounts did not come to you as accounts sanctioned by the board, but accounts presented by Mr. Cooper, as what were afterwards to be certified to be accounts incurred by the sanction of the board by a quorum commissioner? The result of the demand for the subsequent signature of a quorum commissioner proves that this representation is correct; but we received those bills as bills of expenses incurred by the secretary in the discharge of the business of the commission.—In fact, the same gentlemanlike indifference pervaded the accounts as the Records? I should certainly say, yes. * * * Do you think it possible for you, or any other commissioner, to say what is the amount of any particular branch of your expenditure? Certainly not: I could form a pretty accurate opinion for one or two years, but I should be sorry to put in evidence from such a statement, inasmuch as it is made upon very rough calculations.—Do you think that the other

commissioners are better informed than you are upon these subjects of finance? I should conceive not so well informed: no one, I believe, has attempted any thing like an analysis or digest of the accounts but myself.

“ The Secretary and the Commissioners, with whom he was in the habit of communicating,” or rather the Secretary *per se*, expended more than a thousand pounds in collecting “ Materials for British History” in foreign parts. And what sort of materials did this collection chiefly consist of? The parliamentary inquiry has brought to light the amount of these wondrous contributions, almost the whole of which are enrolled either at the Tower or the Town Clerk’s Office. Nay, the copies procured abroad, were in many cases so inaccurate, that an additional expense had to be incurred in collecting them with the enrolments at home. But although valuable additions from these foreign repositories had been made to our own materials for British history, surely such collections do not directly and primarily belong to a commission appointed to arrange and print the records of the Middle Ages, vast heaps of which to this day continue in a disgraceful state of neglect. Several volumes have, it is true, been published, containing certain portions of these documents, and which have sometimes been selected chiefly to benefit the editors of them; nor have such works always conferred honour upon the persons that have thus speculated, or been of any considerable use in the service of history. In a word, the intentions of government in instituting the Record Commission have not been in any respect attended to or realized.

We have only described or glanced at some of the blunders of the existing incompetent Record Board, which, although its members may not be paid at the public expense for what they do, contrives in one way and another, to put the country to a vast deal of outlay, as well as a vast deal of loss, as regards the extremely valuable property referred to. It is to be hoped, however, that the present Report will be the occasion of introducing a more rational and profitable system. We now quote some of the alterations and remedies which the Committee have suggested.

“ The superintendence of the business of arranging, classifying, and calendaring, the Records, and the regulation of the offices and the fees, appears to be of such a nature as cannot be safely intrusted to any one to whom it is not assigned as a duty, and who is not paid for performing it. * * *

“ It appears to your committee that this business should be intrusted to one person, or, at any rate, to a very small number; that these persons should be paid, and should not be subordinate to, but members of, the commission. The payment of adequate salaries to one, two, or even three commissioners might be speedily saved out of the salaries now given to the keepers of various offices. At any rate, if the business intrusted to a Record Commission be worth the doing, it is worth the paying for, in

order that it may be well done. Gratuitous neglect in the management of public business is the result of a most unwise economy. To such paid commissioner or commissioners, the general superintendence of the affairs of the commission, the management of its finances, the care of its funds, and the appointment of sub-commissioners, and others in its employ, might properly be intrusted. Under such circumstances, a further saving might be effected in the salary of the secretary, who receives at present 500*l.* a year, besides allowances, which Mr. Protheroe says (incorrectly, according to the secretary) raise the whole annual expense of the office to 1200*l.* or 1300*l.* A clerk, or secretary, at little more than a clerk's salary, would suffice for the business which, under such salaried commissioners, such subordinate officer would be required to perform. It appears, however, to your committee, that the selection of certain of the more valuable and complete Records for publication, is a work which, though it should be kept subordinate to the proper care of the whole mass of the Records, ought not to be abandoned or neglected, and might, under proper precautions, proceed simultaneously with it. This, however, is a business which does not, in the opinion of your committee, appear to require to be conducted by one or two persons alone: on the contrary, as it is a matter very much dependent on taste, and on an ampler acquaintance with various branches of learning, and with the wants and opinions of different classes of inquirers, than is generally possessed by any very small number of persons, it is probable that it would be better managed if a number of persons, possessing peculiar qualifications in different branches of legal or historical learning, were constituted into a board, under whose sanction some of the more valuable Records might be selected and prepared for publication. It appears to your committee, that a new commission might be so framed as to combine the advantage of leaving to one, or a few, such portion of the business as a small number can do better than a large; and of deriving advantage from the counsels of a larger number, in that department in which it is advisable to have the result and sanction of many opinions. It would, perhaps, not be unadvisable, in accordance with some precedents among our public institutions, to combine some paid with a large number of unpaid commissioners. To the paid commissioners should be intrusted the whole and undivided administration of all the business, and all the powers, of the commission; with a provision, that no publication should be undertaken without the whole of the commission being summoned, and the contemplated work sanctioned and directed by their order, upon a plan to be laid before them by the paid commissioners. It might, perhaps, not be considered prudent to intrust the whole of so large a business to one paid commissioner; and it might, also, be thought advisable that it should be intrusted to persons, each possessing an acquaintance with some particular class of Records, or being in the habit of using them either for legal or historical purposes. With this view the whole of this portion of the business might be intrusted to as many as three paid commissioners.

* * * * *

“ The undefined and almost unlimited authority exercised by the secretary exhibits, in the judgment of your committee, an obvious defect in

the constitution and management of the board : since he possessed, as will appear from the following more detailed statement, the entire control over the funds and disbursements of the commission ; of the preparation of its works ; of the engagements, salaries, and duties, of all persons in the employ of the commission ; and of the distribution of its publications."

Art. III—Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishment—Remarks on the First Report of the Inspectors of Prisons, with some Observations on the Reformation of Criminals. By P. LAURIE, JUN., a Magistrate of the County of Middlesex. London. Whittaker & Co. 1837.

EVERY discussion that bears a reference to the welfare of mankind, especially every discussion that belongs to political, civic, or moral science, aptly falls within the cognizance of a literary journal ; and this not merely because the study of all the sciences enlarges and elevates the intellectual powers, and equips them for a range of research, and an accuracy of observation which could not otherwise be attained, but because political wisdom and moral excellence are the kindest foster fathers of what is beautiful and enduring in the republic of letters. According to this view it is that we frequently direct the attention of our readers to publications, which, in the strictest meaning of the word, *literature*, may seem to mark no peculiar feature or era in its history. The present pamphlet has afforded an instance of the kind alluded to ; for though it be small and unpretending in appearance, it treats of a branch, and suggests views that are capable of a very wide and potent bearing upon some of the most important and serious interests of mankind. Indeed, we think that Mr. Laurie has in it evinced the mastery of more enlightened principles and more practical knowledge, than His Majesty's Commissioners have yet done in their very voluminous Reports on English Criminal Law. It is true, that he has confined himself to narrow grounds, and to only a few peculiarities connected with the details of our criminal jurisprudence, as the title of his strictures intimate ; and even then it is of London thieves that he almost exclusively speaks. But though thus limited in his illustrations, his principles are lucid and enlarged, and if carried out into their legitimate results and ramifications, would, as it appears to us, effect a vast deal in the good work of purifying the code of doctrines, and simplifying the forms of procedure which obtain in our Criminal Courts—consequently of insuring the conviction of offenders, and thereby furnishing the best safeguard in support of the authority of the law.

Our author thus explains the points which he wishes principally to enforce—

" The object of the following remarks is to shew that any extended

system of Prison Discipline cannot be carried into effect on prisoners before trial.

"That the Penitentiary system has failed in America, and will be equally unsuccessful in this country, when applied to convicts.

"That the main cause of crime in this country is not to be attributed to the contamination of gaols, but the numerous chances of escaping conviction, and the uncertainty of punishment.

"That solitary confinement is too inhuman and dangerous a punishment to be tolerated in a Christian country.

"That the schemes, recommended in the Inspectors' report, involves an outlay of many thousands annually, and the results of this outlay must be, if not happily abortive, most mischievous.

"That Transportation, both in a moral and political point of view, is the most efficacious, rational, and cheap mode of punishment, and should be more extensively enforced.

"And that, from the palpable errors, contradictions, and want of knowledge displayed in the report, no reliance can be placed on the accuracy or judgment of the authors of it."

But before presenting to our readers the current of his statements and reasonings under some of these different positions, a few of his introductory observations will not be unacceptable; although, while we praise him for the sound sense with which he maintains every one of his grounds, we cannot but say, that, had there been less of attempted sarcasm and supercilious sneering, and more of accurate composition in some of his pages, we should have liked them better.

Mr. Laurie happily suggests, in the commencement of his remarks, that the cant and impracticable measures which have characterized the history of enthusiasm, have lately found an additional and we may add, notable instance in that which has for its object and boast the most enlightened system of prison discipline. He by no means, however, is an advocate for the old state of things, when to "rot in a goal," was a phrase proverbially common, and a fact not unknown in England's domestic history. Howard, as all the world knows, immortalized himself, by performing gigantic achievements, that he might wipe from Christendom this horrid mockery of the ends of justice and the rights of humanity. But what will some of our readers say, when they are informed by such a competent authority as our author confessedly is, that at this very moment there exists in nations which call themselves the most enlightened and free of all that ever flourished—that in Old England, and in young, robust, boastful, but reflecting America—systematic methods of cruelty and oppression, that to be doomed leisurely to rot in consequence of squalor and bodily disease may be called mercy as compared with them—the latter being the gross abuse of physical energies in a ruder state of society—the former, the refinement of sophists who know how best to drive the iron into the soul. Nor does this ingenious method of tormenting become the proper object of abhor-

rence merely on account of the measureless and unparalleled nature of the pain and the destruction which it induces. One can hardly maintain an unruffled countenance or a bridled tongue, when he begins to reflect concerning the parties, and the patrons, who have so zealously, and often so honestly lent their authority in support of the extreme and supreme cruelty which they have curiously invented for the chastisement of their erring brethren. Is it not strange that the philosophy of mind, that the registered knowledge of mankind, that the Christian code should not singly, and if not singly, unitedly, have brought the framers of laws, the proclaimers of wisdom, the men who in high places cherish as the noblest object of their ambition the greatest possible amelioration of man, to a sound and irrevocable decision on the doctrine of rewards and punishments? More strange still is it not, that in England, in London, fallacies should prevail, that cost the community enormous sums of money, and which are prejudicial to the public and the prosecutor as well as to the prosecuted, without in the course of a few years opening the eyes of the active and disinterested promoters of public good, and directing them to some method of reform which might abide the test of experience? But what says Mr. Laurie?

"Committee after Committee of both Houses of Parliament has sat Session after Session—Commission after Commission has traversed the length and breadth of the land on this subject, with all the tardy caution of well-paid tediousness; rules and regulations, plans and suggestions, have been poured in upon us,

Thick as the autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa—

and, except some ponderous tomes of equally ponderous reports, and evidence, what at last has been the result of their labours? in sober sadness—nothing; and this appalling fact stares us in the face, that Crime is daily increasing."

And what are the methods, which as our author describes them, "a restless, busy, and meddling spirit of mingled quackery and credulity," adopt to counteract this increasing tide of crime? Why, "silent systems and visiting committees, separation, solitary cells, &c." all which err and fail, when brought to bear upon such formidable and intractable materials as the majority of London thieves present; whereas the only obviously rational mode of procedure would be to strike first in advance of the evil, and effect the utmost that can be done by prevention, without, however, relinquishing such methods in criminal trials, and such a system of prison discipline or of secondary punishments, as would operate as a warning to others. But instead of this order of conduct, fanciful, and generally perfectly inefficacious, measures are resorted to, with the view of reclaiming

offenders that are morally beyond the reach of any human inventions or agencies. To be sure, it may be so contrived that the most hardened and experienced criminals, when within the precincts of a goal, shall conduct themselves after the most approved models of decorum. They may, to use Mr. Laurie's words, "be drilled to march with all the gravity and regularity of the parade, from the washing-tub to the tread-wheel, from the tread-wheel to their meals and back again to labour, and at night to bed;"—the woman may be taught to "ask for tracts instead of tea, and prefer spinning to spirits; cry at good advice and curtsy becomingly:" but what does the real amount of all these endeavours prove, but this, that it is labour and money foolishly and cruelly applied; that the public is thereby deceived and wronged, while the criminals themselves are just rendered the more inveterately wedded to their vices, and determined when the first opportunity arrives of profiting by it? Let us behold the outlined account which our writer gives of London thieves—

"With a large portion of London thieves, crime is the profession by which they live; they are educated for it, and pursue it for a livelihood, until they are disposed of by the law. This may appear a harsh and uncharitable opinion, but when it is estimated that there are nearly 12,000 juvenile offenders within the bills of mortality, who contribute to support themselves and their parents by the proceeds of their crime; this is of itself sufficient to prove the extent of contamination and vice existing in the homes of these children, which, added to the total want of any thing like religious notions, or even a sense of moral degradation, will help to convince the most unwilling that the picture, lamentable as it may be, is but too true; and, the best way to view this moral waste, is not to affect to disbelieve the uncharitable truth, but to take effectual measures to eradicate the cause of it. That this statement is not over-charged, will appear from the following table of re-commitments from Michaelmas, 1833, to Michaelmas, 1834, to the six following prisons: Cold-Bath Fields, Westminster Bridewell, Brixton, Giltspur Street Compter, Borough Compter, and Surrey Gaol.

Total No. Committed.	Once.	Twice.	Three times.	4 & oftener.	Total No. Re-com.
25,556	3,150	1,171	615	1,342	6,278

And Mr. Chesterton states, that there were in his custody, at the time he gave his evidence, the following number of women, with the number of times committed to the House of Correction:

Three exceeding sixty times.	Three exceeding forty times.
One fifty	Two thirty."

We now come to some of the several distinct heads under which our author ranges his views on the entire subject of "Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments." And first as to "Confinement before Trial." Here, it is argued, that when a person is committed for trial, he is not sent to prison to be punished, but that his forthcoming at the day of trial may be ensured. He may be innocent,

and the law presumes him to be innocent till convicted legally. This confinement is therefore a sacrifice, which even a guiltless person may be required to offer to the interests of society. The Inspectors of prisons in their first Report, admit this, of course; but behold how the maxim is interpreted by their commentary and modern practice.

"The Inspectors (Rep. p. 77—8) draw a distinction between the separate confinement they propose for the untried, as a boon, and the solitary imprisonment to be inflicted on the convicted as a punishment; which they modestly say is 'often inadvertently confounded in well-meaning but imperfectly informed minds.' Prison Disciplinarians will doubtless see the difference at once, but most persons, who are not blessed with their acute perception and powers of discrimination, will be inclined to set it down as an indifferent specimen of twaddling transparent casuistry.

"SEPARATE confinement, then, is to be understood as allowing a prisoner to see the Chaplain for religious instruction; the medical officer in case of illness; the officers of the prison, who are to bring him food and lock him up; his legal adviser, to prepare his defence (for he is yet untried, a small fact which might escape the reader); and under proper regulations his relations and friends! Pretty well this for an innocent man!

"SOLITARY Confinement, in the disciplinarian dictionary, is 'total seclusion from all human intercourse;' and this, the Inspectors coolly state, 'they do not contemplate before trial.' Amiable philanthropists! Enlightened philosophers! It might be imagined by persons less talented than Prison Inspectors, that a prisoner totally secluded from all human intercourse, might run some risk of starvation, or dying in his cell, without disturbing the repose of the prisons. Let all such avoid so melancholy an exhibition of the benighted state of their 'well meaning, but imperfectly informed minds.'

"The Inspectors, however, have some glimmerings of the ingratitude of mankind in general, and of thieves in particular, and some misgivings, that prisoners may not sufficiently appreciate their labours of love, but, that in the minds of such deluded persons, this boon may be considered as very scurvy treatment, and may engender a feeling of 'discomfort,' which they propose to dissipate by indulging them with employment. 'But, in any provision, which any prison regulations may make for the employment of the accused, we must never lose sight of the protection due to the rights of the untried. His guilt is but contingent—he *may be innocent*; therefore, no occupation, which may be provided for him, should be characterised by marks of compulsion, or degradation, or severity.'"

But will our readers say, that there is neither compulsion, degradation, nor severity, in putting a person, who may be innocent and who is presumed to be such, upon bread and water diet, unless he work? Yet such is the case according to our laws. The next question that occurs, is, how does this system of incongruities between theory and practice, succeed?

"There being a gaol delivery in London every month, the average duration of confinement of each prisoner, before trial, is two weeks; and it is absurd to suppose, that a man is to be taught a trade, neither compulsory, degrading, or severe, at which he is to work in solitude, in a fortnight, interrupted by the visits of the chaplain, medical officer, his legal adviser, and relations and friends, and the interval for exercise enjoined by the Gaol Act. His trade may be such, as cannot be carried on in a prison; and beside, if the bricklayer is to learn shoemaking, the carpenter tailoring, the blacksmith straw plaiting, or the cab driver painting, a sufficient quantity of materials must be purchased, and a regiment of salaried artificers engaged, to superintend the waste of these materials, with a due regard to economy, and the morals of their solitary apprentices.

"The prospect is equally hopeless in the Country; the habits of the agricultural labourer, though confined a longer time, are still less adapted for handicraft work; the flail may be exchanged for the needle, and the pitchfork or spade for the chisel, and the only result will be, that a quantity of good cloth and wood will be spoilt. Perhaps, the most eligible business which could be taught, would be to bring them up for Deputy Prison Inspectors, a craft which appears to be easily acquired, extremely profitable, and requiring neither the experience of ages, or the wisdom of Solomon."

Out of the numerous herds of prisoners who are confined before trial, there is a goodly army left of convicts who must not at once be let loose upon society, and over whom both discipline and punishment must be exercised, that the authority of the laws may be maintained for the general and permanent welfare of the community. The science of prison discipline is understood to have been carried to the highest perfection in America, and England has been content to borrow from her transatlantic relatives. And what has been the effect in the former country of the ingenious science alluded to? Not the diminution of crime, although there is neither a want of labour, nor of high wages, to be quoted as an explanation of this astounding fact. The truth is, that penitentiary punishments have entirely failed in America as regards their originally anticipated results; and if we may judge from the increase of crime in this country, a consequence not much more flattering may be instanced in regard to the imported science.

The great error in the system, we speak of, seems to arise from the mistake that criminals are *unfortunate* rather than *debased*, and that a gaol is a place where they can be *reformed*. But our author holds with Lord Wharncliffe, and quotes in support of the same doctrine, a mass of the most convincing evidence that "*anything like reformation of persons committed to a gaol, to any extent, is the purest dream that can enter any man's mind.*" Prison Disciplinarians, says Mr. Laurie fail in their plans, because

they suppose that crimes for the most part proceed from want of knowledge, rather than want of principle.

"The fact is, that a large proportion of London thieves, as has been before stated, have no other means of subsistence than crime, it is their vocation, in which they labour with no more compunction than if it were an honest and recognised calling. It is also supposed that they are extremely ignorant, and that education would at once open their eyes to a true sense of their wretched condition and rescue them from their evil courses; and this auspicious result might be obtained to a degree, if the education were to be a religious one, and it were possible to inculcate principle in any other way than by early example and early instruction; but, this supposed ignorance and want of rudimental learning does not exist, for the returns laid before the Lords' Committee shew that a great majority of those confined in the Hulks and Penitentiary can both read and write.

"This gloomy picture may appear as the opinion of a cold-hearted scepticism, and any one who has the courage, perhaps rashness, to state it, will be excused for fortifying his views by the concurrent testimony of those who have judgment to make use of the ample experience they possess. The following are extracts from the evidence of the late benevolent Mr. Wontner, Governor of Newgate, Mr. Chesterton, the intelligent Governor of the Middlesex House of Correction, and Mr. Gregory, the Treasurer of Spitalfields Parish:

"MR. WONTNER. Q. Of the criminals who come under your care, what proportion, as far as your experience will enable you to state, were by the immediate pressure of want impelled to the commission of crime—by want, is meant the absence of the means of subsistence, and not the want arising from indolence and an impatience of steady labour?

"A. According to the best of my observation, *scarcely one eighth*. This is my conclusion, not only from my observations in the office of Governor of this gaol, where we see more than can be seen in Court of the state of each case, but from six years experience as one of the Marshals of the City, having the direction of a large body of the police, and seeing more than can be seen by the Governor of a prison.

"Q. Of the criminals thus impelled to the commission of crime by the immediate pressure of want, what proportion according to the best of your experience, were previously reduced to want, by heedlessness, indolence, and not by causes beyond the reach of common prudence to avert?

"A. When we inquire into the class of cases to which the last answer refers, we generally find, that the criminals have had situations and profitable labour, but have lost them, in consequence of indolence, inattention, or dissipation, or habitual drunkenness, or association with bad females. If we could thoroughly examine the whole of this class of cases, I feel confident, that we should find, that *not one thirtieth of the whole class of cases brought here are free from imputation of misconduct, or can be said to result entirely from blameless want*. The cases of juvenile offenders from nine to thirteen years of age, arise

partly from the difficulty of obtaining employment for children of those ages; partly from the want of the power of superintendence of parents, who being in employment themselves, have not the power of looking after their children, *and in a far greater proportion from the criminal neglect and example of parents.*

" Mr. Chesterton states, ' I directed a very intelligent yardsman, and one who had never, I believe, wilfully misled me, to inquire into the habits and circumstances of all in the yard, (sixty prisoners), and the result was *that he could not point out one who appeared to have been urged by want to commit theft.*'

" Mr. Gregory. *Q. Then we are to understand, as the result of your experience, that the great mass of crime in your neighbourhood has always arisen from idleness and vice, rather than from the want of employment?*

" A. *Yes.*—[Extracts from evid. received by the Commissioners as to the administration and operation of the Poor Laws.]

" It never appears to have struck the advocates of prison discipline, that another cause exists, which is the main obstacle to the reformation of a criminal, and it is this: Society will not make it his interest to reform. He is turned out of prison friendless and penniless, his character gone, and all hope of regaining it; for, if he was in employment, his former master cannot give him a character, without which, it is almost impossible to procure work. Take the case of a domestic servant, and let the warmest advocate of prison reformation be put to the test of taking a footman, a cook, or a nursery maid, with no other character than a certificate of total reformation from a gaoler or prison-committee, and every one can guess the result; and, it is apprehended, that a return of reformed criminals, now in the service of subscribers to prison-discipline, and reformation societies would not form a very bulky document. Mr. Hoare, whose zeal in this cause is as well known as his intelligence and experience which temper it, observes, ' it is morally impossible for a man discharged from prison here, to return to good conduct, unless he be peculiarly circumstanced.' [Evid. Lords' Com. p. 27.] And this is the real cause of the failure of attempts at reformation. Criminals, when discharged, must choose between stealing and starvation; and thus, theft becomes their only source, for the return to honest industry is closed against them by *society.*"

One prominent feature in the schemes of our Disciplinarians, and one which they boast of loudly, is the *separate* system, which, they say, justice as well as humanity demands. As to the latter of these attainments, viz. the interests of humanity, Mr. Laurie's strictures are pointed and convincing. The Inspectors in the ardour of their *considerate* philanthropy, have fallen upon the stratagem of separate confinement, that the recognition of a prisoner out of goal may not be risked. But not to speak of this ill-timed tenderness, we ask, can it really effect the object contemplated? Whoever peruses Mr. Laurie's answer must perceive that it cannot. We, however, pass over his details on this point, as also his arguments in support of the opinion, that chances of escape are the main cause of the increase of crime. His proposed reforms and methods of improvement in

our laws and forms of procedure, are likewise left out in our summary and quotations, that we may come to the consideration of the merits of "Solitary Confinement."

It is not unusual for persons who lament over the multitude and the gradual increase of crimes, to display at the same time an uncommon degree of anxiety and acuteness in devising methods for checking such an evil; solitary confinement very frequently being the suggestion of the greatest pretenders in these speculations. But how few have ever had the slightest experience of the cruelty and the inefficiency of this style of punishment!—while there may be nearly as many, who have theorized most inaccurately on the matter. Hear what constitutes this sort of punishment, and what have been its fruits in certain quoted cases. We make no apology for the length of the extract, trusting that it will serve to silence the senseless and horrid fancy that some people entertain regarding a species of punishment which England has not yet borrowed from the penitentiary system of America.

"Before forming an opinion on Solitary Confinement, it is necessary to ascertain of what this punishment should consist, in the opinion of those who have the power to enforce it.

"Evidence of the Rev. Whitworth Russell [now an Inspector], given before the Lords' Committee, 6th April, 1835, p. 35.

"You think, that silence cannot be effectually enforced at all, except in solitary cells?

"Except in separate cells. Solitary, I conceive something infinitely greater than now spoken of; solitude is a very different thing from separation.

"Do you refer to cells in which prisoners can speak to one another?

NO; IN WHICH THEY CANNOT SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER; BUT THEN, THEY ARE DRAWN TOGETHER IN BODIES TO WORK, THAT BREAKS THE SOLITUDE; THEY COMMUNICATE WITH THE OFFICERS, THAT BREAKS THE SOLITUDE; THEY ARE CONSCIOUS THAT THERE IS A MAN IN THE NEXT CELL TO THEM, AND THAT BREAKS THE SOLITUDE. THE FULL EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE CAN NEVER BE PRODUCED UPON THE MIND AND THE CONSTITUTION OF A MAN, WHO FEELS THAT HE IS SURROUNDED BY HIS FELLOW-CREATURES. He is permitted opportunities of communicating with the Governor, Chaplain, and Surgeon, and of speaking to the officers immediately in charge of him; and from time to time seeing his fellow-prisoners, and working together with them.

"Can it be possible, that men, living in a Christian country, and under the dispensation of the gospel of mercy, should dare to propose this as a fitting mode of punishment? to immerse a prisoner in a solitary cell, from which he is never to emerge, mocked with a bible which, perhaps, he cannot read; no Sabbath can break the solitude of his death-like existence, or even give a resting-place for the memory, to mark the approach of the lagging time, when 'the body shall go to the dust as it was, and the spirit return to Him who gave it.' Hitherto, these abodes of guilt and misery have sent up the assembled meed of prayer and praise to Him whose ear is open to the captive's cry.

— Even there,
The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint,
The pris'ner's friends (for still he has some friends)
Find time to visit him.
And on the little turf, this day renewed,
The lark—his prison mate—quivers the wing
With more than wonted joy.

"But, this should be changed, and Man, dressed in a little brief authority, should issue his command, that prisoners *ARE* 'to forsake the assembling of themselves together;' they should *NOR* 'remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;' they should never hear 'the sound of the church-going bell;' never meet to hearken to the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, or listen to the mercies of a covenanted God. No; this might 'break the solitude'—might derange the elaborate contrivance of lingering torture, by keeping alive the gleam of comfort in the prisoners' breast, that he 'was surrounded by his fellow-creatures;' this should not be, it should be branded on his mind, in the characters of despair, that he is alone in the world, that

He is out of Humanity's reach,
He must finish his journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
He starts at the sound of his own.

"No apology will be required, for calling attention to the following harrowing and eloquent description of the effects of this lauded solitary system on prisoners confined in the Common Prison at Venice; it is from the pen of the late Dr. Moseley, a distinguished physician, who visited it in 1787. 'The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perduration of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial, nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice. Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest; from the admonition of her sad existence, by the gaoler's daily return.

" 'I saw one man who had been in a cell thirty years, two who had been twelve years, and several who had been eight and nine years, in their respective cells.

" 'By my taper's light I could discover the prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been thirty years, his face and body was covered with hair. He had lost the arrangement of words and order of language. When I spoke to him he made an unintelligible noise, and expressed fear and surprise; and, like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning from me if he could. One, whose faculties were not so obliterated, who still recollected the difference between day and night, whose eyes and ears, though long closed with a silent blank, still languished to perform their natural functions, implored, in the most piercing manner, that I would prevail on the gaoler to murder him, or to give him some instrument to destroy himself. I told him I had no power to serve him in this request. He

then entreated I would use my endeavours with the Inquisitors, to get him hanged, or drowned in the Canal Orfano. But even in this I could not serve him; death was a favour I had not interest enough to procure for him.

“ ‘ This kindness of death, however, was, during my stay in Venice granted to one man, who had been ‘ from the cheerful ways of man cut off,’ thirteen years.

“ ‘ Before he left his dungeon I had some conversation with him; this was six days previous to his execution. His transport, at the prospect of death, was surprising. He longed for the happy moment. No saint ever exhibited more fervour in anticipating the joys of a future state, than this man did at the thoughts of being released from life, during the four days mockery of his trial.’

“ The following extracts from works of travellers, whose veracity is above all suspicion, detailing the effects of this solitary system from America, is enough to make the blood run cold.

“ ‘ The Legislature of New York States, therefore, in the year 1821, directed a selection of the oldest and most heinous offenders to be made, who should be confined constantly in solitary cells. Eighty convicts were accordingly put into solitary cells on the 25th December, 1821. Five of those convicts died during the year preceding January, 1823, while only five died out of 150 convicts confined at the same time in prison, but who were kept to labour. The health of the solitary convicts was very soon seriously impaired. *Some of them became INSANE*, and the effect of this constant imprisonment *was not more unfavourable to reformation than to mental and bodily health*. La Fayette, when he was lately in the United States and heard of this experiment of exclusive solitary confinement, said it was ‘ JUST A REVIVAL OF THE PRACTICE IN THE BASTILE, which had so dreadful an effect on the poor prisoners.’—[Stuart’s Three Years in N. America, vol. i., p. 90.”]

Even were the dreadful catastrophes recited above as having befallen men who, for a long time, have been put beyond “ Humanity’s reach,” and the “ Music of speech unknown,” what is to become of those who are by the refinement of the cruelty described, broken in spirit and in body, when liberated, and branded? The victim may be penniless, he is sure to be demoralized; for when had he any opportunities for improvement, or any other intercourse but with that of his own dark and guilty thoughts? The condition of liberated females must be still more desperate than that of the other sex; and altogether, a deeper stain upon a nation cannot easily be imagined than the one we are describing. It is like a systematic law and custom that would authorize the burying of the living.

We shall not enter upon Mr. Laurie’s views, respecting the advantages of transportation over long imprisonment and prison discipline as secondary punishments. We only remark that they are in perfect accordance with his general doctrine, which maintains that a gaol is a receptacle for very bad company, and not a good school for moral teaching; neither a cheap one as concerns the

country. We may, however, just refer to his recommendations as contrasted with some which we spoke of in our last number, when reviewing the Second Report from His Majesty's Commissioners on Criminal Law, in which they wish to introduce very long imprisonment and peculiar discipline, instead of transportation.

With an extract from the section, which treats of the "Mistakes of the Inspectors" of our prisons, we conclude, after again making a slight reference to Mr. Laurie's performance in its purely literary character; and this we do by requesting him to consider whether his benevolent and enlightened efforts would not be even more extensively serviceable than they are, did he change the tone of his ridicule and reproofs, and did he amend his composition and the logic of his language. Upon the last-mentioned idea, let us direct his revision, for example, to the second sentence of his "Remarks," and to the commencement of the last paragraph of the pamphlet.

"The errors of the Inspectors are most certainly unintentional, but the result is much the same whether they proceed from design or innocent incapacity. Their main errors are supposing that Crime is to be put down inside instead of outside a prison; that thieves carry on their operations singly, instead of in a necessary combination, and above all, that after a reformation, real or simulated, has been effected by their discipline, that nothing is required, beyond a prisoner's own exertions, to return to a course of honest industry. These are not vague assertions, they are proved by the evidence of Mr. Russell himself, of such experienced Magistrates and advocates of Prison Discipline, to a certain extent, as Lord Wharnccliffe, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Higgins; and many others, not Magistrates, as Mr. Miles, and the keepers of all the prisons in London. It cannot create surprise, that the want of experience thus shewn by the Inspectors should be displayed in other ways; and, unless they are much misrepresented, a very pretty exhibition of it exists at Milbank Penitentiary at this moment. It may be all a mistake, but it has by some chance leaked out, that they have been trying their hands at building a range of solitary cells on the American system, but that the genius of the place appeared to direct the proceedings, and it turned out, in unison with the whole concern, a decided failure."

ART. IV.—*The Tour of the French Traveller M. De La Boullaye Le Gouz in Ireland, A. D. 1644. Edited by T. CROFTON CROKER.*
London: Boone. 1837.

HERE we have a literary and political curiosity, which is most appropriately and elegantly dedicated to Mr. J. D'Israeli. It also possesses considerable value as a historical document; for though meagre and quaint, it treats of a singularly interesting period, even in the melancholy history of Ireland, and with remarkable impartiality; whereas, almost every other record of the same era has been

written by partizans, and consequently is more or less a misrepresentation. The Frenchman's narrative, it is true, is but brief, extending in the volume before us only to fifty-five pages. Neither did his stay in Ireland much exceed two months ; but as the editor remarks, many large books have been written upon visits of shorter duration, and had he remained longer, he might have imbibed some party opinions. We may justly add, that many larger volumes, professing to contain the observations suggested, and the novelties, learned during more lengthened journeys in foreign countries, have much less in them that is worth recording, and far less that is amusing or characteristic.

Le Gouz is evidently a faithful witness, one who not only has said nothing of Ireland but what he thought, but one who seldom or never speaks of anything which did not fall under his immediate observation. He also preserves throughout the Frenchman's character, and frequently introduces personages and scenes that have an individuality about them, owing to his distinct and peculiar delineation that proves the narrator to have been a man of superior parts. His amiability and benevolent cast of feelings, though artlessly, are engagingly, displayed. There can be no doubt of his having been an agreeable companion and fellow-traveller ; and amongst his adventures, he seems to have acted in a manner that proved him to be a man of a gallant and enterprising spirit.

We are informed by the editor that the book from which this narrative has been translated, was published at Paris in 1657, a previous editor having appeared in 1657 ; that the author of it was born early in the seventeenth century, that he travelled extensively through Europe, and in the East, and that he died in Persia about 1668. Though his tour in Ireland was but short, as we have already stated, yet many of his notices incidentally introduced, convey a curious and striking picture of persons and things that contrasts strongly with those which are about to be met with in our times. Alas ! in so far as Ireland is concerned, although much has been changed, the condition of the people does not seem to have undergone a similar improvement, or an equally rapid transition.

It was about the middle of May when our traveller landed at Dublin, which he disposes of in a very few words, although he bestows a considerable number of pages upon his metaphysical contest with the friars at Cashel. He also visited Kilkenny, Limerick, Kilmallock, Mallow, Cork, Kinsale, Youghal, Waterford, Wexford, &c., and indeed ran over a great portion of the country. The opening of his narrative is descriptive enough of Irish character ; for we are there introduced to the captain of the ship which carries him to the Emerald isle, whose drunken frolics occasioned considerable uneasiness on the part of the passengers. At one time his management nearly drove the vessel on a sand bank. Afterwards our

traveller fancied himself to be beyond danger, and near the land he sought, he imagined he could distinguish trees, and even cattle on the shore. This was in the evening; but he was undeceived by a Dutch pilot as described below :—

“ You are not the first who has erred in the supposition of these things, the most expert navigators are often deceived by them. That which to us appears land is only a dense vapour which cannot be raised higher in consequence of the season and the absence of the sun. Those apparent trees and animals are a part of that miasma which collects in some places more than in others. When very young, I was on board a Dutch vessel off the coast of Greenland, in 61 degrees of latitude, when we perceived an island of this sort. We sounded without touching the bottom. Finding sufficient water, our captain wished to approach nearer; but we were astonished that all at once it disappeared. Having a different direction we met the same appearance again. The captain desiring to know what it was, ordered them to turn half a mile backwards and forwards to observe it, and after having traversed many times without finding any real land, there arose so furious a tempest, that we expected to perish. And a calm afterwards coming on, we asked the captain why he had surveyed this island. He told us that he had heard say, that near the Pole, there are many islands, some floating, some not, that are seen from a distance, and are hard to be approached, which they say is owing to the witches who inhabit them, and destroy by storms the vessels of those who obstinately seek to land upon them; that all he had heard reported and read were but fables, and that he now knew that these floating islands proceeded from the vapours raised and afterwards attracted by the planets, which vapours the wind dispersed on approaching nearer, and that tempests usually followed these phenomena.”

Having arrived at Dublin, he speaks of its fine buildings, and says he saw much that was really magnificent. On Sunday he went to the church of St. Patrick, whom he calls “ the Apostle of the Country,” where he witnessed the ceremonial attending on the Viceroy at the time, the Earl of Ormond, whose guard consisted of a company of footmen, who carried “ matchlocks ready for action,” halberdiers, sixty gentlemen on foot, “ with four noblemen well mounted, and the Viceroy in the midst upon a white Barbary horse.” Our Frenchman followed the train, in order to enter the castle, but being ordered to lay down his sword, he answered, “ that being born of a condition to carry it before the King, I would rather not see the castle than part with my arms.” This spirited speech obtained a kind notice from a gentleman in the Viceroy’s suite, who said, “ Strangers shall on this occasion be more favoured than residents,” a specimen of the courtesy and hospitality, which the traveller more than once mentions as characteristic of the treatment which the Irish generally showed towards him.

On leaving Dublin, Le Gouz had found a companion in one Tom Neville, who was a native of Cork. When he reached Cashel, the

prior of the Dominicans, an Irish friar, who had been educated in France, invited him to dine in the convent, with the view, it would appear, principally, of posing two members of the establishment who had studied in Spain and were immoderately vain of their school, as if "Spain was the cradle of true theology and sterling philosophy," and as if "the French knew nothing." The controversy which ensued, as given by the traveller, is entertaining and highly characteristic of the scholastic spirit of the period described. A portion of it will convey some happy touches of the Tourist's manner.

"While at table these two Spanish Dominicans, full of the cant and prejudice of that country, had nothing in their vocabulary of more familiar use than the terms 'Lutheran,' 'Huguenots,' and 'French Blockheads.' They would hardly let me swallow in quiet my (*Soupe à l'Iroise*) Irish mess of potage, but kept up a sort of rambling fire to annoy me; I begged they would let me dine in comfort, and when the repast had terminated, I took the liberty of putting a few questions in my turn, among others the following drawn from the Science of Theology. (Tract. de Trinitate.)

"1. God in his capacity of *Fathèr* hath begotten the *Son*.

"God in his capacity of God has begotten nought.

"Now as it is *by the knowledge* he hath of himself as the *Father* [*quatenus Pater*], that he has produced the *Son*, how comes it that *by the same knowledge* which he has of himself as *God* [*quatenus Deus*] he has produced nothing?

"2. The nature of the Godhead being *infinite*, how can it have become united with the *finite* nature of man in the Christ?

"3. The attributes of God being each *boundless and infinite*, how can there be more than one attribute of *that description*?

"4. As the *knowledge* and the *will* are the same thing in God, why is the production of the second Person of the Trinity, the *Son*, ascribed more to the one than the other?

"5. Why is not the *Holy Ghost* the *second* and not the *third person*, since the action of the Spirit precedes the engendering of the *Son*?

"To these questions I begged them to give a scientific and categorical answer. One of them attempted to reply, but soon got entangled in the meshes I had prepared for him; whereupon I observed that perhaps Theology was not the science in which he particularly excelled, as many and various are the gifts, and one hath prophecy, another the gift of tongues, &c. but perhaps the department of Philosophy was more familiar to him, and as there are four distinct parts, viz. *Logic*, *Metaphysics*, *Ethics*, and *Physiols*, he would perhaps allow me to put a few queries drawn from the first part, *Logic*.

"1. Why is the convertibility of propositions in the second process of syllogistic argumentation the touch-stone of truth?

"2. Why, in the nineteen forms of syllogism, seven give an *affirmative* conclusion, and twelve a *negative*?

"3. What is the difference between possibility and contingency in the mode of propositions?

"Here I found them as dumb-founded as before; on which I remarked that Spanish logic was a capital contrivance, since by saying nothing they were sure not to lay themselves open to their adversary.

"Passing to the second part, viz. Metaphysics, I asked them how they could prove the spirituality of the soul, the existence of angelic beings, and whether such were created before the world or after? If God has created the world from his knowledge, *his knowledge* being part of *his essence*, is not the *essence of the Godhead*?

"Is not *chaos* eternal as well as God?

"Here the same system of obstinate taciturnity was persevered in by my Spanish opponents; so I proceeded, passing by the science of *Ethics*, where on account of its facility, I supposed they might know something, to that of *Physics*."

In a preceding chapter of the narrative, we find our metaphysical controversialist combatting at the table of Lord Ikerin, another friar from Spain, who entertained a mortal dislike of the French, and who particularly founded his antipathy of that people on the ground of their tolerating heretics, and resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. But Le Gouz, who was a man of the world, and whose opinions partook of a liberality that would do honour to a later age, would not subscribe to such a fanatical creed, but said "whatever charms the Inquisition may have for you, and however useful you may think it as a means of purging a country of impurity and preserving religion in its integrity, the French nation is too well informed that faith, which is the basis and foundation of Christianity, cannot be established by persecution."

We proceed with our tourist to Limerick, in which city, he says, "are great numbers of profligate women, which I could not have believed, on account of the climate." We have heard the Limerick lasses celebrated for their beauty, but that they are more profligate than their sisters in any other large towns, we have not before been informed. As to the climate, we suppose, the author was of opinion that "the cold in clime are cold in blood." If so we could name some spots, with which we are familiarly acquainted, where a still higher and purer standard of virtue should exist than in Limerick, and yet even there naughty girls may be seen in troops, both by night and by day. But our traveller's charge may be fairly presumed to have taken a colouring from his companion's mishap, which is thus alluded to—

Tam Neuel [*Tom Neville*] with whom I had joined in company at Dublin to perform this journey, was caught by the artifice of these damsels, who robbed him one night of his money. In the morning he came to throw himself at my feet, saying, 'O my good French gentleman, until now I have not made myself known to you; I implore you to credit what I assert, and not to abandon me. Know then that I am a native of Korq [*Cork*], that by travelling in France, Spain, and England, for the last ten or twelve years I had been enabled to accumulate sufficient

from my industry in trade, to make an honourable retreat from business; when unfortunately I embarked again in the same pursuits, and having taken ship for England, fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, who took from me all I had. With difficulty was I able to save some rings, by the sale of which I have got as far as this City, and as misfortune never comes alone, I have again been robbed last night of the little remaining to me; so that I have no hope except in your kindness, and though I am distant but three days journey from my native place, I find myself in a state of destitution. For the remainder, fear not to trust to me, as my father is one of the richest merchants in Korq; his dwelling resembles rather a palace than a private house. If you pass that way, you would see how he would receive you; he, and all my relations. You must have seen by my conduct since I have had the honour of being in your company that I am no sharper.'

"I told him that he should want nothing to enable him to return to his native place. 'While I have any money you shall share it with me; we must look on the misfortunes we are visited by from above, as sent for our correction. You ought to have made this reflection, and your first misfortune would have shielded you from your subsequent calamity.'"

At length disconsolate *Tam* and his generous companion reached Cork. They proceeded, we may presume, directly to the door where the father of the former had resided, and where the first inquiry naturally was, whether John Newel was at home. The man that opened the door replied—

"That he knew no such person. Neucl insisting that the house belonged to the person for whom he had asked, was told, that it belonged to an English captain, who had it on the seclusion of the Catholics from the town. He was surprised to find events so deplorable had occurred to his family. I sympathized with him, and observed 'since things were thus, we must seek a lodging, as the night was coming on.'

"O Mister Frenchman,' he said, 'you cannot without injustice refuse to repair to the house, if not of my father, at least of some other relation. I have uncles in the town, where we shall be welcome.' We found out one of them, and by him were received with all imaginable kindness, and Neucl learned that his father had lost in the religious wars more than 10,000*l.* sterling, and had been obliged to fly to the country, to avoid the tyranny of the English Protestants.

"I remained eight days in this house in the midst of continual festivity; and on taking leave to pursue my travels, they thanked me for the assistance I had rendered to Tam Neucl, and in spite of all I could do they repaid me the money I had furnished for his expenses from Limerick."

The seventh chapter contains a variety of notices descriptive of national features and peculiarities; but his general review of the manners and customs of the people, as is observed in a note, is more favourable than that of several contemporaneous writers; but yet there is such a want of extremes in it, that one cannot for a moment doubt its fidelity.

"The Irish of the southern and eastern coasts, follow the customs of

the English; those of the north, the Scotch. The others are not very polished, and are called by the English, savages. The English colonists were of the English Church, and the Scotch were Calvinists, but at present they are all Puritans. The native Irish are very good Catholics, though knowing little of their religion; those of the Hebrides and of the North acknowledge only Jesus and Saint Colombe [*Columhill*], but their faith is great in the Church of Rome. Before the English revolution, when an Irish gentleman died, his Britannic Majesty became seized of the property and tutelage of the children of the deceased, whom they usually brought up in the English Protestant religion. Lord Insequin [*Inchiquin*] was educated in this manner, to whom the Irish have given the name of plague or pest of his country.

"The Irish gentlemen eat a great deal of meat and butter and but little bread. They drink milk and beer, into which they put laurel leaves, and eat bread baked in the English manner. The poor grind barley and peas between two stones and make it into bread, which they cook upon a small iron table heated on a tripod; they put into it some oats, and this bread which in the form of cakes they call Haraan, they eat with great draughts of butter-milk. Their beer is very good, and the eau de vie, which they call Brandovin [*Brandy*] excellent. The butter, the beef, and the mutton, are better than in England.

"The towns are built in the English fashion, but the houses in the country are in this manner. Two stakes are fixed in the ground, across which is a transverse pole to support two rows of rafters on the two sides, which are covered with leaves and straw. The cabins are of another fashion. There are four walls the height of a man, supporting rafters over which they thatch with straw and leaves. They are without chimneys and make the fire in the middle of the hut, which greatly incommodes those who are not fond of smoke. The castles or houses of the nobility consist of four walls extremely high, thatched with straw; but to tell the truth they are nothing but square towers without windows, or at least having such small apertures as to give no more light than there is in a prison. They have little furniture, and cover their rooms with rushes, of which they make their beds in summer, and of straw in winter. They put their rushes a foot deep on their floors, and on their windows, and many of them ornament their ceilings with branches.

"They are fond of the harp, on which nearly all play, as the English do on the fiddle, the French on the lute, the Italians on the guitar, the Spaniards on the castanets, the Scotch on the bagpipe, the Swiss on the fife, the Germans on the trumpet, the Dutch on the tambourine, and the Turks on the flageolet.

"The Irish carry a sequine [*skein*] or Turkish dagger, which they dart very adroitly at fifteen paces distance; and have this advantage, that if they remain masters of the field of battle there remains no enemy, and if they are routed, they fly in such a manner that it is impossible to catch them. I have seen an Irishman with ease accomplish twenty-five leagues a day. They march to battle with the bagpipes instead of fifes, but they have few drums, and they use the musket and cannon as we do. They are better soldiers abroad than at home.

"The red haired are considered the most handsome in Ireland. The

women have hanging breasts, and those which are freckled like a trout are esteemed the most beautiful."

He continues to say that the Irish are fond of strangers, that it costs little to travel amongst them, and that when a traveller of good address enters their house with assurance, he has but to draw a box of snuff, and offer it to them, when they will receive him with admiration and give him the best they have to eat. "They love," says he "the Spaniards as their brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their relatives, the English and Scotch as their irreconcilable enemies."

Le Gouz's notices of Irish costume are minute.

"The Irish, whom the English call savages, have for their head-dress, a little blue bonnet, raised two fingers breadth in front, and behind covering their head and ears. Their doublet has a long body and four skirts; and their breeches are a pantaloon of white frize which they call trowsers. Their shoes which are pointed, they call brogues with a single sole. They often told me of a proverb in English, 'Airische brogues for English dogues,' [*Irish brogues for English dogs*], 'the shoes of Ireland for the dogs of England,' meaning that their shoes are worth more than the English.

"For cloaks they have five or six yards of frize drawn round the neck, the body, and over the head, and they never quit this mantle either in sleeping, working, or eating. The generality of them have no shirts, and about as many lice as hairs on their heads, which they kill before each other without any ceremony.

"The northern Irish have for their only dress a breeches, and a covering for the back, without bonnet, shoes or stockings. The women of the north have a double rug, girded round their middle and fastened to the throat. Those bordering on Scotland have not more clothing. The girls of Ireland, even those living in towns, have for their head-dress only a ribbon, and if married, they have a napkin on the head in the manner of the Egyptians. The body of their gowns comes only to their breasts, and when they are engaged in work, they gird their petticoat with their sash about the abdomen. They wear a hat and mantle very large, of a brown colour [*couleur minime*] of which the cape is of coarse woollen frize, in the fashion of the women of Lower Normandy.

It will have been observed that our author's method of spelling proper names (which, the editor informs us, have been preserved as originally printed,) has been according to the mode described by Mr. D'Israeli, when speaking, in his "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.," of the secret anecdotes of years 1644 and 1645, viz., that it is usual with the French to trust to their own Gallic ear. The last chapter but one of this narrative must furnish our last extract.

"The seventeenth of July I went to the roads of Wachefort (*Wexford*) to embark on board a pinnace, which I was refused. I went on my knees to the keeper or master, to induce him to receive me on promise of remun-

neration; after much altercation he told me, that 'if he met with any Frenchmen he should take me to France, if with Biscayans to Spain.' I answered him that which way I went was indifferent to me provided I could get out of Ireland. We sailed immediately, but the wind having changed against us, we were obliged to make the mole, and to anchor in the same spot from which we had taken our departure. From thence he sent me ashore again, saying that he would not risk for the passage of an individual, the loss of his cargo; that if he were taken by the French, and that I did not keep his secret, they would declare that his vessel was a lawful prize, having smuggled goods on board. I entreated of him not to leave me in this island, which I had no means of quitting, since the natives were in such fear of the Parliamentarians that they dared not put to sea. He remained inexorable, and I was astonished at the ungraciousness of this Irishman, as his countrymen are in general so attentive to strangers. He obliged me to remain in this island, where civil warfare was raging on all sides, and from which the escape appeared to me very difficult, because there was no vessel at Dublin, at Limerik, and at Waterfort. Scotland was out of the question, for there was no security there.

"On the same day I went to complain to my intimate friend, Mr. Francois Charlot, an inhabitant of Wachefort, who was astonished at the conduct of the skipper, and begged me to have patience until he had seen Mr. Telin (*Teeling*) the owner of the cargo, who, upon Charlot telling him that I came from Avignon, a country by no means inimical to the Spaniards, promised him to allow me a passage, and gave him an order, which he carried to the roads, and made me re-embark.

"The next morning we sailed to the south, and the fourth day we arrived at Souling (*Scilly*) Isle, called by us Sourlingue where three Salee vessels chased us, and obliged us to run for the coast near St. Yves (*St. Ives*) in the south of Cornual (*Cornwall*). We met there a Parliamentary frigate of twenty-four guns, which was to windward of us, and came within cannon shot of our pinnace, in which we had but six men. We should have preferred falling into the hands of the Turks than of the Parliamentarians, because with the first we should have been assured of life, and with the others were certain of being killed, on account of the massacre which the Irish had made in their country of the English colonists. We did on this occasion all that human power could effect, and doubled the Blac hed (*Black head*) fortunately without accident, thinking that we had escaped, as we kept creeping to windward of the Parliamentary frigate: but the tide being against us, we were brought pretty close together, and she neared us within musket shot. Perceiving the English royal colours, we were in doubt whether this was a Parliamentary frigate, and to ascertain it we hoisted at the stern the English flag.

"The first cannon shot which they fired at us, went through the middle of our flag. We recommended ourselves to God, and expected assistance only from heaven. We would willingly have run our vessel ashore, but the coast did not allow it. The wind fell, so that we fired several times a small piece of ordnance which we had on the stern; this made us advance with the least possible wind, and the Parliamentarians firing from their prow retarded them. They chased us ten leagues, firing incessantly, and left us only under the fort of Fabmoutz (*Falmouth*), which fired upon

them two volleys of cannon, where Lord Jermain (*Jermain*) and the greater part of the English court, who were waiting for a passage to France with her most Serene Majesty the Queen, witnessed this unequal engagement, from which we escaped by the providence of God, to whom be the glory, and to me the remembrance of his gracious mercy."

The sentence in the immediately preceding quotation, which alludes to the revenge of the Parliamentarians as compared with the cruelty of the Turks, is not the only passage to the same effect that occurs in the pages before us. As their author approached the shores of Ireland at first, he says that they were "chased by a vessel of the Parliament of forty guns, and experienced much apprehension, for it was rumoured that the Parliamentarians threw into the sea all the Irish and those of their party, owing to the massacre the Irish had made in their country of the English Protestants." How different in our days are the dangers that threaten passengers in those seas! But whether civil war and disunion be again to throw firebrands between Great Britain and Ireland, and lead to reciprocal massacres of their sons, who have so often fought side by side for one common independence, and against continental despotism, seems to be a doubt that is more delicately poised in the balance at the present hour, than peace or justice can contemplate without alarm.

The slender narrative which Le Gouz has given of his visit to Ireland, nearly two hundred years ago, has found in the editor and three associates—two of them being Roman Catholics, the other of a different creed—able illustrators. The Notes, that abundantly figure in almost every page, evince minute knowledge and extensive research in Irish history. They are frequently lightsome and humorous, altogether being suitably wedded to the Gascon traveller's materials and style.

ART. V.—*The Highlanders of Scotland, their Origin, History, and Antiquities; with a Sketch of their Manners and Customs, and an Account of the Clans into which they were Divided, and of the State of the Society which Existed among them.* By WILLIAM F. SKENE, F. S. A. Scot. 2 vols. London. Murray. 1837.

THE Highland Society of London having made an offer of a premium for the best History of the Highland Clans, Mr. Skene became one of the competitors, and fortunately for him, his essay was pronounced the successful one. Since that period, he informs his readers, that he has made many important additions to its original matter, the whole now appearing in the present shape. These circumstances are sufficient to afford grounds for a strong presumption that his account of the Origin, History, and Antiquities of the

Highlanders, including a sketch of their Manners and Customs, together with distinct and minute notices of the various Clans into which they were divided, is possessed of more than ordinary merit, and calculated to attract unusual attention. But without being guided by any such presumption, it is impossible to read any one chapter of the work, and not to be convinced that its author is master of his subject—that is, that he has brought to its investigation all the knowledge extant regarding it, and all the ingenuity, as well as patience, which the most profound antiquarian research can demand.

We predict that this history will not only create a great sensation among antiquaries, and give a new impulse to their inquiries concerning the much agitated but obscure subject, which the origin of the Scottish Celtic race has hitherto been felt to be, but that it will be held to contain the most satisfactory system that has ever been propounded in reference to that subject. Indeed it lays claim to novelty, and to the ability to overturn the current theories that have till now been in vogue, either with one party or another. Mr. Skene's work in short, is, we think, a successful attempt to trace the Highlanders, and to prove, step by step, that they are descended from the ancient Caledonians, and that they have existed as a distinct and peculiar people, inhabiting the same districts, which they now occupy from the earliest period to which the records of history extend ;—that the Picts and Caledonians were the same people—that the Dalriadic Scots were an Irish Colony of the Sixth Century—and that the Scottish Conquest did not extend to the Northern Picts, but was confined exclusively to those who inhabited the Lowlands. By this method, and the evidence arrayed under it, the great controversy between the Scottish and Irish antiquaries is avoided, or rather, it is shown to lead on both sides to nothing but confusion, irreconcilable conclusions, and error. After having endeavoured to prove that the Highlanders are not descended from the Dalriadic Scots, but from the ancient Caledonians, tracing their history down to modern times, Mr. Skene proceeds to examine into the origin and the descent of each of the different great Clans of the Gael that have inhabited those regions, and to show that each formed a part of one whole, rather than a separate family detached from all others.

The sources from which the author has derived this system, and the evidence in its support, are not only all the known authorities in early Scottish history, but two that are new and justly considered to possess extraordinary value—viz., the Icelandic Sagas in their original language and the Irish Annals. In reviewing these volumes, however, it is impossible in any summary that would not far outstrip our limits, either to convey a faithful sketch of the chain

of reasoning adopted, or to point out in a manner satisfactory to any one those links of it that are peculiarly strong or obviously feeble. Neither is it possible to invest such an inquiry with such attractions as the generality of readers require in periodical literature. It seems enough, if regarding the first part of Mr. Skene's work, we indicate what are its conclusions and doctrines. We may also appropriately notice *in limine*, that although he be deeply skilled in all the antiquarian lore that is necessary to the particular investigation in hand, and a concise as well as perspicuous and vigorous writer, he possesses not the art of divesting a dry subject of any of its unattractive qualities. His severity of manner is as decided as the character of his theme can invite.

After having brought down the general history of the Highlanders to the period about the middle of the 18th century, when in consequence of the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, the introduction of sheep-farming, which occasioned numbers of small farms to be thrown into one, and Chatham's policy of levying regiments in the Highlands for the service of the government, their singular and distinct character was terminated, our author proceeds to give a sketch of the principal peculiarities of their manners, customs, &c.—first treating of their government, laws, and distinctions of rank—secondly of their religious peculiarities, their superstitions—and lastly of their domestic manners, that is, their ordinary mode of life, their dress, arms, &c. A more interesting subject is not to be found in the whole compass of national history; for besides the simplicity of character, the intensity and uniformity of sentiments which this people for many ages exhibited, they, in relation to surrounding civilization remained a theme of wonder, and a permanent exception to the general improvement of Europe. Their dress, language, and mountains were not more singular, than was their adherence to pastoral occupations, predatory warfare, and superstitious beliefs.

No distinction has been drawn with greater accuracy than that which contrasts the form of government and society of the Celtic with all the other European nations, whose history has been traced since the commencement of the Christian era—the former being properly patriarchal, the latter feudal. For although agreeing in many features and results, their origin and support were very dissimilar. Thus, although feudal sway reposed in a hereditary chief, over a people that inhabited a certain tract of territory, this authority arose from the fact that this people were so located, and for the sake of mutual protection, not, as among the Celtic tribes, where the chief was the representative and real descendant of the father of the whole. Now this order and form of government nowhere ever existed in such a perfect and protracted shape, as in the case of the

Highlanders of Scotland. Our author has put the distinction in question upon a very clear footing, and explained it with great accuracy.

"In some instances their system of government has exhibited features so nearly allied to the feudal, as even to have led many to assert that that system has at all times existed among them, while in other instances their constitution and laws are altogether opposed to the principles of the feudal law. As an example of this apparent similarity we may mention the system of clanship, which has not unfrequently been mistaken for a modification of the feudal jurisdiction, while nothing can exhibit a stronger opposition than the laws of succession and marriage according to the two systems. The natural consequences of this has been, that in the former instance the feudal law was introduced into the Highlands with so little difficulty, that at a very early period we find instances of lands in the Highlands being held by a feudal tenure, and the chiefs exercising a feudal jurisdiction; while in the latter, the struggle between the two systems was long and doubtful. Many years have not passed since the feudal law of succession and marriage came into general use in the Highlands, and to this source may be traced most of the controversies which have arisen among many of the Highland families regarding succession and chieftainship.

"The system of clanship in the Highlands, though possessing this apparent resemblance, was in principle very different indeed from the feudal system as observed in the rest of the country. In the one case, the people followed their chief as the head of their race, and the representative of the common ancestor of the whole clan; in the other they obeyed their leader as feudal proprietor of the lands to which they were attached, and for their portion of which they were bound to render military service. In the one, the Highland chief was the hereditary lord of all who belonged to his clan, wherever they dwelt or whatever lands they possessed; in the other, the feudal baron was entitled to the military service of all who held lands under him, of whatever race they might individually be. The one in dignity, in fact, was personal, while the other was territorial; yet these two systems so different in principle, were still in appearance and effect almost identic. Both systems exhibited the appearance of a subject in possession of unlimited power within his territories, and exacting unqualified obedience from a numerous band of followers, over whom they held a power of life and death, and whose defection they could resist with fire and sword. Both were calculated to raise the power of the turbulent chiefs and nobles of the period, and to diminish that of the crown,—to retard the operations of justice throughout the country, and to impede the progress of improvement. The one system was peculiarly adapted to a people in the hunting and pastoral state of society—to a people the nature of whose country prevented the adoption of any other mode of life, and whose manners must consequently remain the same, however much their mental state might be susceptible of improvement. The other system was necessary to a population occupying a fertile country, possessing but a rude notion of agriculture, and obliged to defend their possessions from aggression on all sides. But neither of the two were at all compatible with

a nation in a state of civilization, where the liberty of the subject required protection, and the security of property an equal administration of justice.

"The feudal system, so far as the tenure of lands and the heritable jurisdictions were concerned, was easily introduced, *to appearance*, in the Highlands; but although the principal Highland chiefs readily agreed, or were induced by circumstances, to hold their lands of the crown or of the Lowland barons, yet in reality the Celtic system of clanship remained in full force among the native Highlanders and the chieftains of the smaller branches, who were not brought into direct contact with the government until a very late period."

Out of this peculiar and patriarchal system the most devoted attachment and blind obedience, on the part of the branches, arose to the main stock. Every virtue was secondary to this love and allegiance. It mattered not whether the chief was right or wrong, whether opposed to the supreme government of the country or not, his claims upon the services of his vassals were the same. Their mutual rights that were sanctioned in consequence of this relationship, were also of a remarkable kind. The chief not only determined all disputes that arose among the members of his clan, but levied taxes upon extraordinary occasions, such as when the marriage of a daughter, the building of a mansion, or some other important occurrence took place, which concerned the honour of the name. On the other hand, the chief protected his followers, even when they had violated the laws of the supreme government, and had to pay the arrears of rent for the necessitous, and the like. The reciprocal bond could hardly be broken; and so enduring was the tie, that it transmitted enmities and quarrels from one generation to another, between every member of those clans whose leaders had in times before felt their honour or their rights invaded. The general character of clanships, however, has been rendered so familiar to modern readers, by romances and other popular works, that we need not farther dwell upon its peculiarities. But our author pursues his investigations into many minute subjects, which throw much light upon the history of the singular race in question in a manner that we have never before known to be equalled. The truth is, an extraordinary neglect and contempt has been evinced by historians respecting the Celtic race, but especially the Scottish and Irish branches, which, as suggested by Mr. Skene, has no doubt been owing in a great degree to the indiscreet supporters of Highland fables. His present work, however, will rescue the department he has undertaken to elucidate from much disparagement, and perpetuate a new light regarding a people, of whose peculiar manners and character no trace will ere long be found. Take, for example, his account of the Law of Succession, as it obtained amongst the Highlanders.

"In no instance, perhaps, is the difference between the Highland and the feudal laws, both in principle and appearance, so very remarkable

as in the law of succession. This subject has been hitherto very much misunderstood, which has produced a degree of vagueness and uncertainty in all that has hitherto been written on the history of the Highland clans, although it is of the greatest consequence for that history, that a correct idea should be entertained of the precise nature of the Highland law of succession, as well as of the distinction between that law and the feudal. It has generally been held, that the law of succession in the Highlands was the same with the feudal, and whenever supposed anomalies have been perceived in their succession, it has at once been assumed, that in these cases, the proper rule had been departed from, and that the succession of their chiefs was in some degree elective. We frequently find it asserted, 'that ideas of succession were so *loose* in the Highlands that brothers were often preferred to grandsons and *even* to sons.' But nothing can be more erroneous than this opinion, or more inconsistent with the character of the Highlanders than to suppose that they ever, in any degree, admitted of election. For an attentive examination of the succession of their chiefs when influenced by the feudal law will shew, that they adhered strictly to a system of hereditary succession, although that system was very different from the feudal one. The Highland law of succession requires to be considered in reference to two subjects :—first, as to the succession to the chiefship and to the superiority of the lands belonging to the clan; and secondly, as to succession to property or to the land itself. The former is generally termed the law of Tanistry, and the latter that of Gavel. The first of these is the most important to be ascertained, for when the feudal law was introduced, it became in fact the succession to the property also, while the last was too much opposed to feudal principles to be allowed to exist at all, even in a modified state. The oldest and most complete specimen of the Highland law of Tanistry which remains, is to be found in the case of the succession of the Maormors of Moray, and the peculiarities of this system will appear from a consideration of the history of that family. In the first place, the Highlanders adhered strictly to succession in the male line, which is proved by the fact, that although Malcolm, Maormor of Moray, and afterwards king of Scotland, had a daughter who was married to Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, and Thorfinn, Earl of Orkney, Sigard's son, was consequently his feudal representative. Yet he was succeeded in his possessions by his brother Gillcomgain. In the second place, the great peculiarity which distinguished the Highland from the feudal laws of succession was that, in the former, the brothers invariably succeeded before the sons. This arose partly from an anxiety to avoid minorities in a nation dependent upon a competent leader in war, but principally from the difference in principle between the two systems. In the feudal system it was succession to property, and the nearest relation to the last feudal proprietor was naturally considered feudal heir, while in the Highland system, on the other hand, it was succession to the right of chiefship, derived from being the lineal descendant of the founder of the tribe, and thus it was the relation to the common ancestor through whom the right was derived, and not to the last chief, which regulated the succession; the brother being considered as one degree nearer to the original founder of the race than the son."

Nay, the Highland law of Tanistry, as laid down by our author,
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went so far, that if the person who ought to succeed was under age, his nearest male relation slipped into his place and retained the chiefship during his life, although the proper heir had in the meantime attained majority. So that instead of proceeding from loose ideas concerning succession, as has been often alleged, the Highland law was systematic, and agreeable to the patriarchal constitution of society, especially where a competent leader was so often required in their habits of warfare. Again, while the feudal law implied the right of the eldest son, not only to the superiority over the rest of the family, but also to the whole of the property itself, in the Highlands the property of the clan was, by the law of Gavel, as hinted in the last extract, divided in certain proportions, among the whole of the male branches of the family—the females being altogether excluded from succession either to chiefship or to property. But a still more curious illustration of the anomalous rules of the Highland law may be found in the custom of *Handfasting*.

It has been not unfrequently remarked in the Highland succession, that a bastard son is often found in the undisturbed possession of the chiefship or property of a clan; and that in general when a feud has arisen from this cause between the bastard and the feudal heir, the bastard has the support of a great part of the clan. This, as might be expected, has hitherto been attributed to loose ideas of succession among the Highlanders, or to the influence of some principle of election; but when we consider how very inflexible the notions of the Highlanders were in matters of hereditary right, it would seem a more probable supposition that the Highland law of marriage was originally very different from the feudal, and that a person who was feudally a bastard might in their view be considered legitimate, and therefore entitled to be supported in accordance with their strict ideas of hereditary right and their habitual tenacity of whatever belonged to their ancient usages. There is accordingly a singular custom regarding marriages retained to a very late period among the Highlanders, which would seem to infer that their original law of marriage was different from that of the feudal. This custom was termed *handfasting* and consisted in a species of contract between two chiefs, by which it was agreed that the heir of the one should live with the daughter of the other as her husband for twelve months and a day. If in that time the lady became a mother, or proved to be with child, the marriage became good in law, even although no priest had performed the marriage ceremony in due form; but should there not have occurred any appearance of issue the contract was considered at an end, and each party was at liberty to marry or handfast with any other. It is manifest that the practice of so peculiar a species of marriage must have been in terms of the original law among the Highlanders, otherwise it would be difficult to conceive how such a custom could have originated; and it is in fact one which seems naturally to have arisen from the form of their society, which rendered it a matter of such vital importance to secure the lineal succession of their chiefs. It is perhaps not improbable that it was this peculiar custom which gave rise to the report handed down by the Roman and other historians,

that the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain had their wives in common, or that it was the foundation of that law in Scotland by which natural children became legitimized by subsequent marriage; and as this custom remained in the Highlands until a very late period, the sanction of ancient custom was sufficient to induce them to persist in regarding the offspring of such marriages as legitimate.* It naturally followed that when the feudal law was introduced, it came, in this point, to be directly opposed to the Highland law, and must have frequently occasioned the lineal and legitimate heir, according to Highland principles, to be looked upon as a bastard by the government, and according to their rules as incapable of succeeding: and thus arose many of those disputes about succession and chiefship which embroiled so many families with each other and with the government. But it must always be kept in mind that the Highlanders themselves drew a very strong distinction between bastard sons and the issue of these handfast unions, whom they considered legitimate, and that they rigorously excluded from succession of any sort the illegitimate offspring."

Mr. Skene's account of the Highland gradations of ranks is as distinct and satisfactory as anything we have yet quoted from his work; being calculated to reconcile many of those seeming contradictions which have perplexed the minds of former antiquaries, and to dispel those mists which have led them to regard the customs of the people referred to as so irregular and unworthy of being contemplated in the general history of mankind. We must not tarry at any considerable length on this branch of the inquiry. One circumstance ought not here to be overlooked, however, with respect to the peculiar people spoken of, and which sets them in an enviable light as compared with other nations—viz. the total want of evidence that there ever was such a grade among them as that of slavery; and, observes our author, as the existence of slavery, such as befell the *servi* and the *fugitivi* in other countries, who were the mere labourers of the soil, and destitute of every legal right either of station or property, invariably points out a conquered race under the domination of another, the fact now noticed forms a strong argument for the Highlanders he has been describing being the original inhabitants of the country.

Let us before quitting this branch see how imposing and regular was the parade which distinguished a chief, when his proper complement of personal attendants accompanied him even on peaceful occasions. This account is extracted from the Letters of an Officer

"* As late as the sixteenth century the issue of a handfast marriage claimed the earldom of Sutherland. Alexander Sutherland claimed the earldom 'as one lawfullie descended from his father Earle John the third; becaus, as he alleged, his mother was *handfasted* and affianced to his father;' and his claim was *bought off* by Sir Adam Gordon, who had married Earle John's heiress.—*Sir Robert Gordon*.

of Engineers, which were written in 1716, and of which Mr. Skene speaks in highly favourable terms.

"When a chief goes a journey in the hills, or makes a formal visit to an equal, he is said to be attended by all or most part of the officers following, viz. :—

" 'The henchman.

" 'The bard or poet.

" 'The bladier or spokesman.

" 'The gillemore, bearer of the broadsword.

" 'The gillecasfue, to carry the chief when on foot over the fords.

" 'The gille comstraine, to lead the chief home in dangerous passes.

" 'The gille trusharnish or baggage-man.

" 'The piper, who, being a gentleman, I should have named sooner.

And lastly,

" 'The piper's gillie, who carries the bagpipe.

"There are likewise some gentlemen near of kin who bear him company, and, besides, a number of the common sort, who have no particular employment, but follow him only to partake of the cheer.'"

The religion of the Highlanders affords our author ample opportunities for the display of his antiquarian and critical knowledge, and particularly as regards the constitution and form of government of the Culdee church. What their belief or superstitions were before the light of Christianity visited them, is not ascertained. We may be assured, however, that the simplicity, rudeness, and peculiarly imaginative character which have invariably marked the race, so far as history informs us, were sustained during previous ages by the same romance of fancy, the same wild superstition, which as naturally grow out of these elements as pastoral pursuits and strange adventure belong to a mountainous region, the features of which are as majestic or picturesque as they are savage and lonely. One observation, with regard to the early history of Christianity, made by Mr. Skene, possesses so much propriety, as a general doctrine, that we must cite it, together with its illustrations.

"There are few facts in the early history of the Christian church more striking than the remarkable ease and pliability with which the church adapted itself in its outward form to the political constitution of the countries in which it was established. When Christianity was established by the Emperor Constantine as the religion of Europe, we see the extreme facility with which the church assumed a polity formed after the model of the Roman. On the fall of the empire by the invasions of the northern barbarians, the Christian church alone maintained its position, and again adapted itself to the forms of society which arose among these nations when settled in its territories.

"In the Culdee church this quality of the early Christian societies is no less apparent. When confined to the north of Ireland, which was inhabited by a number of independent tribes, scarcely owing subjection to a common head, we find the diocese of the episcopal monasteries corresponding to the extent and numbers of these tribes; and when the same system

was introduced into Scotland, we should naturally expect to find the same accurate adaptation of the church to its territorial divisions. The districts occupied by the early tribes of Scotland are in every respect the same with those territorial divisions which were afterwards known as earldoms, and accordingly there is nothing more remarkable than the exact accordance between these earldoms and the position of the episcopal monasteries, so far as they can be traced. This will appear from the following table :—

<i>Culdee Monasteries.</i>	<i>Earldoms or Tribes.</i>
St. Andrew's	Fife.
Dunblane	Stratherne; Mentieth, not an old earldom.
Scone	Gowrie.
Brechin	Angus; Mearns, formerly part of Angus.
Monymusk	Mar.
Mortlach	Buchan.
Birney (Moray)	Moray.
Rosemarkie	Ross.
Dornoch	Caithness.
Iona	Garmoran.
Dunkeld	Atholl; Argyll, part of Atholl.

"The exact coincidence of these dioceses with the most ancient territorial divisions, forms an important and sure guide in ascertaining the extent and history of the latter."

The religion of the Highlanders, as might be strongly presumed, even after the introduction of Christianity amongst them, was sadly marred by the spirit of that idolatry they had formerly professed, and which partook to an extraordinary degree of their enthusiastic and imaginative character. These superstitions are ranged under three heads by Mr. Skene, many of them still existing, though in a neutralized state, at the present day. First, their belief was strong in a species of supernatural beings, called fairies—secondly, in the influence of departed spirits over the affairs of this life—and thirdly, in second-sight, a subject altogether peculiar to this people. All of these fancies and errors were the natural offspring of their seclusion from the rest of the world, of their mountains, their mists, their wars, their pastoral occupations, &c. The same influences not less forcibly impressed them with kindred tastes and talents; but as regards none so decidedly as in the departments of poetry and music. These fields, of course, obtain at the hands of our author their appropriate, and his usual, degree of consideration. Connected with the poetry of the Highlanders, Ossian's poems necessarily come under review. It is only, however, as containing a historical system, and not as regards their literary excellence, that these poems are here tried; and certainly it is a matter of no slight importance that the question of their authenticity should be set at rest. Upon such a perplexed and agitated topic, we extract Mr. Skene's general views, without offering a single opinion of our own.

"It is now universally admitted that the ground-work of these poems

is ancient, while it is generally held that upon that foundation a modern superstructure has been raised; with that question we have here nothing to do but the point to be determined is, whether the historical system contained in the poems of Ossian is a part of that ancient ground-work, and an actual record of the events of remote ages, handed down through a long course of centuries, or whether it is the invention of a modern and ignorant antiquary. It has long been adduced, as a great objection to the authenticity of these poems, that the system of history contained in them is untrue, and that it is diametrically opposed to the real history. The historical facts contained in Ossian relates principally to Ireland, and the difference between the Ossianic system and that generally believed may be stated in a few words. The system maintained by the Irish writers is that Ireland was inhabited by one race of people termed Scots, who are said to have come from Spain; that they divided Ireland into four provinces, Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught, each of which was governed by a petty king of the Scottish race: over these kings was placed a monarch, who reigned at Fara in Meath, and these monarchs were all of the same Scottish line, and can be traced from father to son. The Ossianic system is very different from this. According to Ossian, Ireland was inhabited by two races of people: the south of Ireland was possessed by a people termed by him Firbolg; the north by Gael, who came originally from Scotland. These two people, according to Ossian, were constantly at war with each other; and in the second century the Firbolgs, by a series of victories having obtained possession of the greater part of Ireland, Cronar, the brother of the king in Scotland, came over to the assistance of the Gael, and driving the Firbolgs out of the northern part of Ireland, founded a race of kings, who ruled in Temora or Tara, in Meath. The kings of the race of Cronar remained on the throne till the middle of the third century, when the Firbolgs, under the command of Cairpre, again obtained the upper hand.

"These systems of history are, it will be observed, diametrically opposed to each other. But if it should appear that the system of Irish history, now believed, is not older than the fourteenth century, and that the history contained in the Irish Annals before that time is identic with that of Ossian: and if it should also appear that these older annals were unpublished, and inaccessible at the time Ossian was published, and even for centuries before that time; and that the very existence of a different system being contained in these older annals was unknown, it is plain not only that this objection must fall to the ground, but that it must follow, as an incontestable proposition, that these poems were not the work of Macpherson, but must have been older, at least, than the fourteenth century.

"The proof of these facts will be taken from the Annals of Tighernac and Innisfallen, the oldest and most authentic annals which the Irish possess. The former is a work of the eleventh century; the latter was written in the beginning of the thirteenth. The book remained inaccessible to all but those who could read the ancient Irish language and character, and were for the first time printed, along with a Latin translation in the year 1825. Before entering upon the subject of inquiry, it will be necessary to make one remark, in order that the argument may be distinctly understood, which is, that in all the Irish

annals the name given to the earliest inhabitants of Scotland is *Cruithne*, and this application is always applied by them to the inhabitants of Scotland, in contradistinction to the Scots or inhabitants of Ireland.

"In the first place, therefore, it can be proved from Tighernac, that the Ultonians, or inhabitants of the north of Ireland, were *Cruithne*, and therefore must have come from Scotland. The kings of Ulster were also called kings of Eamania; thus Tighernac says, Elim son of Conrach, reigned in Eamania ten years, and afterwards Fiachia was killed by Elim son of Conrach, that, is by the king of Ulster. Again he says, Angus Fin, king of Eamania, reigns, and afterwards he says a battle was fought by Cormac against the Ultonians, in which Angus Fin, with his Ultonians, were routed; and that the kings, both of Ulster and Eamania, were called kings of the *Cruithne*, appears from the following passages. In 236, he says, Fiachia Araidhe reigns in Eamania ten years, and afterwards he reports a battle between Cormac and the king of Munster, against Fiachia Araidhe and the *Cruithne*. Again he says, in the year 565, Diarmait is killed by Black Hugh, king of Ulster; and Adomnan, alluding to the same transaction, says, that Diormit was killed by '*Aidus nigrus Cruithnicum gente*,' by nation a *Cruithne*.

"It appears, therefore, from Tighernac, that the north of Ireland was inhabited by a people of the same race with the inhabitants of Scotland. Secondly it can be proved from Tighernac and the Annals of Innisfallen, that a people called Bolgas inhabited the west and south of Ireland. Thus Tighernac says, that Fiachia, king of Ireland, was killed in Temora, or as others relate, in the Plains of Bolgas; and the Annals of Innisfallen mention Hugh, king of Connaught, and at the same time say that he was of the race of Bolgas. The same annals mention in 332, a battle in Fermoy by three Collas along with the seven tribes of the Bolgas, who are called *Oilnégmacht*, from inhabiting Connaught."

The dress by which the Highlanders have been so long distinguished, is so well adapted to their mode of life and the nature of their country, and at the same time so peculiar to that people, that Mr. Skene thinks even this single and simple point in their history affords strong presumption that it was the original costume which they wore; for though he will not affirm that it is in all its details very ancient, he holds it as certain that it is compounded of three varieties, which were separately worn by these mountaineers in the 17th century, and that each of these can be traced back to the most remote antiquity. But the minute description of these varieties, and many other topics of general application to the Highlanders, we must leave unnoticed, in order to come to the second part of our author's work, which treats of the different Clans of the Highlanders, by examining their history individually. This he does by tracing "the origin of each, their distinctive designations, descent, branches into which they have been subsequently spread out, and the affiliation of the different Clans with respect to each other, with such particulars of their earlier history as may seem to be supported by good evidence." In these tracings, however,

he avoids loading his narrative with the more recent details of family records, as in no respect affecting the main object of the essay—namely, that of dispelling the obscurity and inconsistencies in which the early history of the Gael has been involved.

In his arrangement of the Clans Mr. Skene abides by a doctrine and a system laid down in the preceding portion of his work, which holds, that previous to the 13th century the Highlanders were divided into a few great tribes, which exactly corresponded with the ancient earldoms, when hereditary chiefs were called Maormors, and that from one or other of these tribes all the Highlanders are descended. But before doing this he has to grapple with an objection, which maintains that the traditionary origins at present existing among the Clans are radically opposed, and that it is difficult to believe that, if the origin alleged by the author were correct, a contrary tradition could exist. Of the Clans, even as a nation, some have argued that they are of Irish extraction, others that they are Scandinavian, Norman, or Saxon. These various and successive systems, lead the author to a masterly examination of Highland tradition. Take, as a specimen, his inquiry into the tradition that deduces the Clans from the heroes of Scottish and Irish history.

“The next system of traditionary origins which was introduced into the Highlands, and which supplanted the former, may be termed the *heroic* system, and may be characterized as deducing many of the Highland clans from the great heroes in the fabulous histories of Scotland and Ireland, by identifying one of these fabulous heroes with an ancestor of the clan of the same name. This system seems to have sprung up very shortly before the date of the MS. before referred to, and to have very soon obtained credit in the Highlands, probably in consequence of the effect of its flattering character upon the national vanity. We can trace the appearance of this system in some of the clans contained in the MS. of 1450. It seems to have been first adopted by the Macdonalds, who identified two of their ancestors, named Colla and Conn, with Colla Uais and Conn of the hundred battles, two celebrated kings of Ireland. In the Macneills we actually see the change taking place, for while they have preserved their descent in the MS. according to the Irish system, they have already identified their ancestor, who gave his name to the clan, with Neill Naoi Giall, a king of Ireland, who reigned many hundred years before they existed. In the Macgregors we can detect the change taking place in the latter part of the 15th century. In a MS. genealogy, written in the year 1512, I find that the Macgregors are brought in a direct line from Kenneth Macalpin, a hero famed in fabulous history as the exterminator of the whole Pictish nation; whereas, in the MS. of 1450, we have seen that their origin is very different; so that this change must have taken place between these two periods. The publication of the history of Fordun, and the chronicle of Winton, had given a great popular celebrity to the heroes of Scottish history, and some of the Highland Sennachies finding a tribe of the Macgregors termed Macalpains, probably took advantage of that circumstance,

to claim a descent from the great hero of that name. The same cause apparently induced them afterwards to desert their supposed progenitor Kenneth, and to substitute in his place Gregory the Great, a more mysterious, and therefore, perhaps, in their idea, a greater hero than Kenneth.

"A similar change may be observed in the traditionary origin of the Macintoshes, Mackenzies, Macleans, &c.; the Macintoshes, who, in the MS. of 1450, are made part of the clan Chattan, and descended from Gillechattan Mor, the great progenitor of that race, appear soon after to have denied this descent, and to have claimed as their ancestor, Macduff, the Thane of Fife, himself a greater and more romantic hero even than Kenneth Macalpin. They were however unfortunate in this choice, as in later times the very existence of Macduff has with some reason been doubted, and they were perhaps induced to choose him from the fact that the late earls of Fife possessed extensive property in their neighbourhood, and also that there is some reason for thinking that the earls of Fife were actually a branch of the same race.

"Not to multiply instances of the change of the traditionary origins to this system, I shall only mention at present the Mackenzies and the Macleans, who, probably, from finding the Scotch field occupied, took a wider flight, and claimed descent from a certain Colin Fitzgerald, a scion of the noble family of Kildare, who is said to have greatly contributed to the victory at Largs in 1266. This origin, it has been seen, was altogether unknown in 1450, at which period the Mackenzies were universally believed to have been a branch of the Rossees."

His general deduction from the manuscript genealogies of the Highland Clans is—

"That the various clans were divided into several great tribes, the clans forming each of these separate tribes being deduced by the genealogies from a common ancestor, while a marked distinction is drawn between the different tribes, and indications can at the same time be traced in each tribe, which identify them with the earldoms or maormorships into which the north of Scotland was anciently divided.

"This will appear from the following Table of the distribution of the clans by the old genealogies into different tribes:—

"I. DESCENDANTS OF CONN OF THE HUNDRED BATTLES.

The <i>Lords of the Isles</i> , or	The Macclauchlans.
Macdonalds.	The Macewens.
The Macdougalls.	The Macclairichs.
The Macneills.	The Maceacherns.

"II. DESCENDANTS OF FERCHAR FATA MAC FERADAIG.

The <i>Old Maormors of Moray</i> .	The Macphersons.
The Macintoshes.	The Macnaughtons.

"III. DESCENDANTS OF CORMAC MAC OIRBERTAIG.

The <i>Old Earls of Ross</i> .	The Mackinnons.
The Mackenzies.	The Macquarries.
The Mathiesons.	The Macnabs.
The Macgregors.	The Macduffies.

"IV. DESCENDANTS OF FERGUS LEITH DEARG.

The Macleods.

| The Campbells.

"V. DESCENDANTS OF KRYCUL.

The Macnicols.

"In the following notices of the Highland clans we shall take the various great tribes into which the Highlanders were originally divided, and which are identic with the old earldoms, in their order; and after giving a sketch of the history and fall of their ancient chiefs or earls, we shall proceed, under the head of each tribe, to the different clans which formed a part of that tribe, and then for the first time appeared in independence."

These extracts furnish, we fear, what will be considered dry studies for the generality of readers, though the historical importance of the field, and the ability with which Mr. Skene has conducted his researches into it, cannot be questioned. Having, however, said as much of his system, and cited as many passages from his details as will enable every one to form an opinion concerning the work, sufficiently definite for the purposes which either antiquarian or ordinary students of history have in contemplation, when turning to a review for information respecting the current literature of the day, we shall hasten to a close.

Mr. Skene all along argues that the Highlanders generally, and the Highland Clans in particular, have descended from one Gaelic nation, who have inhabited the same country from time immemorial; and that the only exceptions consist of certain families to whom a long residence in the country has conferred them the name of Highlanders, but who are not of Gaelic origin. These, however, he says are not numerous; and since the sketch given of them in an Appendix to the Second Volume is but short, whereas the history previously entered into of the several ancient clans is long, without affording convenient extracts, we shall confine our concluding quotation to the exceptions to the regular and ancient clanship.

"There are perhaps few countries into which the introduction of strangers is received with less favour than in the Highlands of Scotland. So strongly were the Highlanders themselves imbued with an hereditary repugnance to the settlement of foreigners among them, that assisted as that prejudice was by the almost impenetrable nature of their country, such an occurrence must originally have been nearly impossible, and at all times exceedingly difficult. In this respect, however, the extinction of the ancient earls or maormors produced some change. Norman and Saxon barons, by the operation of the principles of feudal succession, acquired a nominal possession of the great Highland districts, and were prepared to seize every favourable opportunity to convert that nominal possession to an actual occupation of the country; and although their influence was not great enough to enable them materially to affect the population of the interior of their respective districts, yet, under their protection, many of the foreign

families might obtain a footing in those parts which more immediately bordered on the Lowlands, It is accordingly the eastern and southern boundary of the Highlands which would naturally become exposed to the encroachment of the Lowlanders and their barons, and in which we might expect to find clans which are not of pure Gaelic origin. The first of these clans is that of the

STEWARTS.

"In the present state of our information regarding the Stewarts, the question of their origin seems to have been at length set at rest, and until the discovery of new documents shall unsettle this decision, their seems no reason to doubt that they are a branch of the Norman family of Fitzallan. The proofs which have been brought forward in support of this conclusion are too demonstrative to be overcome by the authority of tradition alone, however ancient that tradition may be, and until some important additional information be discovered, we must look upon the fabled descent of the Stewarts from the thanes of Lochaber, and consequently their native origin, as altogether visionary.

"The whole of the Scottish Stewarts can be traced to Renfrewshire as their first seat, but still, in consequence of the great extent of territory acquired by this family all over Scotland, a considerable number of them penetrated into the Highlands, and the amount of the Highland families of the name became in time considerable. Those families of the name who are found established in the Highlands in later times are derived from three sources, the Stewarts of Lorn, Athol, and Balquidder.

"The Stewarts of Lorn, are descended from a natural son of John Stewart, the last lord of Lorn, who, by the assistance of the Maclarins, a clan to whom his mother belonged, retained forcible possession of a part of his father's estates; and of this family are the Stewarts of Appen, Invernahayle, Fasnacloich, &c. Besides the descendants of the natural son of the last lord of Lorn, the family of the Stewart of Grandtully in Atholl is also descended from this family, deriving their origin from Alexander Stewart, fourth son of John, lord of Lorn.

"The Stewarts of Atholl consist almost entirely of the descendants of the natural children of Alexander Stewart, commonly called the 'Wolfe of Badenoch'; of these the principal family was that of Stewart of Garth, descended from James Stewart, one of the Wolfe of Badenoch's natural sons, who obtained a footing in Atholl by marrying the daughter and heiress of Menzies of Fothergill, or Fortingall, and from this family almost all the other Atholl Stewarts proceed.

The Balquidder Stewarts are entirely composed of the illegitimate branches of the Albany family. The principal families were those of Ardvorlich, Glenbucky, and others."

The family of Menzies, of Fraser, and of Chisholm, complete the number of clans which our author can establish with any degree of certainty to have a foreign origin. If his distribution and division be correct, the Highlands assuredly furnish a theme of an extraordinary character, since they must thus be held to exhibit an almost Chinese exclusiveness and hatred of strangers. But however much antiquarianism and clanship may lament that modern innovation

has now completely broken through these prejudices and ancient bounds, the reflecting and enlightened reader will hold the encroachment as the sure forerunner of civilization.

ART. VI.—*Letters to The Right Honourable Lord Brougham and Vaux : presenting Rambling Details of a Tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy ; with some Remarks on Home Politics.* By SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER. Author of "A Visit to Germany and the Low Countries," "Rambling Notes on Paris," &c. &c. London : Macrone. 1837.

SIR A. B. FAULKNER is just the sort of man to go over ground that has been trodden by thousands of tourists and scribblers before him; for even his *Rambles through France, Switzerland, and Italy* will be read with interest; because, while he communicates much that is old and known to everybody, with a degree of liveliness and pungency that amuses or startles, so as to avoid fatiguing the reader, he is so excursive, well-informed, and original, as to instruct and convey some things that are new. The chief objection that will be found with these Letters will arise from the politics that are so often introduced, and the spirit with which the author's opinions are tinged. He is a decided Liberal—a radical on various subjects, and whenever, in the course of his *Rambling Details* concerning the Continental Powers, he finds occasion to notice the despotism of princes, the craft of the priesthood, the ignorance or degradation of the people, he is apt to come home, and point his finger significantly to some kindred abuse which he supposes to exist in our own favoured land—the satire and the indignant reflections in which he deals, sometimes betraying more of an ardent temperament than a courteous discretion. These opinions and this manner will mar the delight which his admirable notices concerning literature and the arts would otherwise afford; and still more excite a degree of suspicion as regards the fidelity of the pictures which he draws of foreign society; for many may be disposed to think that he has sacrificed truth sometimes for the sake of an effect that may buttress his general creed. It will be difficult, however, to deny him even here the praise of uniformly presenting animated and striking sketches, and still more to withhold from him the honour which is due to a sound moralist, and an able as well as zealous teacher of public virtue, founded on the most enlightened religious views. The opinions he entertains, and the information he details connected with one great theme for individual and national consideration, cannot but be acceptable to every well-regulated mind—we mean that of education; and were it for no other agreement of principles advocated in these pages, this single instance would be sufficient to authorize and

point out the propriety of addressing the whole of his Letters to the noble and learned Lord whose name graces the title-page.

The author is a great admirer of Lord Brougham, and in his first Letter thus gives some of his reasons for selecting his Lordship as the particular recipient of his notices and views :—

“But you will already have asked yourself, why I single out your lordship for the present infliction? You will naturally suppose it is to give eclat to my book; for assuredly your name is worth a score of Bentley's best puffs: but if a man ought ever to be believed in his own case, such an idea never entered my head. Do I look for your favour, or the reversion or promise of some snug pension or sinecure? It is rather late in the day to ogle men in high stations for such matters. But, thank God, there is no favour which you or any man could bestow on me that I would waste this drop of ink to solicit; and your friendship, I flatter myself I have no need to require. But still the question recurs, why do I pitch upon you? My answer is simply, Because you are just my man; the very fittest of all men in the country to whom a writer who would express his horror of bad government, could possibly address himself; for where is the statesman who has given, for so long a series of uninterrupted years such consistent and substantial proof of his detestation of the oppressor as you have done—no matter in what sphere the villain may have moved—with what authority or high-sounding titles the illustrious scoundrel has been clothed. The nature of several of my topics, such as popular education, the abuses of public institutions, law, &c., has also suggested, the propriety of dedicating my labours to you. And to whom are we more indebted for popular education than to yourself; the reform of the law, the purification of public establishments; to whom more beholden for the relief of the poor, the protection of industry, ay, or the Reform Bill itself?”

The cast of his politics, and some of the services which he expects at the hands of the late Whig Chancellor, may be seen from the following rancorous counsel—Lord Lyndhurst being the contemplated victim :—

“My good lord, I have never, you know, asked you a great many favours; but I have one now to implore. Spare not this lawyer—you know he deserves no quarter. Let loose upon him the torrent of your withering sarcasm concentrate the whole force of your electric argument to tear to shreds the web of his insulting sophistries—lay the whole knots of your cat into his quivering flesh, as unsparingly as Castlereagh laid it on the poor Irish; in with it to the quick, you never had such game. But beware—bruise not his head; he is doing, as you know, incalculably more good than his extinction could possibly effect. Above all things recollect what an invaluable agitator he is to the Catholic Association. All I want you to do is simply to make raw his flesh, so as to rouse some crowning act that will hasten on the lingering consummation of the good cause. The world expects it of you. In the foul stable of our oligarchy he is by far the most offensive thing that needs your broom.”

Having now indicated what constitutes the staple and the style

of the present volume, and quoted passages which sufficiently exhibit the author's political bias, we proceed to accompany him to various parts in those lands which he visited in the course of his Rambles, and to note some of the particulars which he has detailed.

It has been already said that Sir A. B. Faulkner is just the sort of man who should travel into countries which have been wearifully threaded and described by other tourists, most of whom have been men of smaller calibre ; and this not merely because of his previous accomplishments and his original capacity, but of a taste for prying into matters, and making the most of them, which, to many witnesses, offer no attractions. We know of no country, of no province in our own, of no family, even though most familiarly acquainted with it, which some travellers and pencillers could not fail of rendering the theme of rich, lively, and novel, yet truthful, colouring. Without, however, attempting to specify how much the present writer is able to perform of this exquisite and rarely executed work, we are prepared to repeat that he is not of that class who take everything on hearsay, or as seen at a glimpse of the outside ; otherwise he might, like many travellers, have been hoaxed by the ignorance of the interlocutor who is alluded to in the Prefatory Letter, and who is thus noticed :—" Passing through the village of Genlis, I inquired of an inhabitant for the chateau of the authoress of that name, which I heard was in the neighbourhood, and he pointed to a house at my elbow. ' What ! ' I said, ' and is that the chateau of the lady si renommée par ses écrits ? '—' Oui, oui, monsieur.'—' Are you quite sure ? '—' Oui, oui ; sans doute. Ella a écrit beaucoup ; ella est la maîtresse de la poste et elle écrit toujours ;"—Genlis being actually the name of the post-mistress, whose house by a less pertinacious inquisitor might have been immortalized as having belonged to one of the world's great lights.

Our author's reminiscences on his road to Paris are few ; for the reader is to remark, that his Ramblings occupy but one very moderately-sized volume, although, he says, that he had nearly let off at Lord Brougham's head two loaded octavo tomes. Had he fulfilled his first intention, we are sure he would not have cumbered our table ; for, besides his peculiar capacity for the office he has here undertaken, his opportunities for observation have been superior and far more abundant than usually fall to the lot of travellers who skim it at a steamer's rate. At Paris, for instance, we find him describing a Polish prince to whom he had been introduced, whose history, we have no doubt, would surpass in point of interest any fairy fiction of the day, and which affords some arguments regarding the clemency of Nicholas that darken sadly the roseate colours with which we have sometimes seen the despot decked of late. The Prince—

"After being completely stripped of his property by the Autocrat, he has taken up his permanent abode in this capital. He gave me much information on the state of Poland as it existed before the late revolution, an event which he extremely deplores. The people, it would appear from his account, were happy previous to this unfortunate crisis, and every man no matter his condition, enjoyed entire security for his person and property. 'You may have heard,' he said, 'that a Russian noble might have struck a Pole, or otherwise ill-treated him with impunity. The fact is quite the reverse. Any one who offered the slightest outrage, however exalted his rank, would have been sure to receive chastisement on the spot. Before the unfortunate revolution,' he added, "tenants were industrious and sober, and paid their rents to the day."

"The prince considers a great change inevitable after the death of the King of Prussia. The Crown Prince is an unmitigated despot, and in every respect a fit instrument for his master in the north."

"Russia he represented as governed wholly by the caprice of the emperor. When an appeal is made to him he ruleth the case as he likes, no matter how directly in the teeth of the law; no deviation of this sort is convertible into precedent, so that he may in this way evade or violate the laws of the land as often, as capriciously, and as monstrously as he pleases. The maxim that law makers may be law breakers is verified at Petersburg to the letter.

"The prince ascribed all the misfortunes of Poland to a *premature* popular movement: the fire once kindled baffled every effort to extinguish it. Constantine was the basest of cowards, and if the unfortunate outbreak had not occurred, my friend had no difficulty in believing that a favourable opportunity would soon have offered for bringing about every change the people were most anxious for with very little bloodshed.

"Few of the Polish exiles have suffered more than this gentleman, and I will answer for it, few have borne their sufferings more nobly. His pictures and statues were first carried away, and soon afterwards his entire property confiscated, and he is now placed in the second class of the denounced, without a single ray of hope of ever regaining one acre of his estates, which were immense and stocked with not fewer than 130,000 serfs.

"His friend the Prince Roman Sangusco was treated like himself; with this difference, that Sangusco, besides the loss of his property, was deprived of his very name, and simply numbered, as we number our sheep to be driven with the herd of common convicts into Siberia. Before being exiled the sentence of expatriation was presented to the emperor for his approval, with a request to know in what particular manner he was to be conveyed to his destination. The emperor with his own hand wrote on the back of the paper, 'On foot.' Before setting out, poor Sangusco implored permission to see a priest, and a Greek ecclesiastic was ordered to attend him forthwith in place of one of his own clergy, expressly because his creed was different. He inquired of his reverence if he might be permitted to attend his own place of worship, to which he received a stern negative, and was told that, 'like all other slaves, he must follow the religion of his master.'"

It might have been expected of a tourist who entertains the decided liberal opinions professed by our author, that he would have had little good to say of the King of the French, or of the royal family. But it should go a considerable way in favour of Sir A. B. Faulkner's honesty and independence of mind as respects other subjects where diversity of opinions prevails, that he allows the King to be possessed of an excellent disposition, as well as a sagacious head, in mentioning several anecdotes to enforce this conviction. The Queen, too, is no less favourably described. In some particulars she ought to stand amongst the foremost of Sir A. Agnew's living saints, for she is represented as being not only surprisingly acquainted with theological subjects, and the writings of our first-rate English divines, but most exemplary in the performance of the external duties of religion, and punctual in her observance of the Sabbath, the whole household following her example.

There is a species of irreverence in some of the details before us, which does not, however, proceed so much from the heart, as from the point of Sir A. B. Faulkner's steel pen, as is manifest from the general effect which even such pictures leave behind them. For instance—

"No one should leave Paris without visiting the Foundling Hospital. The building is sufficiently spacious to accommodate between 300 and 400 children; but seldom contains, at any one time, more than 100. Fifteen brats, on the average, are received every day, and twelve exported for nursing, to the country. There is however a melancholy loss of life on the passage, the distance to which they are conveyed being frequently not less than thirty or forty leagues. When the males have attained the fitting age, they are put to different trades and occupations; the greater part trained to the business of farming, or as farm-servants, but all liable to be draughted for the conscription. An infant may be purchased at any time, ready cut and dry, for fifty francs; only every proper security is required for the character of the purchaser. Adoptions are rare, and the parents very seldom claim their children: if they wish to do so, a paper is sent, when the bantling is deposited in the receiving box, stating such particulars of its personal appearance (marks are sometimes made upon the skin) as enable them satisfactorily to prove their identity.

"It was the hour of feeding the animals when we arrived, and they all, like so many young crows, began to cry out most importunately for food. Those who had been just taken into the house, and not above a few hours old, were placed on an inclined plane covered with a mattress, opposite the fire, where, swathed up to the chin, they lay like so many mummies, some not above a foot long, basking in a row."

But there is something not far short of a bitter malignity in his sneers when he lashes a Tory whether dead or alive, that argues a more forbidding peculiarity and taste, than any apparent mockery of mere human error or infirmity. The reader of the volume cannot pass unnoticed an instance of the kind referred to, where Lord

Castlereagh's death, and the manner of it, suggests a reference to the "carotid," that made us shudder.

The world is never tired of thinking of Napoleon, and hearing traits of his character described. In the pages before us, a good many curious anecdotes and circumstances occur concerning that most extraordinary and variously-pictured man, which are worthy of being recorded, but which on account of another paper in our present number, being exclusively devoted to notices of his history, we must slightly pass over. When describing the palace of Fontainebleau, some particulars are mentioned, which go to illustrate the calculating policy of Louis Philippe. Perhaps, the fact that Napoleon's throne has undergone no change, and his bed, as well as Josephine's, both remain as they were left by him, may be ranked along with more significant indications of the sort alluded to. Before leaving this scene of the Emperor's partiality, we quote, connected with our author's notice of it, two or three separate paragraphs.

"We dined and spent a delightful evening, with one of Napoleon's colonels who served in many of his sharpest campaigns. This gentleman gave us various desultory details of his chief, many of them assuredly not very flattering. 'The emperor's humours,' he said, 'were often extremely capricious and variable; he would sometimes revenge the grudge he owed to a man upon his friend, which kept every body in perpetual awe that his own turn might come next. Before starting on his fatal expedition to the North, his manner was unusually *brusque* to his marshals, and his temper peevish, not seldom bordering on the surly.' Our host admitted the truth of Napoleon's criminality towards Pichegru, Wright, and D'Enghein, and even the poisoning at Jaffa; yet allowed that he would have countermanded the execution of D'Enghein, but that Talleyrand took care to have the matter finished before there was time to issue a counter order. The tragedy at Jaffa he considered an act of pure mercy.

"Poor Josephine was greatly shocked, when the emperor broke to her his first intention of a separation. She was dragged from his presence screaming, in a fit of hysterics. The officer, whose duty it was to perform the ungallant service of forcing her away, remarked, that while getting her up a flight of stairs, she complained severely that his sword pressed painfully on her side.

"She had no pretension to personal charms, with the single exception of fine eyes. Her beauty was of the moral order, and no calumny had ever dared to breathe upon it. She grew every day more miserable after their separation, and pined away from deep heartfelt sorrow and wounded affection. It seems that he had other motives for the barbarous act besides the gratification of his ambition. A chief objection to her arose from discovering that she was addicted to political intrigue, and he suspected her. When the account of her death was announced to him, he heard it with the greatest composure.

"When I mentioned the suspicion so often cast upon the emperor's courage, my friend laughed outright. 'That he may not at all times,' he said, 'have deemed it necessary to be equally prodigal of his person may

be true; but let us recollect that you have a great warrior yourself, who, once upon a time, sported a little bit of a white feather at the early part of his career; and it probably would have graced him to the present hour; but that, on the remonstrance of a brother officer, he had the good taste to pluck it out.

"The emperor dreaded the English troops more than those of any other nation upon earth, and extolled, in terms of special praise, the heroism of the Irish and Scotch at Salamanca, where, after being nearly cut to pieces, he allowed, they made some of the most desperate charges that had occurred during the war. My veteran informant did not deny that his imperial master had committed two or three most egregious mistakes at the battle of Waterloo.

"To Marie Louise the emperor was never very much attached, and no wonder, when we recollect the coarse lumpish German frou, who usurped the place of the accomplished, the lively, the enlightened, and amiable Josephine, who was the life of every society which she graced, more particularly at his levees, where the stupid trashy nonsense of her successor was felt by Napoleon rather as a humiliating exposure, than a means of enhancing his popularity.

"Of Beauharnois the emperor had a very sorry opinion. 'Go,' said he to Macdonald, after their reconciliation, 'and help that infant in Italy.' Moreau, he allowed, had 'enough of bravery, but nothing to spare.' Our friend dwelt much on the exalted qualities of this rival of the emperor's, describing him as a man of very homely appearance and unaffected manners. One day the general took his place at a table d'hôte, and as he had all the look of a plain simple bourgeois, he attracted no notice. At last, some battle of recent occurrence happened to become the subject of conversation, and the stranger's whole discourse was marked with such peculiar animation, that every one knew, as well as if the fact had been proclaimed, that it could be no other than Moreau himself.

"Though no one went further in admitting the merits of Louis-Philippe than my communicative and intelligent host, yet, he deemed a revolution in France an event sooner or later as altogether inevitable; but declined to state upon what particular grounds he rested his opinion. At the same time, he failed not to pronounce a most flattering eulogy upon the talent, prudence, and policy of her present ruler. He was doing, he said, everything to propitiate his people, by seeking out talent wherever it was to be found; whether among his own friends and followers, or the friends and followers of the late dynasty, it made no difference, while his affability, tried bravery, unaffected plainness of manner, and accessibility to every description of his subjects, were security, to a considerable amount, that he might continue to reign as long as he liked, if he could only be depended upon to pursue steadily the same policy, but this my friend doubted."

In Switzerland, Sir A. B. Faulkner took strict notice of the character of the clergy, and the results of giving education to the lower orders. He found that the sacred function was admirably discharged, and that though the ministers of religion were intrusted with the public money for all purposes of alms and charity, he could learn of no instance of a single Judas having been detected among

them. He found also even the waiters in the hotels, who were amongst the most nimble of their craft, had each of them masters in different branches of literature and science, without laying themselves open to a complaint for neglect of their immediate duties, while they themselves regard the acquirement of knowledge as the best means of advancing themselves in life, as well as the surest armour with which to encounter its difficulties. But then this Swiss education seems not to be limited merely to the acquisition of knowledge, but embraces a system for the culture of our moral nature. At least the sketch given of a plan of Monsieur Naville's plan, a Genevese clergyman, leads us to say, that reason and common sense have dictated its rules. The following paragraphs refer to some of its details :—

“ It is likewise a part of Monsieur Naville's plan, that juries of children should sit and determine upon the behaviour of their comrades, when under any imputation of misconduct, and at the end of the year general certificates of conduct must be endorsed, not only by the superintendent, but receive the signatures of every boy in the school; thus the boys become security to one another for good behaviour, as it is from their own hands that they receive the reward or punishment of their actions, and all that is mischievous in the capricious partialities or severities of a schoolmaster is obviated. Cautious management is recommended to the masters and ushers, that there be no appearance of the abuse of authority, caprice, inconsistency, favour, affection, or partial leanings of any kind. When corporal punishment becomes necessary, as must sometimes happen under the best regulated plan, the reason for its infliction, with all concomitants of aggravation, is to be made clear as day-light. Without such a convincing demonstration of his error, the delinquent receives stripes, deservedly, it may be, but stripes which may harden his obduracy or teach him to be a hypocrite, but not that wholesome correction which operates through his reason and raises a becoming contrition for his offence.

“ Monsieur Naville's scheme of instruction is comprehensive, embracing the inculcation of moral maxims and religious principles, a respectable initiation in history, the elements of geometry, the elements of natural science, grammar, arithmetic, the art of design, music, and gymnastics.

“ Such is the outline of popular education taught by this distinguished divine. The details occupy two octavo volumes, replete with profound reasoning, and written in a very attractive manner. The work is highly thought of on the continent, and the author has lately been rewarded for it with a medal from the French Academy. I was surprised to find, on inquiry at some of the principal foreign libraries, and the British museum itself, that no copy of this valuable book had yet reached our shores.”

In Geneva, our author had the pleasure of meeting with Mons. Diodati, Lord Byron's landlord at Coligny, who mentioned the following interesting circumstance :—

“ On the evening of the day he left his house, Mons. Diodati sped, in breathless haste, to ascertain from the domestic in charge, if any trifle belonging to his immortal tenant might have been left behind. ‘ Nothing

whatever, sir,' said the servant, 'excepting a grate full of torn-up papers. — Torn-up papers! and where are they?' 'I burnt them, sir,' was the mortifying answer; and so perished, doubtless, the first embryo sketches of the third canto of the 'Childe,' on which the poet had been occupied during the whole of his sojourn on the lake. What was the sacrilege of Califf Omar compared to this!"

At Turin, says our author, the same system of keeping people in ignorance prevails as in other parts of Italy. He gives as a proof of the strict censorship of the press, the fact that hardly an English book is to be seen but those written by "the eternal Walter Scott, whose Tory principles have obtained for him a place in all the shop-windows over the continent." We feel here inclined to ask, if there be no other feature in these *eternal* works to recommend them besides their ultra Tory principles, and also how people that are deplorably ignorant—ignorant, of course, of history, politics, and the great outlines of geography even—discover the abstract spirit of party feeling in works that when merely taken as tales have an absorbing interest? Sir A. B. Faulkner's premises are too narrow for his conclusions. It is pleasant to hear him confess that the king of Sardinia has some most praiseworthy domestic properties, which are singular in the case of supreme rulers. For instance, he is said to work in his garden, and to be up every morning at five o'clock. The nobility, however, are described as "tremendous exclusives," companying with nobody of a lower rank than themselves, and accounting all classes of the middling orders as nothing better than *canaille*. But, it is admitted that in Genoa, which his Majesty countenances personally as little as possible, the people, in spite of the censor, are beginning to get ahead in manners, morals, and intellectual acquirements of their feudal masters. The absence of the court and the *noblesse* is, therefore, no detriment to this capital, perhaps.

Florence occupies our author at considerable length, and affords him materials for introducing some of the most interesting information which the volume contains. His notices of the members of the Bonaparte family residing here, with whom he formed some acquaintance, are among these curious and attractive materials.

"Four branches of the fallen dynasty were domiciled in this delightful capital. Prince De Montfort, the ex-king of Westphalia, Princess Survilliers, ex-queen of Spain, the Princess Lipona, ditto of Naples, and Prince de St. Leu, the ex of Holland, from each of which Xes we were honoured with the kindest attentions. The Westphalian chief is strikingly like to Napoleon, only much thinner. The princess reminded me of the charming affability of the Langravine of Hesse Homberg. Prince Montfort has two sons, the eldest of whom has been some time at the military college at Stuttgard; his second son, Napoleon, a youth of twelve years of age, the very image of the emperor, remained with his father, who, with an only sister, the Princess Matilda, composed his family. The

Princess Matilda is about sixteen years of age, and one of the most amiable, lovely, and accomplished of her sex : English, too, in her predilections, English in her style of beauty, and speaking our language like a native.

" I have said young Napoleon is the image of the emperor ; nor is the resemblance confined to his person and features. He has the same quickness and point in his remarks. I asked him if he spoke French. ' Why not ? ' said he. ' I am a Frenchman.' I apologized in French for not speaking with more fluency. ' How so ' said he, ' when you are speaking it so well ? ' You find none of the frivolities about this youth that cleave to boys of his age ; and in every one respect he is as well mannered as the most accomplished man of the world. I am much mistaken, should a good opportunity offer, if this youth is not heard of yet."

" Poor Louis, the ex-sovereign of Holland, lingers in a deplorable state of health—half paralyzed—and lives quite in retirement ; never seeing anybody, with the exception of his own immediate family, or an intimate friend. Yet, when this best natured of beings understood we had a wish to be presented, he immediately fixed a day for the purpose, and received us with a kindness of manner altogether peculiar to himself. Princess Charlotte, the daughter of King Joseph, who had been married to his eldest son, did us this kind office. We arrived before the princess, and found him looking on at a game of billiards. He immediately rose, and carrying us into an interior apartment, entered into conversation. The princess was presently announced, and on entering the *salon*, the amiable Louis got up and taking both her hands in his, remained for some time apparently overcome by an overpowering emotion. The reason was afterwards explained. That day happened to be the anniversary of her marriage with his son, whose untimely fate is so well known ; and his infirm state of health was unequal to bear up against the feeling which her presence excited. The overflowing of good Louis's heart on this occasion, well accords with the character of the man who refused to wear a crown, rather than become the oppressor of his subjects.

" The Princess Lipona, sister of the emperor, who is still commonly addressed as Queen of Naples, is a woman of the rarest fascination of manner, and her palace the rendezvous of all that is gay and illustrious in the capital of Tuscany. Her likeness to her son, Colonel Achille Murat, struck me as quite remarkable ; and the more remarkable, as Achille is so very like to Napoleon ; though, what may sound paradoxical, his mother has positively not one feature in common with the emperor.

" The title of Lipona, which the princess has assumed, is a *literal* retention of her claims as Queen of Naples or Napoli, the syllables being only reversed. She never formally abdicated her right to the crown. Murat, as every one knows, was put to death without having consented to any act of abdication. The princess bears her reverses with the most philosophical indifference ; apparently the very happiest of the happy ; commanding equally the love and admiration of all who are honoured with her acquaintance, and share her delightful conversation.

" In an apartment of her palace adjoining the grand saloon, is deposited in an enclosure of glazed frame-work, festooned with his orders of chivalry, a piled trophy of the arms presented to the hero of the ' haughty

plume,' by the different sovereigns who were anxious to pay him their homage; swords, rifles, carbines, daggers, lances, all of the most costly workmanship, especially a scimitar from Achmet Bey, magnificently studded with brilliants. The special sword, too, which he bore through all his battles, is ornamented on the hilt with miniature enamels of the queen and her children; and in a vacant space of the armorial enclosure lies, in modest obscurity, the immortal plume itself.

“ ‘ As the morn sways o’er the tide,
It rolled in air the warrior’s guide,
Through the smoke created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight.
The soldier raised his seeking eye,
To catch that crest’s ascendancy;
And as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon his foes.’ ”

“ The princess was pleased, as a memorial of her regard, to present my wife with a considerable portion of this most precious relic.

“ The walls of the armoury are covered with full length portraits of the different members of the fallen dynasty; among which Murat, mounted on his charger (by Le Gros), is the veriest living representation of the chivalrous and dauntless port of the warrior.

“ In a small apartment off the princess’s bed-room, there stands on an elevated pedestal, the bust of Murat. None but the *élite* of her acquaintance are allowed to approach this hallowed little temple: the shrine of the idol of her pride and affections. When we were admitted, the bust was brilliantly radiated by lights, shedding a solemnity, which struck me as far more imposing than could be produced by the most sombre sepulchral style of decoration. Flowers and flowering shrubs of the choicest beauty were placed about the figure, uniting their graceful shade over the brows and forehead. The impression of solemnity may probably be accounted for by the gay contrast of these flowers and brilliant lights with the awful image of death.”

Our author enters minutely into the history of the ancestry of Napoleon, and communicates on this head, more than we have ever before met with, or than, as we believe, is generally known. This account he says that he received from a friend of the family, tracing their name back to the 13th century, who then acted as an envoy to Padua, and showing that they were always an ambitious and stirring people. At one time, it is conjectured, they became divided in their political views, one part espousing the cause of the Guelphs, and the other that of the Ghibbelines, and that hence these branches got the surnames of Bonaparte and Malaparte.

It is pleasant to hear that the celebrated Catalani lives in sumptuous style within a few miles of Florence, enjoying the green autumn of her days in great comfort, and being respected by every one. It is added that her deeds of charity and usefulness are unwearied; and that she is so devoted to England, as to have her

villa filled with English furniture, and to hope that she may pass the remainder of her life on our shores.

There are other engaging particulars detailed respecting the present state of Florence ; the popular school establishments may be instanced.

" I begin with the arrangement and working of the infant schools ; the children were ranged on circular benches tier above tier in the form of an amphitheatre, the teacher seated directly in front, with a desk resembling a painter's easel at his side ; upon which were exhibited such objects as were needed to illustrate the subject of his discourse, which was delivered in a way peculiarly calculated to keep up a lively interest among his juvenile hearers, and always having for the aim of his narrative deeply to impress some moral sentiment. The subject of the lecture when I visited the school, was the illustration of a deed of benevolence, and on the easel was placed a painting representing an aged matron relieving a pauper. All eyes were fixed on the picture, and every ear erect for the explanation. No restraint was imposed upon the expression of their feelings. He who liked might laugh outright or point his finger, or nudge his neighbour, or wriggle about on his seat as much as he pleased. By turns they were attentive ; grave or gay, or restless, according as the humour flitted, but never, apparently for a moment, either weary or indifferent. The lecturer was interrupted frequently by some of the party eagerly striving to be the first to help him out with his explanation, or in starting some question, or in making some remark ; all of which interruptions met with unlimited indulgence. When a boy rose to make an observation, every eye was fast upon him. To one especial boy, noted for his quickness, they listened with a reverence and respectful silence that would have done honour to a graver assembly. From first to last of the proceeding, the whole party appeared as much delighted and interested as ever was mamma's darling while listening to the story of ' Mother Goose,' or ' Jack the Giant Killer.'

" As the master concluded each portion of his exposition, the children were interrogated severally as to their notions of what they had just heard, and their misconceptions rectified, or their responses, if correct, encouragingly applauded. When a boy made a slip, generally some other helped him out ; so that an excitement was kept up during the whole of this intellectual exercise little inferior to the eagerness of children engaged in some game. When, as very rarely happened, their attention seemed to flag a little, or wander from the business in hand, the master had only to ring a little hand bell, and at the first tinkle they folded their arms with the expertness of a platoon of soldiers, and once more fixed their eyes steadfastly on the lecturer.

" After the business was over, the little bell sounded, and every whisper was hushed ; at a second tinkle the party was on their legs, and the third set all in motion, marching in the lock-step, the whole group filing off and keeping time very respectably until they were halted in the adjoining apartment, where they partook of refreshments. The walls of this saloon were lined all round with benches, covered with plates and spoons. In front of these benches the little army formed in close order, each before

his own respective plate, and after chanting a short hymn, which they did in parts with a most pleasing effect, they fell to work with some capital soup."

It appears that several ladies of the highest rank take an active and personal interest in these nurseries. Lancaster establishments have also been formed, a society having been organised to superintend their management, composed of some of the leading noble families in the city, the grand aim of the schools being mainly directed to the exercise of the reasoning and moral faculties.

Some peculiar customs are to be witnessed in every distinct community. The description now to be cited, may be taken as a sample which allures the mind to the spot, where such occurrences are no novelty.

"During my sojourn at Florence, an accident occurred which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the working of one of the most ancient and valuable of their charitable institutions. One evening, about eight o'clock, more than a hundred persons were precipitated from the top story of a house to the cellar. The party had been amusing themselves with private theatricals, and their weight, too much for the crazy rafters, bore down the garret floor. The company seeing the floor sinking, and their fate inevitable, screamed so horribly as to be heard all over the neighbourhood. The crash was appalling; six were dug out of the rubbish crushed to death, seventy-eight hurt more or less seriously, and hardly one escaped a broken bone, excepting a woman in a state of pregnancy, who threw herself out of the second story. The most prompt assistance was rendered to the survivors by that admirable society called the '*Miserecordia*,' which is formed of persons of all ranks, from the grand-duke downwards, and has, for its object, the supply of instant relief in all casualties. The signal for the assembling of the '*Miserecordia*' is a kind of auricular telegraph. Accidents are announced by the ringing of the bell, when the members, without a moment's delay, rush to the place of meeting, no matter at what hour of the night or day, all clothed in black hoods, to prevent their being recognized. When the bell rings rapidly, and rings twice, it is the signal of a very grave accident, and the society are warned to make all possible haste to render succour. If there have been three peals, the indication is that of an absolutely fatal case, and the people take the matter leisurely; but, on every occasion, slight or grave, to avoid exciting unnecessary alarm, a dispatch is sent with all possible speed to apprise the friends and relations of the sufferers.

"The grand-duke is always among the foremost at his post. When the sick are to be carried to the hospital, or the dead to the grave, he is the first to put his shoulder to the litter or the bier. It is a settled rule of the institution, that whoever suffers from an accident (the grand-duke himself not excepted), if he has been succoured by the '*Miserecordia*,' receives one paul a day, until he is pronounced convalescent."

But "*Fair Florence*," and the Tuscan territory afford not generally, or as regards some of the chief ends of government, society, or human life, such agreeable characteristics. Whether we look to

the state of the police, the administration of the law, or the enlightenment and morals of the people, there is plentiful matter for regret and complaint. Even agriculture—in spite of climate and soil that are remarkably favourable, where the peasantry too are industrious, parsimonious, temperate, and abstemious to an extreme—is in the lowest condition. An English lady, who has lately taken up her residence near to Florence, is doing much, says our author, to introduce an enlightened husbandry, and not without some success; although, as in some other countries, the farmers are so wedded to old fashions, that in her attempt to improve a stock of black cattle, she had to encounter the most ridiculous prejudices against big heads—neither the greater quantity of the excellent milk, the fineness of the flesh, nor the fact of their being easily fattened, for a time convincing the natives, that her cattle were of a superior breed.

But though the Tuscans be ignorant of the most enlightened and profitable methods of rearing cattle, it is to be presumed that Florence is a first-rate school for finishing the education of the children of our English aristocracy, if the fact is to be judged of from the numbers of them that are carried thither for that purpose. But what was the information which our author obtained from an English lady, who has long resided in Italy?

“ ‘How can you wonder at the laxity of their morals,’ she said (I had purposely affected to be sceptical), ‘if you know anything of the way in which they are brought up, and the code of morality to which they are familiar from their earliest years? A girl is taken out of a convent, and united to a man for whom she never could have the slightest partiality. Should there be no appearance of a forthcoming family, after a convenient interval, her place is supplied by some other more congenial to his taste, and the same indulgence is accorded with no less toleration to the sharer of his cares. If there is promise of issue, the cartel is still more expeditiously arranged, all that is desired being to insure a legitimate heir to a title and estate, after which their inclinations are mutually accommodated with a *carte blanche* for the rest of their lives. The matrimonial contract is then virtually at an end, and, excepting that it is the mutual convenience of both parties to inhabit the same house, they are, in all other respects, to each other as strangers. Hence, as women are not morally educated, to rise in trials of this sort above the feelings of vulgar retaliation, the obligations of moral duty resolve into simple instinct, and they pursue their several tastes without compunction or restraint; yes, and what may surprise you more than all, their spiritual pastors are not among the least fortunate of those who aspire to a preference in their favour.’ ‘And can it be possible,’ said I, ‘that those ladies whom we now survey on the sofas opposite, looking so very reserved and demure, are any of them guilty of so gross, criminal, and deliberate a violation of one of the most sacred obligations?’ ‘Yes; it is not only possible, but a notorious fact, and they would be no less astonished at your simplicity in doubting it, than you are at the depravity.’ I alluded in my question more particularly to a certain marchesa, whose looks were expressive of

the most vestal innocence. 'That woman,' she said, 'lives separate from her husband, and has had three children by another man, and, what is quite unusual in this country, she has been received back again in society.' It seems that living apart from a husband is the most unpardonable of all possible offences against the canons of Florentine chastity. However virtuous a woman may be, she is completely out of the world if she deserts her lares. Let her only live under the same roof with her husband, she may be as profligate as she likes, and yet lose not one atom of her reputation. The immorality of the sexes in this city was, not many years since, carried to such a pitch as hardly to be exceeded by anything we read of the Isiac orgies.

"The minds of the Florentine ladies are commonly so neglected, that all intellectual intercourse with them is quite out of the question. They have, however, the prudence to be silent, but if they talk, as talk they must sometimes, you never hear a remark from their lips above what might be expected from a *femme-de-chambre*. They, of course, have no resources but in a round of soft indulgence. All the ordinary female accomplishments are wanting to alleviate the lassitude of idleness, and divert their erring fancies. Unlike the sex in England, they neither fill albums, make doggrel, knit purses, paint flowers, or engage in any other innocent waste of time. Even the fashionable intellectual commerce kept up on billets of scented paper of various hues, filled with the details of last night's ball or rout, or projects of the vanities or pleasures to come, are wanting to fill up the gaps of their dangerous leisure. One would suppose that, in Italy, so long the seed-bed of vocal harmony, you must meet with many ladies in private life, who sustain the national musical character. Yet, you seldom hear music of any sort in private, and as seldom, when you do, that it is worth listening to. As for instrumental harmony, no one cares a farthing about it: it is voted universally a bore. At the Princess Lipona's, an English lady performed one of Hert's sonatas, with most inimitable power and effect; yet no one paid the least attention to it but myself. The lady was sensitive, and the neglect had nearly given her a fit."

But are the intelligence and virtues of the middle class calculated to inspire more agreeable presumptions?

"I regret to say the extension of this order is yet extremely circumscribed, and its farther progress not likely to be rapid. As for the civilization of the lowest, my limited experience assuredly does not enable me to speak very favourably. I have seen a man kick a woman from one end of the Porta Santa Trinita to the other, and down the greater part of the opposite bank of the Arno, with the same quiet deliberation that he would have driven the most obstinate jackass. The people saw it too, and passed by unheedingly; there was no crowd collected, no burst of either surprise or indignation, or horror. Miss Roe never returned the kick, but walked on before, quite mute and forbearing; a perfect practical evidence of the maxim, that 'it is nothing when you are used to it;' and to make her case more impressive, she was large in the way ladies wish to be who love their lords. The fellow's face through the whole process, presented the very white heat of fury. Now, whether it was better to let the thing pass, or throw the rascal into the river, surely could admit of not one moment's

hesitation, had there been but a single spark of generous sympathy in the spectators of so unmanly an atrocity; but the Florentines have, perhaps, too much domestic experience of the merits of such cases to be very ready to meddle in their neighbours' affairs. Judging by the rule of '*ex pede Herculem*,' from so familiar a use of the foot in public, we may suppose what must be its probable caprices in private."

Sir A. B. Faulkner does not keep us long in Rome, for he eschews most of those common-place subjects that have been worn thread-bare by preceding tourists. Even concerning that greatest of lions, St. Peter, he is brief. Of the general amount of information which the modern Romans display, respecting their own eternal city, he gives a most disheartening account. He says, indeed, that ignorance is universal through every rank of the people, while superstition is in as full blow as in the 15th century. But what seemed strangest of all is, that the priests, according to the statement before us, are deplorably credulous and ignorant also.

"To hear what he would say, I related a story to a prior of the church, which has long been current among the Maltese, respecting the miraculous nature of the sanctified cave formed out of a rock in that island, where the Apostle Paul is said to have been confined; assuring him, with all the gravity I was master of, that, although pilgrims and strangers from every part of the world had been cutting away fragments of the rock for eighteen centuries, the cave still remained without one atom of change. '*Ecco*,' said his reverence, turning quick and earnestly round to a friend of his at his elbow, and striking the forefinger of the right hand against the thumb of the left, '*Ecco, amico mio, unna prova assoluta della sua functione apostolica*,' which proof his friend appeared to accept with quite as assured a conviction as himself. The prior betrayed an ignorance of things that a boy of ten years of age ought to be ashamed of. He had never heard of the lake of Geneva, which made his friend stare, and provoked to venture a gentle rebuke for exposing himself. He supposed he must have forgotten the name of the place. His reverence was astonished when I told him that the Countess of Albani was a descendant of our deposed royal family, and it seemed a material accession to his stock of facts, when informed that Ireland is under the same government as England; yet it was a mistake for which you may allow, perhaps, that he deserved some little indulgence. There was a strange wholesale substitution of credulity for rational belief. He allowed unbounded credit to the history of Romulus and Remus. Both brothers, he remarked, showed a turn for architecture, and almost as soon as they had quitted the nurse, 'one set about building the houses and the other the walls of Rome.' He was a staunch worshipper of the redoubtable Wellington, and asked if he was still alive.

"If the ignorance of dignitaries be such, what may be inferred as to the intelligence of the multitude, whose education is entirely in the hands of the lower clergy; yet is the number of popular scholars over Rome very considerable, though beyond reading and writing, and cyphering, the paternal government allows of no liberties with the unsophisticated

natural light of the understanding. To qualify children for confirmation by the church, they are sent for eight or ten days to a convent; the stock of theology and learning there laid in being intended to serve for the rest of their days."

Bookselling is represented to be one of the most unprofitable callings in Rome, a principal bibliopolist having informed the author that it was next to impossible for the trade to make out the barest subsistence. "I could read," continues he, "in his heart ripe treason and deep curses against the 'powers that be;' and a very special rooted detestation of the censorship, of which it appears, the head of the English college is the president." But might not this rooted and special detestation pervert the truth?

Naples engages the principal portion of the present volume, owing to the author having chiefly resided there during his visit to Italy, and furnishes him with a great variety of subjects, regarding which he offers details not more revolting to knowledge, and morals, or more disheartening to those who look for the gradual but speedy civilization of the world, than true and well-authenticated. The design contemplated by these representations, is that by a close portraiture of the miseries and manners of the Neapolitans, it may be shown, "how an absolute government is able to blast and wither to the very core, countries which in other respects are the most favoured of Heaven." This attempt and design, it must be confessed, are ends which it was worthy of our author to cherish, and which seem to have lent him, even in these desultory and frequently gossiping pages, an unusual fervour, clearness of apprehension, closeness of application, and something like an oracular power—the announcements of whose responses convey a considerable degree of conviction.

Naples, says our author, contains according to the last census, 40,000 professional beggars, who seem to be the most expert and pertinacious of the craft, strangers and foreigners constituting the principal supply of their victims, the charity of the Italians seldom glowing, and even when it does, seldom producing more than a *grano*. One of the causes of this enormous tide of pauperism and thriftlessness, is set down to the number of charities established in the city. One of them being said to afford room for between 6 and 7000 persons. Here the accommodation is excellent, the food good and abundant, a Lancastrian plan of education for the children, and employment of various kinds for adults. Yet the poor have no great relish for these advantages, preferring beggary, filth, idleness, and liberty to them, and affording some useful suggestions to the framers of poor-laws all over the world.

Poverty does not seem to be confined to the lowest orders of the Neapolitans. The author says "a soldier's pay is but seven granos and a half a day, and a labourer gets no more than fourteen, to find himself in everything; all wages, in short, are miserably small.

Even a valet-de-chambre rarely earns above twelve ducats a month. The daughter of a major in the army (a friend of Lord W. Bentinck) hires as a sempstress at $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day." Again—"It is but stating a notorious fact, that an English footman lives better than many Neapolitan nobles." But just take the union of vice, ignorance, poverty, degradation, and degeneracy, as depicted in the subjoined passages, and consider what may have been the causes of these deplorable conditions.

"The degradation of the baser order of pilferers is lower here than in any part of the universe. As pocket picking is practised without any sense of immorality, so is the delinquent detected without betraying the slightest feeling of shame. A street thief, whose hand I caught in my pocket, marched off after the exposure as if nothing had happened, with an ear as deaf as the adders to my whole volley of rebuke. Your first impulse, of course, is to knock him down; but such a step requires consideration. An Englishman was obliged to pay 48 dollars for this summary mode of abridging the law of Naples, besides suffering a most uncomfortable overhauling by the police. Three handkerchiefs, a snuff-box, and other articles, were extracted from my pockets during my first week on the Toledo, which determined me on closing their outside openings during the remainder of my sojourn: one day the stitches had broke loose, and I was minus a pocket-book.

"But we can scarcely wonder at this gross immorality. Education here, as at Rome, is wholly in the hands of the priesthood, who are never wanting in a plausible pretext for slurring over their task, or getting rid of it altogether. One of their devices, when they find a peasant particularly desirous of having his children instructed, is to affect warmly to second his wish: but mark the knavery. When a child is sent, every thing is done to puzzle him at starting, that his reverence may be able to furnish himself with a plausible reason in his stupidity for dismissing his pupil at once; or he, perhaps, finishes by flinging the horn back at his head, to give verisimilitude to his indignation. The parents are then easily persuaded to give up the idea of education altogether. In Murat's time there were upwards of 7000 Lancaster Schools, not one of which is now in existence. So deplorably ignorant are the clergy themselves, though the fountain of all knowledge to others, that you may see them every day at the corners of streets dictating their thoughts, without a blush, to be wrought up into epistles to their friends, by a professional amanuensis—an artist in universal request. And yet some of these clergy, who, from a defective acquaintance with the alphabet, are obliged to commit the church service to memory, have actually reached the very highest preferment in their profession. Nor is the ignorance of the very highest order of nobility less disgraceful. I have been solemnly assured by a Neapolitan, that one of the king's brothers gravely put him a question as to the position of Gibraltar on the map of Europe.

"The worthy toad-eaters of England have no idea what small account is made of nobility in this country. Several of their palaces are sold for magazines or hucksters' shops, to pay their debts. Yet do they

bear their reverses well. In no instance could I learn that a single Castlereagh had cut his carotid.

"Much are the times altered since Forsyth spoke of the Neapolitan nobility as 'pure both in heraldy and opinion.' 'Nothing degrades them,' says he, 'but misalliance, commerce, or a hemp rope!' Until I read this passage, I confess it was quite unknown to me that they had been liable to the last of these drawbacks upon their purity. But as to the other causes of debasement, times must be indeed changed since Forsyth's day, as it is notorious that they will marry any women who has money, no matter what her birth, parentage, or education; and in respect to commerce, all the world knows what shifts they will make to turn a penny. Pictures are their staple commodity, and all sorts of bawbles, antiques, family relics, and furniture, to the very tawdry trappings of the beds their fathers reposed upon, nay, sometimes the bed itself, is sold for what it will bring to meet the demand of the moment.

"An advertisement which appeared in Galignani's Messenger will convey some notion of the difficulties to which they are reduced, as well as of the value which the order have come to set upon their honours. The notice runs in these terms: 'To be sold, an estate in the kingdom of Naples, producing a well secured revenue, and conferring the title of duke. The title and arms of duke will be transmitted to the purchaser by the present owner, who will relinquish one and efface the other from his remaining bearings. For further particulars apply *post paid*.' One of the consequences of the dilapidated state of the finances of the nobility is a frightful number of scrocones, or men who live by sponging. But I must not be understood to ascribe the ruined circumstances of the Neapolitan nobility wholly to the change which has taken place in their government, though it is a principal cause. Several have been beggared by their profusion, of which Prince F. V. is an illustrious victim. He entertained in a manner that drew expressions of astonishment from the Emperor himself, and is now little better than a scrocone, daily dining upon his friends and renting a miserable chamber at about three or four carlins a day. Others have been reduced by the overreaching of their domestics. The late King Ferdinand was a dupe of this description, and had his family defrauded to an enormous amount by a favourite valet-de-pied, who had access to him at all seasons. This catiff laid siege to the royal heart in its last moments, and obtained the sign manual to a *carte blanche* which he filled up afterwards at his discretion. Our own nobles will draw from this a lesson in favour of the schoolmaster. Had Ferdinand not been brought up to despise the accomplishment of writing, this accident, had, most probably, been avoided.

"In the upper ranks the leisure of both sexes is divided between the gratifications of sense and the torpor of exhaustion. In the summer they lounge the whole morning in their dressing-gowns, with their casements closed and chambers darkened; at noon they dine *en deshabelle*, or, if I may believe their compatriots, sometimes in a state bordering upon nudity, and always before any of the operations of the toilet have been thought of. If the weather be oppressively hot they pitch their exhaling persons on a sofa until about four, when the toilet becomes the serious occupation

of two or three hours to prepare for the corso. The theatre then entertains them till near midnight, after which the lounge is to finish at some trattoria, or to devour shell-fish in their carriages among the lazzaroni in strada St.-Lucia till perhaps 3 o'clock in the morning. A Neapolitan noble prefers spending a life such as this to residing upon his estates in the country, where with a moderate attention to his affairs, he might pass his days in comparative affluence. The sentiment of proper pride seems to be as much on the wane as their circumstances.

"During my stay at Naples one of these unhappy incurables got into a scrape with an English coachman in a common wine shop, and was threatened by John with a sound thrashing, which he very narrowly escaped and only escaped indeed by alarming his antagonist with an appeal to the British minister. The scuffle continued loud and long, and ended in John's getting off with flying colours, and all the honours of the whip untarnished."

Sir A. B. Faulkner will not allow that the climate of Naples is healthy, but insists that it is quite the contrary. What then can induce such shoals of our country's most aspiring and professedly refined inhabitants to resort thither? Adhesion, we fear, to an irrational fashion, that cherishes and propagates a vile effeminacy, which annually gathers a cargo of demoralizing fruit, to be landed and scattered amongst the consumers at home—thus poisoning the public health—and yet all the while we are the dupes and the laughing-stocks of our degenerated tutors. We are far from arguing that mutual rational intercourse can retard the progress of civilization; and civilization we hold to be nearly synonymous with knowledge and virtue. But there is a wonderful disparity between the offices of a political, commercial, or literary community of feeling and interests, or the study of different institutions and manners, such as enlightened strangers have a right and take a delight to examine, and the absurd disastrous fashion of families spending seasons in foreign parts for acquiring the entire habits of a people, and even very generally with the purpose of having the young thoroughly initiated in the lessons of the same school.

The author's Ramblings might have served us with many striking notices on art, literature, and antiquities, which, to every cultivated mind, are so abundantly suggested in the route taken by him. In each and all of these departments he was quite at home when upon his tour. We are led to think from the discrimination and confidence with which he talks of music and musicians, that his knowledge and taste on these subjects are of a first-rate order. Regarding the arts of design, the antiquities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the condition of public libraries, &c., he is uniformly sensible and well-informed, without fatiguing the reader with commonplace or long-winded dissertations. But as the whole of the topics which we have now mentioned have been dwelt upon by every visitor to the countries in question, whether skilled or unskilled, it

is hardly possible to utter anything new, either in the shape of sound, ignorant, or extravagant, criticism; so that we have chiefly confined our summary and extracts to such matters and details as comparatively few of Sir A. B. Faulkner's predecessors have either had the opportunity, the ability, or the taste, to discuss. In conclusion, we cannot express a more favourable opinion of the volume than to repeat the opinion, that even Italy, trodden and threaded as it has been by myriads of our countrymen of late years, very many of whom have written *ad nauseam* of all that they have seen and of all that they have felt, has once more engaged our attention, so deeply and so instructively, that we could well accept two additional volumes from the same pen, and upon the same theme, to those we now part from.

ART. VII.—*Napoleon in Council, or the Opinions Delivered by Bonaparte in the Council of State. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet (de la Lozère), Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction.* By CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R. N. London: Whittaker. 1837.

WE learn from the Translator's Preface that Mons. Pelet's means of obtaining information upon the subject concerning which his volume treats, arose from his having been long a member of Napoleon's Council of State, and Administrator of the Royal Forests of the Civil List; and that in consequence of his marriage with the daughter of Mons. Otto, (who, it may be remembered, negotiated the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens, and afterwards filled various high diplomatic situations on the continent), he came into the possession of many other valuable official documents. In consequence also of the author's father, now a peer of France, having been a Councillor of State, and one who kept memoranda of its transactions from 1803 to 1806, these documents have been much enlarged and enriched—the whole, without a question, not only when viewing the characters of the recorders, but the testimony of the translator, in reference to the author, being entitled to unlimited credence, in so far as fidelity in the narrating of what they actually and immediately were witness to is concerned.

The gifted writer, who has acted in the present instance merely as a translator, has, indeed, conferred a real and important benefit on the English public by putting Mons. Pelet's volume in an English dress; for, while he has thus brought to light a good deal that is new to the people of this country in the career, and especially as regards the opinions of the extraordinary man, whose life, conversations, and speeches form the theme of the work, he has also enabled us to become familiar with perhaps the most accurate, full

and intelligible exhibition that has ever come under our notice of Napoleon's principles and genius as a politician, or a member of civil society. To be sure there has been a multitude of writings concerning him, all of more or less authority, and containing some faithful sketches of some of his multifarious features of character. But most of these, as remarked by Mons. Pelet, are only military narratives, where he is seen merely in the capacity of a general, or, if we except the St. Helena memorials, he had in all the conversations so recorded much more regard to his future historical fame, than to make an undisguised and unbiassed disclosure of his natural feelings and habitual modes of thinking. Here, however, we have him engaged multifariously, and for years consecutively, in the organization and legislation which the internal government of his country required, and where he is to be seen combatting such difficulties as almost all other men must have found to be insurmountable, or in devising such schemes, the brilliancy, extravagance, or subtlety of which, one is not more at a loss how to characterise, than to calculate the dexterity, the boldness, or the effrontery with which he carried them into effect.

We do not think that Napoleon's character will stand out in such fair lights, after he has been studied as beheld in the present volume, as many have since his death been in the habit of picturing him. But if we be right in saying that the representation is fuller and truer than any that has before been published, its appearance must be hailed as of vital moment to the interests of historic accuracy, and the dignity as well as beauty of heroic models; however much it may chastise the dreams of a fond partiality. The author says, "it may be asked, 'What impression will be produced on the reader's mind by the documents I here lay before him?'" And answers, that the public "will recognise in Napoleon's character a mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French, half Italian, but in which impetuosity predominated; while it was modified by such a decided bearing towards absolute power, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and, on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance." Ambition, absolute power, despotism, and the like, are terms which all are accustomed to apply to the man of whom we are now speaking; but we venture to say, that without having perused the work before us, no such definite and adequate ideas can be attached to these forms of expression as can individualize Napoleon, and hold him out with all the gigantic lineaments that belonged to him. Perhaps no one criterion can be instanced that shall so perfectly elucidate the strength and the cast of his despotic spirit and power, as is to be found in the fact, that the Council of State, and indeed all the constituted authorities in France, consisting of men of the greatest genius and talents that the empire could produce, were for years,

little better or more than puppets and mere machines in the hands of one insatiable mind. The illustration of this circumstance shall be a principal object in the extracts which we are about to lay before the reader.

At the enthusiastic age of nineteen Mons. Pelet became a member of the Council of State, at which period and downwards, it may be presumed that he watched with avidity every word that fell from its presiding genius. And he may well exclaim—how much should we now give to have such notices recorded of Alexander or Cæsar! But, adds he, “Posterity, indeed, in the case of Bonaparte, has come much sooner than I had expected; and I venture to present it with a document which will aid essentially in estimating the character of one of the most extraordinary men who has ever appeared on earth, and whose catastrophe and melancholy end have placed their seal on what was wonderful in his history.” Such is the becoming and well-considered language with which the author approaches his task. He has not, however, deemed it his duty, in giving his work to the public, to express his sentiments much more particularly regarding the great subject of it. By thus refraining, assuredly he has shown a sound discretion, at the same time that he has done that which will much more effectually secure the attention and the enlightened judgment of mankind, than any commentary, whether leaning to panegyric or disparagement, could induce—tendencies, one or other of which it must ever be extremely difficult to avoid, when composing a formal discourse concerning any contemporary whose celebrity is of a surpassing order.

The work is divided into two parts—the former containing the reports of Napoleon’s observations (often random and unpremeditated, no doubt, and therefore good evidence concerning the man, but more frequently, perhaps, premeditated, though wearing the garb of honesty and immediate impulse, and therefore when detected, not less illustrative,) in connexion with a narrative outline of the great events in his history which called them forth—the latter consisting exclusively of discussions which took place in the Council of State, classed under the respective heads of the matters discussed—certain explanatory links being introduced on the part of Mons. Pelet himself.

Before introducing the deliberations of the Council of State, however, the author lays before his readers an extremely interesting sketch of its structure, of the part which it played in the administration of affairs, and of the general appearance of its meetings. Some particulars contained in this sketch will materially assist in enabling our readers to comprehend the character of the Council, or rather of the prime mover and controller of all its performances—this body alone during the latter period of the Consulate, and the years of the Empire, possessing the character of a deliberative

assembly. Its nature, and the duties which it had to perform, as well as some other public institutions for the purposes of general and organized government, are thus described :—

“ The Constitution of the year viii. (1800) in destroying the system of two Chambers, substituted four political bodies in its place, viz. :—The Council of State, the Tribunat, the Legislative body, and the Senate;— and never was the maxim, *divide et impera*, better exemplified.

“ The duty of the Council of State was to communicate any proposed law to the Legislative body, and there to justify the proposal in the name of the Government.

“ The office of the Tribunat was to support the popular interests. The business of the Legislative body was to hear and to decide. Finally, the Senate was required to interpose when the Tribunat declared that the constitution was violated.

“ There were thus plenty of guarantees, but their weakness was poorly hid by their numbers : and it was too clear that such a frame-work, however efficient for a temporary purpose, could never last. Napoleon, indeed, was not a man to be troubled for any length of time with regulating the motions of such a complicated piece of machinery. The Tribunat, accordingly, was soon altogether put down ; the Legislative body, restricted more and more to its passive and silent part, witnessed the usurpation, day by day, of its functions by arbitrary degrees ; and the Senate became a mere ornamental appendage to the Court—its sole official duty being to register the successive permutations of the imperial constitutions. The Council of State alone preserved its character of a deliberative assembly, and took any real share in the business of the country. It inherited the attributes of its defunct companions ; and it alone could give no offence to Napoleon, for, since all its members were nominated and dismissed by him, they acted merely as his council, and their authority had no impulse or direction but in his will and pleasure.

“ Napoleon, however, took the greatest pains in the formation of this Council, as it afforded him the only check on the errors of his ministers : in fact, it formed the only body whose concurrence really lent to his acts the countenance of public opinion. He called to his assistance, accordingly, all the best qualified persons he could find in every department of government, and wherever he could lay his hands upon them. In this manner, Merlin and Portalis were selected to assist in the business of legislation—Fourcroy and Chaptal in science—Fleuriu in naval affairs, and Gouvion Saint-Cyr in those relating to military matters. Besides these, there were many others whose names are well known to the world. Having formed his Council, he divided it into sections, to each of which he referred the various projects proposed to him by his ministers to be separately considered. The same matters were afterwards discussed by the assembled Council, and generally in his presence.

“ The moment a new province was added to the empire, he sought out the cleverest men with whom to enrich his Council. For example, Genoa supplied him with Corvetto, who became afterwards one of the ministers of Louis XVIII. Corsini came from Florence, Saint-Marsan from Turin, and Appélus from Holland. All these were men so remarkable for talents,

that, after the downfall of the empire, and their return home, they were appointed to high stations by their own sovereigns, in spite of any prejudices which their having served in France might have created against them."

The author also states that of the sections or committees into which the Council was divided, one was for the navy, another for the army—for finances—for public justice, and so on; and that the subjects were first discussed before these committees respectively, but afterwards reconsidered by all these committees assembled together. Whatever importance or solemnities, however, might pertain to any topic of discussion, it appears that nothing thereby accruing was of equal amount or concern as the mere fact of Napoleon presiding in person. And Mons. Pelet calls out, "Who is there, indeed, that might not envy the high privilege of listening to the man who held in his hands the destinies of Europe, and who, while he discoursed on the details of government, seemed to turn the wheel of fortune at his pleasure?" The meetings were at least twice in the week, sometimes in the palace at Paris, or at St. Cloud, when Napoleon happened to be there. These sittings were often continued to a great length, sometimes from nine in the morning till five in the evening, with only a quarter of an hour's adjournment, to take refreshments, Bonaparte himself never seeming to feel fatigue. The affairs for discussion were divided into *lesser* and *greater*—the former of which might be taken into consideration in the absence of the Chief, the latter had to be reserved till he was present. Sometimes he notified his intention to be at the meeting—at other times, the sound of a drum intimated that he approached—his chamberlain walking before, and the aid-de-camp on duty, behind.

Napoleon's seat, we are farther informed, (and nothing is too minute regarding such a prodigy to be felt as unworthy of being recorded,) was raised one step above the floor, and remained always in its place, even when he was absent with the army. When he presided the business sometimes proceeded slowly, especially when he would sink into a profound reverie, or indulge in political digressions, which betrayed the internal state of his mind, and his intended projects.

"After the unfortunate affair of Haylen, he came to the Council with a decree in his hands for regulating the manner in which an officer in command of an army might be brought to trial. Before speaking of the decree itself, he adverted to the event which had given rise to it, and could scarcely restrain the emotion which it caused in him. It was the first time, indeed, that victory had abandoned his colours, and that his eagles had been humiliated, so that the *prestige* was destroyed. He gave way, accordingly, to such an extent, that the tears might be seen in his eyes. After dwelling on the resources which General Dupont might have called to his aid at the desperate moment alluded to, he exclaimed—

" ' Yes, the elder *Horace*, in *Corneille's* play, is right, when being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, "*He might have died,*" or, he adds, "*He might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.*" ' Little,' continued Napoleon, ' do they know of human nature who find fault with *Corneille*, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows.'

" How curious ! to hear Napoleon commenting on *Corneille* !

" On another occasion, at St. Cloud, at the first meeting which took place after the Emperor's return from Leipzig, he observed Marshal Gouvion in his place, and spoke to him of the battle of Hanau.

" ' If the defection of the Bavarians,' said he, ' or their insolent attempt to stop the way could have been anticipated, a few regiments would have been enough to have brought them to their senses, and I should have crushed them as I passed.' It was as if the wounded lion took pride, even when running off, in trampling on his enemy."

The first chapter of the First Part of the present volume which enters into details, traces in outline Napoleon's origin, his Expedition to Egypt, and events up to the peace of Amiens. According to Mons. Pelet's representation, England had just cause to complain of her great enemy's duplicity in regard to the rupture of this peace, and to acknowledge that his system of aggrandizement and conquest was such as no nation, without compromising its independence and honour, could keep terms with. Indeed war, constant war, or a series of wars, were essential to the preservation of Bonaparte's despotism. Although when he came to power, he found himself in the most favourable circumstances to establish the union of freedom with the monarchical authority, and to bestow upon France, tired as she was with anarchy, a constitution and a state of manners happily calculated to prevent the recurrence of fresh political struggles—he, on the other hand, like other proud and ambitious spirits established a despotism, sacrificing every thing to what is falsely termed glory, and though courting popular applause with an insatiable greediness, entertaining at heart a thorough contempt of mankind and of their rights. He himself, says the author, was possessed of the notion that he could found nothing permanent. In full council he exclaimed one day:—" All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year !"

According to Mons. Pelet's account, one of the greatest grievances he felt in reference to England, and which seems to have made him frantic, was the manner in which he was spoken of in Parliament and the English papers. His soreness on this score has been often described, but never till now did we understand that he so far lost command of himself as to declare to the British ambassador, when the peace of Amiens was broken, that if these newspaper and Parliamentary attacks were not put a stop to, " he would cross the Channel with four hundred thousand men, and demand satisfaction

at the point of the bayonet." In a note, Mons. Pelet states that he had the testimony of a person who was present when Bonaparte made use of these words; but he adds, that neither they nor the ambassador's reply were ever published. But whether or not the formidable preparations made apparently for the invasion of England were ever seriously intended for such an enterprise, does not receive any satisfactory solution in the account before us.

Bonaparte's hand in the murder of the Duke of D'Enghien is more than hinted at in these pages, both in the statement made by the author, and in Bonaparte's admissions, as quoted. It is stated that he became extremely gloomy and resentful on learning that Paris was deeply moved on account of such a bloody execution.

"His anxiety carried his thoughts to the Legislative body, who were assembled at that moment; and, dreading that some symptoms of discontent might be engendered therein, he gave orders to put an end to the session. A ready made closing oration was placed in the hands of Fourcroy, the councillor of state, which he was directed to deliver. This he accordingly did. The discourse spoke of the conspiracy which had been discovered, and of the intrigues of the Bourbons. It would have been desirable to have found in the President's reply some words of congratulation upon the arrests of the guilty persons—but he confined himself to general comments on the labours of the session, and preserved a profound silence respecting everything else. Bonaparte came that day to Paris and presented himself unexpectedly before the Council of State, which had been assembled to consider ordinary affairs. He stepped in with his brows knit, and, having flung himself into his seat, gave utterance in the following words to the sentiments by which he was agitated.

"'The population of Paris,' exclaimed he, 'is a collection of blockheads (un ramas de badauds) who believe the most absurd reports. Did they not take it into their heads to assert that the princes were concealed in the Austrian ambassador's house—as if I did not dare to seek for them in that asylum! Are we then in Athens, where criminals cannot be followed into the temple of Minerva? Was not the Marquis of Bedmar arrested in his own house by the Venetian senate? and would he not have been hanged but for the dread of the power of Spain? Were the rights of nations respected at Vienna in the case of our ambassador, Bernadotte, when the national flag, hoisted over the very house of the embassy, was insulted by a crowd who threatened to pull it down?

"'I respect the decisions of public opinion when they are justly formed; but it has its caprices which we ought to learn to despise. It belongs to the government, and to those who support it, to enlighten the public—not to follow them in their wanderings. I carry with me the will of the nation, and have at my beck an army of five hundred thousand men—with which, I know how to make the republic be treated with respect.

"'If I had chosen to do so, I might have put the Duke d'Enghien to death publicly,—and, if I did not, it was not from any fear of the consequences—it was in order to prevent the secret partizans of that family from exposing themselves, and thus being ruined. They are now quiet—and it is all I ask of them. I don't investigate the hearts of men to discover their

secret sorrows. No complaints have been laid before me against the emigrants included in the amnesty—they were counted as nothing in this conspiracy—it was not with them that Georges or the Polignacs found refuge—but with women of the town and other reprobates of Paris.

“I have no thoughts of returning to proscriptions ‘en masse,’—and those who affect to believe so know it to be untrue. But let those look to themselves who take an individual share in such proceedings—they shall smart for it severely.

“I shall make no peace with England till she sends away the Bourbons, as Louis XIV. sent away the Stuarts, because their presence in England must always be dangerous to France. Russia, Sweden, and Prussia, have dismissed them. The Prince of Baden made no scruples about giving up the Duke d’Enghien to me. The other members of that family are permitted to reside at Warsaw only because I give my consent. The King of Prussia wished me to pension the Bourbons, in order to prevent their being dependent on England; but I refused to do so, because I have no notion of sending French money to assist the enemies of this country to make war upon her.

“I am perfectly satisfied with the behaviour of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Count Markoff, the Russian ambassador, chose to protect M. Christian in opposition to my wishes. I made a complaint of him to his court, and he was recalled accordingly.

“‘I am annoyed,’ added he, ‘that the’ “*Journal de Paris*” of this morning has published the details of the conspiracy before I had communicated them to the Council of State, who ought certainly not to learn such things from the public papers. I have reprimanded the editor accordingly.’

“Napoleon frequently interrupted himself while running on in this way; for he evidently felt the necessity of making out a justification, but was puzzled what to say, and hence the vagueness of his expressions, and their want of coherence when touching on the main fact. After he had ceased speaking, no one else said a word; and this silence was abundantly significant. He then immediately left the room, and the meeting broke up; for our thoughts were too deeply fixed on this one topic to be able to attend to ordinary affairs.”

We are afterwards told, that when on calling several persons out of obscurity who had figured in the Revolution, but finding them more repugnant to his taste than the partisans of the old dynasty, he declared openly, fearing lest they might take advantage of his transient favour, that whoever presumed to agitate public matters should be punished without mercy. “It may be clearly seen,” he exclaimed, “by the fate of the Duke d’Enghien, that I shall spare no one!” Upon the whole, however, we know that the decision, as well as vast ability and resources which he called into operation upon every emergency, did not fail in rallying around him all parties in the state, and in organizing such a powerful administration, that France, during fifteen years, submitted to his powerful guidance, as if the whole nation had been but one man.

Every one knows generally by what steps Napoleon sought for

and arrived at royal dignity, and the Imperial throne. But the anxieties of mind which many of these steps cost him, and the incertitude of his footing, would far more than neutralize all the benefit to be obtained through unlimited empire, according to the estimation of well-regulated and truly noble minds. See how he was agitated when certain consultations respecting his coronation were held in the Council of State. A report is read containing a programme of what, according to the archives and chronicles of the nation, was done on such occasions.

"While this was going on, he seemed entirely absorbed in a profound reverie. The opposition he had met with in Paris, on the Duke d'Enghien's death, and during the trial of Moreau, weighed on his mind; and as soon as the paper was concluded, he burst forth in the following words:—

"Would it not be possible to select some other city in place of Paris for the coronation? This city has ever been the curse of France. Its inhabitants, who are ungrateful and light-headed, have conceived the worst possible designs against me; and they would have been well pleased had Georges triumphed and I fallen. I cannot consider myself in safety in Paris unless surrounded by a numerous garrison; but I have two hundred thousand men under my orders, and fifteen hundred of these are sufficient to keep the Parisians in order. The bankers and money changers may regret that the rate of interest is not to be at five per cent. per mensem; but many of these persons deserve to be banished a hundred leagues from Paris. I know well enough that they have distributed money amongst the people, expressly to stir them up to insurrection. I have pretended to be asleep for the last month, as I wished to ascertain how far this evil spirit would carry them; but I would have these folks take care what they are about—my awakening will be that of the lion!

"I am aware that I am spoken against, not only in public but in private parties, and that even men in office, whose duty it is to support my government, either basely maintain silence, or join the cry of those who traduce me. They exclaim against men who have rendered me important services in these trying times; their wish, no doubt, being to force me to dismiss them; but I know how to protect those who have been useful to me; and those who take me for a mock king, who is to act at their bidding, will find themselves egregiously mistaken.

"What preposterous reports are not put about? Has it not been said that the camps of Boulogne and Compeigne are all ready to mutiny? And do not these reports, when transmitted to the foreign courts, incline them to suppose that the government here in France is not consolidated? The authors of such things ought to be sought out and punished. The Prefect of Paris ought to send for the mayors of the different sections, the town council, the stockbrokers, and all those who have any influence, in order to instruct them better how to guide the public opinion. I was induced to make very bad appointments to the municipal council; and I know that one of the members, Monsieur P***, went so far as to distribute money during the trial of Moreau. In short, there is nothing left untried to set the capital against me!"

"After this explosion against Paris, a deep silence prevailed in the

Council; for the members felt themselves included in the reproaches launched against the public functionaries. At last one of them ventured to say, that he thought this statement of the ill-will of the Parisians exaggerated; and that possibly it was got up by the enemies of government in the view of leading it into extreme measures, which might still more essentially alienate the feelings of the population. Napoleon made a sign of incredulity, and repeated in a tone of excessive bitterness (*colère concentrée*), 'Let them take care what they are about! The lion slumbers—but he is not dead.'

There seems to have been a great deal of higgling by the Council, about minor observances in the matter of the coronation, in which Napoleon joined like a master of ceremonies. Even the substitute which should be chosen in place of the Republican cock on the State Seal, called for discussion. But here, as on every other point, the Emperor decided and was peremptory. When one proposed an elephant, and another a lion couchant, with this legend—"Inoffensus quiescit;"—he preferred the eagle, which, says the author, had been suggested by the director of the museum. His attention to these comparatively trifling details, however, serves to indicate a wonderful peculiarity of his genius, which may be frequently observed from the statements in the present volume—viz. that when engaged in the most important affairs of the state, or hazardous enterprises, he was capable of descending to a consideration of the minutest details either as connected with the absorbing question in hand, or any other department of business: witness some of the specific directions respecting preparations for the marriage between him and Maria Louisa, addressed to his ambassador at the Court of Vienna.

"MONSIEUR COUNT OTTO,

"Your courier of the 16th (February, 1810), arrived only to-day, the 25th, at six o'clock in the morning. It appears to have been detained at the passage of the Vosges. The Prince of Neufchâtel, who is all ready, will start at ten o'clock, with five or six aides-de-camp and three or four carriages; but he will make so much haste, that I trust he will reach Vienna on the 3d in the evening. The Duke de Cadore will send you full powers to enable you to sign the convention such as has been required, for I have just read it, and I see no difficulty in your signing it. Nor is there any objection to the archduchess being accompanied by a "dame de compagnie" during the journey. Indeed, I should prefer this to her having a maid servant. The Strasburgh telegraph having informed me at Rambouillet that your courier had passed through on the 22d. instant, I sent off my aid-de-camp Lauriston, who must have arrived long ago. I send you this letter by the officer in waiting, in order to gain five or six hours on the courier which will be dispatched by the Duke de Cadore, who I shall see as soon as I get up. You must have everything in readiness, not only for the Prince of Neufchâtel's entry, but for his being presented; and spare no pains to render everything as magnificent as may be. We have here a list of the presents which the King (Louis XVI.) made to the Dauphiness

(Marie Antoinette) on her reaching Strasburgh, and similar presents will be sent to the Princess at Braunau. The Prince of Neufchâtel takes with him no presents, for we have not found any record of such being given at Vienna. Nevertheless, if it be customary to do so, you will lose no time in acquainting the Prince of Neufchâtel with it, and providing him accordingly.

“‘I presume there is an error in the memorandum, in which it is stated that it is a brother of the Archduchess who is to be the proxy at the marriage. I do not think the Prince Royal is of age; but since M. Metternich wishes it to be so, the names are left blank in the letters now sent, and you will say to M. Metternich that the Emperor may name which of the Princes he pleases. If the age be of no consequence, I should wish that it should be that brother of the Archduchess who is eventually to be the Emperor. If his minority be an obstacle, I should like that Prince Charles be chosen; but you must bear in mind, that in the divided state of the family, I do not press this point. Enquire on the spot, and learn if there is any thing unsuitable in Prince Charles assuming the office in question. Should the nomination of Prince Charles however not be agreeable to the Emperor, he might perhaps name the Archduke Reinier. For the rest, the Emperor will do as he pleases, and I shall abide by his decision.

“‘You will find in the *Moniteur* enclosed, the arrangements of the Empress's household. I have not nominated any new ladies, although it is my purpose to appoint seven or eight about the age of the Empress, but not until she arrives in Paris. The Prince of Neufchâtel, after having performed his part of ambassador extraordinary, will repair to Braunau to receive the Princess.

“‘In a couple of days the maid of honour, the lady mistress of the robes, and four other ladies in attendance, the first gentleman usher, the principal equerry, and three other equeries, four chamberlains and four pages, with a groom of the chamber, and everything requisite for attendance, will set out for Braunau, where the Princess will be consigned over, (*où se fera la remise de la Princesse*), and where they will arrive the 8th.

“‘I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

“‘Dated at Paris the 25th February 1810. (Napoleon added with his own hand) at 7 o'clock in the morning.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.”

We now come to the second part of the volume, and to take notice of some of those discussions which occupied the Council of State, which are classed under distinct and descriptive heads, and in which Napoleon took the prominent position. Here, as in everything else, his ideas are often as profound and original as they are brilliant and sententious. He is also not unfrequently subtle, sophistical, and dogmatic. But upon whatever subject he is engaged, or in whatever spirit he speaks, the range and resources of his genius are ever prodigious, so that we can hardly wonder that the whole assembly, or that any order of men, should cower before him and

yield him the homage and obedience due to a superior being. Of the innumerable topics which the exigencies of the state naturally suggested, and the never-ending schemes which a restless and magnificent ingenuity was always seeking out for the aggrandizement of personal renown, and of national glory, a great variety is here introduced, with Napoleon's legislative opinions and decisions regarding them. Accordingly, there are chapters containing these discussions—On the Legislative Council—Upon Public Instruction, and the University—On the Administration of Justice—On Prisons—On the Forms and Ceremonies of Worship—Upon the Jews—On Funerals—On the Conscription and the Dress of the Army—On the Law of Bankruptcy—On the Liberty of the Press—On the Laws relating to Gaming Houses in France, &c. &c. We are also told that the most laborious periods of the Council of State were during the Consulate, and during the first years of the empire, when were framed the codes—the laws—the decrees, and the regulations, which constituted the new administration of the country. By these measures the Emperor was enabled to put the whole nation in motion, as if it were a single individual. But the case was quite different under the forms which were established after his downfall, which became very apparent during the “hundred days,” when his movements were embarrassed by the necessity of attending to these forms of government which had been recently established by the old dynasty; for he felt himself cramped in every movement. Those new forms, says the author, “were, in fact, like a dress which fitted him so ill that he could not walk in it.”

It is also well said, that the true glory of Napoleon consists of his having suppressed anarchy, in having rallied round him all parties in the state, in giving his country a code of civil laws more perfect than any it had before possessed, and in attending so assiduously to the cares of government, as by all these methods to maintain an unrestrained power for a number of years. On the other hand, besides rousing the nations of Europe against him by his inordinate and ceaseless ambition, for his own ends before the welfare of France, he reduced his subjects to a morbid condition, in stimulating “the ambition of every class of the community, by the distribution of an immense number of employments, promotions, and honorary distinctions, and thus set agoing an immoderate love of excitement, with a feverish desire of change, and he kept up these propensities by the daily exhibition of kings dethroned and dynasties overturned. Finally,” adds Mons. Pelet, “he rendered the task of his successors an exceedingly difficult one for a long time to come.”

But we must now let the great and resistless man be heard during some of his multifarious harangues, when promulgating his doctrines, either as the necessities of the state demanded, or his own immediate prospects suggested. These harangues require no comment;

their power, their wisdom, or their selfishness, will readily strike the reader. The following extracts, containing some of his views regarding the functions of the Legislative Council, will help to show how anxious he was to contract these functions, and to regulate by his own decrees a multitude of things which till then had been left to the legislature :—

“ ‘ There does not exist in the world,’ said he, on the 9th of January, 1808, ‘ a single constitution which is acted up to. Everything is in a state of change. The government of England, for example, has fallen into the hands of forty or fifty great families, who found no difficulty in giving the law to the House of Brunswick, who were strangers in the land ; but that cannot last. In France, things are not a whit more firmly established. A corporal might take possession of the government at the moment of any crisis, for the constitution does not give the government power enough ; and whenever the government is feeble the army are the masters. It ought not, therefore, to be in the power of the legislature to check the march of government by stopping the supplies. The taxes, accordingly, when once fixed, ought to be collected by simple decrees, for it is absurd to suppose that in the interval between the sessions there shall not exist an authority to promulgate such laws as the circumstances of the period may require. The Court of Cassation considers my decrees as laws, and unless it were so, there would be no government at all in the country.’ ”

“ The following opinions were expressed by Napoleon on the days under-mentioned.

“ Sitting of the 1st December, 1803.

“ ‘ We must take care,’ said he, ‘ not to tie up the hands of a new government by laws too much in detail ; for constitutions are the work of time, and too wide a way for improvements can never be left open. (On ne saurait laisser une trop large voie aux améliorations.)

“ ‘ After a few years have elapsed, it may be possible, perhaps, to unite the Tribunat to the Legislative body, by vesting certain members of the legislative body with the tribunitian power.

“ ‘ The senate, which was too feebly constituted in principle, and required improvement, I have duly strengthened. If ever I shall have any reason to dread the power of the senate, I have nothing to do but throw in half a hundred young councillors of state ! (Il me suffirait d’y jeter une cinquantaine de jeunes conseillers d’état.) Far, however, from their becoming formidable, the senate in a few years will be merely an assembly of old gentlemen, upwards of eighty years of age ! As for the other bodies in the state, none of them have adequate consistence—not one of them offer any guarantee against the nation becoming the prey of a colonel commanding four thousand men. In fact, the only institutions which afford any guarantee at this moment are the senate and electoral colleges.’ ”

“ Sitting of the 7th February, 1804.

“ ‘ The fresh plots,’ observed Napoleon, ‘ which have been discovered, render it necessary that commissary generals of police be established at Lyons and other cities. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the intervention of the legislative body is required on this occasion ; on the contrary, I

consider it quite out of their way to attend to matters of police ; taxation and the formation of general laws for civil affairs are their topics. A single session of a month or six weeks, once a year, is quite enough for these purposes. Everything relating to executive business, public security, or police, is out of their beat ; and so are politics, both internal and external. Indeed, the long residence of the deputies in the country unfits them for those matters.

“ The government is no longer, as it used to be, an emanation of the legislative body, with which it has now only remote relations. The legislative body is the guardian of the public property : and, accordingly, their office is to see to the taxes. So long as they object to laws merely local, I shall let them pursue their own way ; but if there should grow up amongst them such an opposition, as might become strong enough to clog the movements of government, I shall have recourse to the senate to prorogue them ; or change them ; or dissolve them ; and, in case of need, I shall appeal to the nation, which is behind all these. Various opinions will be expressed on this head, but I care not. Tom-foolery (*la badauderie*) is the characteristic of the nation ever since the days of the Gauls ! ”

“ At the sitting of the 29th March, 1806, he said—

“ I can see no inconvenience likely to arise from declaring the office of legislator compatible with those of a judge and a magistrate. I should even say it is of public utility that many members of the judicial class should have seats in the legislature, in order that the government might not promulgate laws inconsistent with the established jurisprudence, which can never vary.

“ I have no desire that such a legislative body shall be got up, as shall require nothing at my hands : and care must be taken not to render it weaker than it now is, otherwise it might be unable to serve me. The legislative body ought to be composed of members who, after their time of service expires, should be able to maintain themselves on their fortunes, without having places given them. As things are now arranged, there are sixty legislators going out annually, whom one does not know what to do with ; and such of these as have no places carry all their ill humour down with them to the country !

“ The men I should like to see in the legislature are old landed proprietors, who should be married, as it were, to the State by their family connexions, or by their professions, and thus be more or less attached to public life. These personages would come up to Paris once a year—would converse with the Emperor at his levee—and return home again perfectly satisfied with this little ray of glory shed on the monotony of their lives.”

Many of Napoleon's observations upon Public Instruction are remarkably striking, and some of them ought never to be lost sight of, in any comprehensive national measure belonging to the same subject.

“ There never will be a fixed political state of things in this country, said he, till we have a corps of teachers instructed on established principles. So long as the people are not taught from their earliest years, whether they ought to be Republicans or Royalists, Christians or Infidels,

the state cannot be properly called a nation, for it must rest on a foundation which is vague and uncertain, and it will be for ever exposed to disorder and fluctuations.'

"In 1806, he called upon Fourcroy, who was then director of the public instruction, to lay before him a plan on this subject. Fourcroy, as every one knows, was a distinguished chemist, and a very skilful professor; but he was little able to seize or to follow up the political views of the Emperor. He begged to know, whether it was the wish of Napoleon to intrust the task of education to a religious association? The Emperor replied that such was not his intention.

"I cannot recognize," added he, 'any necessary connexion between these two ideas. There will be no difficulty in forming a corps of teachers, if all principals, licensers, and professors look up to one or more chiefs, just as the Jesuits did to their general or provincial head; and if, moreover, it be made a regulation that no one shall be made principal of a college, without having first been a professor, nor a professor in the higher departments, without having served in the lower classes; in short if their advancement be made a point of emulation. Such a body of men will acquire as much consistence as the Jesuits possessed, if it be established that a young man who distinguishes himself in the Lyceum, becomes a professor in his turn, and may reach in process of time, to the highest orders of the state.

"No man, who devotes himself to teaching, ought to be allowed to marry till he has succeeded in overcoming the first stages of his career. Marriage should be kept ahead of him, as a point to aim at, but which he cannot attain till he has proved his capacity to maintain himself and his family. By this limitation, indeed, we shall do no more than impose upon him those obligations which ought to be binding on all men.

"The monks were the Pope's militia, who owned no other sovereign, and consequently they were more to be dreaded than the secular clergy, who, but for the monks, would never have caused any embarrassment.

"Every one who knows the scandalous excesses which were carried on by the monks; and I can myself form a good estimate on that subject, as I was for some time brought up by them. I respect all which religion respects; but as a statesman, I cannot esteem the fanaticism of celibacy, which was a mere device adopted by the court of Rome for rivetting the chains of Europe, by preventing the religious orders from becoming citizens. The military fanaticism is the only one which is of any use to me, as it makes men indifferent to death.

"After all, my chief object in establishing a body of instructors is, that I may possess the means of directing the political and moral opinions of the community. Such an institution will prove a guarantee against the re-establishment of the monks, and I shall hear no more on that subject; but if the institution I speak of be not formed, the monks will be back upon us some day. For my part, I should certainly prefer trusting the public education to a religious order, than to leave it as it is at present; but I wish to have neither."

He entertained, it seems, some curious ideas regarding the degree and variety of scientific knowledge necessary to a medical man.

“With respect to the degrees given by the university, that of doctor ought not to be too readily bestowed. The candidate ought to be examined on the most difficult subjects,—for example, on the comparison of languages,—and it would not be amiss were they required to converse in Latin for an hour and a half. It is by no means necessary that all the world should be rendered eligible for a doctor's degree. Nor do I approve of the condition which requires that a bachelor of medicine should first take a scientific degree; for medicine is not a positive and exact science, but one of observation and conjectures. For my part, I should have more confidence in a doctor who had not studied the exact sciences, than in him who was acquainted with them. I preferred M. Corvisart to M. Hallé, because M. Hallé belongs to the Institute, whereas M. Corvisart does not know what is meant by two triangles being equal to one another! The student of medicine ought not to be disturbed in his visits to the hospital or dissecting-room, or in his medical studies. Anatomy, though it be the least uncertain branch of the art, is still enveloped in darkness. We know neither why we live nor how we live, nor what the living principle is. To require, therefore, that a young man shall be versed in knowledge of such different kinds, before he can enter upon his profession, is to risk losing the public services of the great men whom such a profession might turn out. For, by a strange caprice in the structure of the human mind, it may well happen that a man may be a great physician or a great jurist, who could never work a sum in compound division!’”

Napoleon's language, which varied according to the phases of his squabbles and reconciliations with the church, is always curious when dogmatizing regarding the clergy, or the Forms and Ceremonies of Worship.

“The following opinions of Napoleon were expressed at the sitting of the 4th February 1804:—

“‘There must be established at the public expense one seminary for each district (*arrondissement*) of the capital; for I am nowise alarmed at this first step, as some people consider it, towards the re-establishment of the “theological faculties” and a dominant religion. Protestant seminaries have been formed at Geneva and Strasburg, and we must have one for the Catholics. I am well satisfied with the Protestants,—they ask for nothing, and they recognise me as their religious head, and, in consequence, I am exempted from the necessity of superintending the doctrines taught in their schools. Moreover their numbers are only three millions. The Catholics, on the contrary, require to be watched by the government, because their head is a foreign prince. At all events we must take care not to let the education of our young priests fall into the hands of fanatics, or of ignorant persons; for it may be truly said of the priesthood, as it has been said of the tongue, it is either the worst of things or the best.

“‘We must lose no time, either, in the formation of these public seminaries or we shall have them got up clandestinely, as has been done already in the department of the Calvados, and Morbihan, and several others. The heads of the Catholic Church,’ continued Napoleon, ‘that

is to say, the bishops and grand vicars, are enlightened men, and attached to the government. But, besides these, we have three or four thousand rectors and curates, brought up in ignorance, and rendered dangerous by their fanaticism and their passions. Now, we must secure enlightened successors to these persons, by instituting special schools, under the name of seminaries, which shall be under due authority, and which shall be presided over by instructors properly qualified, attached to the government, and favourable to toleration. These professors must not confine themselves to theology, but must infuse a certain degree of philosophy, as well as a knowledge of worldly matters, into their instructions.

"At the sitting of the 11th February 1804, Napoleon said:—'I have been in vain endeavouring to establish the proper limits between the civil and religious authority. In truth, these limits are quite chimerical. I have looked into the subject to no purpose,—I can see nothing but clouds, obscurity, and difficulty. The civil government condemns a criminal to death—the priest steps in, gives him absolution, and ensures him a place in paradise. We must take care how we awaken the old pretensions of the priesthood by these discussions. It will be enough to settle that every marriage performed by a civil authority shall afterwards be blessed by the priest. Nor is any law necessary for this purpose; indeed, anything of this kind would only set controversy afloat. Why should not the Council of State have cognizance of divorce cases also? There is nothing now to be feared from the churchmen—they have lost their empire beyond recovery, and their intellectual superiority has long been transferred to the civil community.

"But, as they form a distinct body, with interests also separate, they must be looked after by the authorities. It is only in Christendom that the pontifical is distinguished from the civil power. In the Roman Republic, the senators were the interpreters of the will of heaven, and this is the mainspring of the authority and the solidity of any government. In Turkey, and all over the east, the Koran furnishes at once the civil laws and the religious manual.'"

On another occasion he said, "I wish to have neither a predominant religion, nor that any new ones should be established. The Catholic, the Reformed, and the Lutheran, recognised by the Concordat, are quite enough." Just so; he cared not a straw for religion in any shape, but as a serviceable engine in support of his own interests.

His policy towards the Jews, for whom he entertained no partiality, was peculiar. There is in some of his touches, when sketching their national character, however, much force.

"At the Sitting of the 7th May, 1806 Napoleon, said,—

"It has been suggested to me to banish entirely the Jews who wander about, and who cannot establish their right to be considered French citizens; and likewise that the courts of law should be authorised to exercise a discretionary power to suppress usury. But these measures would prove ineffectual; for, ever since the time of Moses, the Jewish nation has been usurious and oppressive. It is otherwise amongst Christian

nations, where the usurers for man exception, and are ill received accordingly. We shall never regenerate the Jews by means of metaphysical laws. What is required are simple laws, made to suit the occasion; and nothing can be less judicious than driving off a number of persons who are as much men as the rest of the population. The exercise of arbitrary authority is not the less tyrannical for being metaphysically applied; and therefore it is quite wrong to talk of the judges having any discretionary power. A judge in fact, is a mere machine, by means of which the laws are carried into execution, just as the hour of the day is pointed out by the hands of a clock. It would be very weak to expel the Jews. We may gain strength by improving them. We may, with propriety, forbid the Jews to trade, because they abuse the laws of commerce, on the same principle that we shut up a goldsmith's shop, who has been detected in dealing in adulterated metal. Some idle speculation has misled the proposer of this law, and made him prefer the violent measure of banishment to a much more efficacious, and, at the same time, more gentle remedy for the evil.

“ ‘This law about the Jews must be allowed time to ripen. We must have a States General of that people,—that is to say, we must assemble fifty or sixty of the principal persons amongst them, and listen to what they have got to say for themselves. I choose, therefore, that we have a general synagogue of the Jews at Paris, on the 15th of June (1806); for I have no mind to engage in the measures proposed by the report, and which would sully my glory in the eyes of posterity. Even were the Council unanimous on the point, I should not adopt a measure of the nature proposed; for I cannot consent to sacrifice the good of the provinces for a selfish and metaphysical principle. I must again observe, that there is no complaint made against either the Protestants or the Catholics, as there is against the Jews; and it would seem that the mischief does not spring from individuals, but from the constitution of this people, who, like a plague of caterpillars and grasshoppers, ravage all France!’

“ ‘We must establish a legal rate of interest, as in England, which may form a rule for the guidance of honest men. The tribunal of commerce were guilty of a most scandalous proceeding, when they allotted four millions interest to Mons. Seguin, at the rate of forty-two per cent. The economists turned man into a beast, when they held that his conscience would not be pricked by declaring that he had taken no more than legal interest for his money.

“ ‘The rent of land ought to furnish the measure of the legal rate of interest. England has fallen into a complete delusion as to this matter. I should like to have the principle of “*lésion d’outre moitié*” applied to loans on interest; and that we see whether the rate of interest might not be fixed for private parties at 5 per cent., and at 6 per cent. between merchants.’”

“ ‘At the Sitting of the 21st May 1806, he spoke as follows:—

“ ‘The project respecting the Jews is much too long, and must also be revised in the expression, for the terms I am made to use are not such as suit me at all. The Sovereign ought never to allude in his enactments, to what the public think or do not think; nor to throw upon the government the responsibility of this or that opinion, for the reader will invol-

riably take the opposite view of the subject, if, for example, in the preamble of the decree, I declare that no religion need have any fears of persecution at my hands, many readers will at once conclude, and not unreasonably, that men's minds are not quite satisfied on this point. The only point for me to adhere to is, the firm resolution to persecute no one, and then to let the public talk as they please. On this subject my opinions are so decided, that nothing shall shake them: and, as for the decree, I shall revise it with my own hands.' "

Our next extract affords abundant matter for a variety of deep reflections, and yet the theme is Funerals. How singularly constructed must Napoleon's mind have been, and how difficult to fathom the real motives which guided him! A reference to the pages before us will enable the reader to see that even in the mixture of wisdom, imagination, and error which follows, the speaker had special ends thereby to serve.

" 'I find, on reading the report on the number of burials in Paris,' said Napoleon, 'that on an average fourteen thousand persons die annually. This is a pretty battle, indeed! (*C'est une belle bataille!*) Amongst these are included, I observe, many exposed children; but of the rest there can scarcely be three thousand for whose funerals any religious pomp and ceremony is required; for this costs so much money that the surviving families are put to great inconvenience by expenses beyond their income. These expenses, it is said, being optional, may be dispensed with, since the funeral may take place without any ceremony at all. But how many respectable families must there not be who, though they are in straightened circumstances, feel reluctant to bury their relations without something more of ceremony than attends the funeral of the lowest class? We must not only respect such point of honour, but do what we can to maintain it; and, therefore, we should manage matters so that persons of the class alluded to should be able to inter their friends simply, but decently, for six francs, (5s.) In fact, we have no right to impose a tax on death. The priests cost this country thirty millions annually, (120,000*l.*) and they have not even a pretext for such exactions. In matters of worship everything ought to be gratis, so far as regards the people. To require them to pay at the church door, or for their seats inside, is quite revolting; for we ought not to deprive the poor,—merely because they are poor,—of that which consoles their poverty. I never allow tickets to be given for my chapel, and the places are given to those who come first.

" 'At Cairo, and in the desert, the mosques are not only temples of worship but places of entertainment. Six thousand persons are sometimes there boarded and lodged at once. There, too, they are sure to find a fountain and water, in which they may bathe themselves. Thence comes our rite of baptism, which could never have arisen in our climates, where water is not so precious. This year, for instance, we are covered with it over head and ears! The Egyptians, in the absence of water, baptize with sand. For my part, it is not the mystery of the incarnation, which I discover in religion, but the mystery of social order, which associates with heaven that idea of equality which prevents the rich from

destroying the poor. Religion is indeed a kind of vaccine inoculation which, by satisfying our natural love for the marvellous, keeps us out of the hands of charlatans and conjurers. The priests are better than the Cagliostros, the Knats, and the visionaries of Germany.

"I am not of opinion that funerals should be entirely gratuitous for persons in low circumstances; indeed, vanity will prevent most people from thinking of such a thing; but it is desirable that those who feel this sort of vanity should be able to indulge it at a reasonable cost. I, moreover, wish that our cemeteries should be ornamented with chapels, and the other suitable embellishments."

On the Liberty of the Press.

"The liberty of the press and the Emperor Napoleon are terms which, it was well observed, always growled at one another, whenever they came together.

"The character of the French nation,' said he one day in the Council of State, 'requires that the liberty of the press should be restricted in the case of works of a certain size; and the newspapers must be subjected to the rigid surveillance of the police.'

"This opinion was given at the time of the discussions respecting the constitution which was to declare him Emperor, and we need not wonder at the small allowance of liberality which it contains. Some one spoke of the guarantees which should be given to the nation, and both the Senate and the Council of State, out of mere habit, muttered something about the 'Liberty of the Press,' which had formed a necessary part of every one of the constitutions promulgated up to the time in question, (1st December 1803.) But Napoleon took good care that no such master as the press should be placed over him. The utmost he would allow was the nomination of a commission in the Senate, whose nominal office it should be to watch over the freedom of the press, but who, it was well understood, should remain altogether inactive. How, indeed, was it to be expected that he who could never get accustomed to the freedom of speech with which he was assailed from the other side of the Channel, should submit to be criticised at home? The perusal of the insults which were lavished upon him by the English papers drove him into a fury which resembled that of the lion in the fable, stung to madness by swarms of gnats. He affected to grant a small modicum of liberty in the case of books, but this distinction was allowed to exist but a very short while, for it was found that when the papers were placed under a censorship and books not, the books soon acquired the influence which belonged properly to the newspapers.

"During the 'Hundred Days, the liberty of the press formed by no means the least of Napoleon's annoyances, and it was clear that either it must crush him, or he must crush it. But the press and the tribune had become more than ever incompatible with his position, which was far more conformable to a dictatorship than to a representative government. Napoleon in France at the same time with a free press could be compared to nothing but Gulliver in Lilliput bound down by a multitude of petty cords, which rendered it impossible for him to move hand or foot!

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Vol. I.
London: Murray. 1837.

THE commencing volume of this anxiously-expected work is now before us ; the remainder being about to appear at certain and not distant periods of time. But however high may have been the anticipation formed regarding it, we feel assured that the present specimen will occasion no disappointment. A nobler subject of biography, one affording more varied excellence and beauty, never fell to the hands of any writer ; nor does there seem ever to have existed a literary genius concerning whom an equal amount and precision of information has been obtained by a biographer. The universality of Sir Walter Scott's fame, the almost unparalleled range of his intercourse with mankind, and his extraordinary habits of conversation and correspondence, have unitedly bequeathed to the world immense materials out of which to construct his life ; so that unlike many other cases, the difficulty which an author is most exposed to, in the present work, is how he may best select, rather than how he may find means to fill up the record. Nay, these abundant and singularly minute materials have even been enlarged and enriched by the pen of him who is the immediate hero of the narrative ; as if he had been determined that nothing which the public have a right to know of him should be left undetailed in anticipation by himself ; for a considerable portion of this volume consists of an autobiographical fragment composed by its subject in 1808, bringing down the memoir to the period when he was called to the bar, and entered upon a fixed profession in his twenty-first year. In consequence of this document having been discovered in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, after Mr. Lockhart had made some progress in his narrative, several chapters of the present volume only assume the character of illustrations of it, either when the modesty of the autobiographer, or the superabundance of the biographer's materials called for a more extended and diffuse history. Now, whether we take the fragment referred to, or these illustrations singly, and still more if unitedly, the memoir is the most engaging and diversified that we have ever perused regarding the early life of any man, at the same time that the whole goes to a congruous portraiture of Scott's individuality—every new feature and incident in his life conveying an additional touch to its breadth, vividness, and strength. We do not indeed think it a difficult task to describe the cast of the northern magician's nature ; but it does require a clear appreciation of humanity, and a deep and cordial sympathy with peculiar development, to grasp and to analyze the entire individuality of any one, much more a master mind. This is what Mr. Lockhart in the present instance has

proceeded to accomplish with perfect confidence in his opportunities and capacity of doing so, and with that heartfelt love of his subject that inspires a power congenial with his noble theme.

A literary genius cannot be mentioned regarding whom more has been related, and regarding whom the world experiences a finer complacency in learning particulars, than Sir Walter Scott. Much of this arises from the fact that his literary and ordinary history exhibited such a uniform harmony, that the one is but the commentary or the index to the other, reciprocally acting; and harmony of parts, in consequence of a universal law of human nature, is ever a desirable object, and one which the mind loves to dwell upon. Nay, not only does Scott's history maintain this unison, whatever be the date on which we place our finger, but from the beginning to the end of his career, there was no discordance, however remote be the periods that are adduced in the comparison. If, therefore, we should fix upon the beginning, the middle, or the ending, the whole man in all his fair, exquisite, and noble proportions, may be beheld and scanned.

The multitude of accounts and anecdotes which have been published pertaining to Scott's character and history, have made the world familiar with all the leading particulars in his life, since the date when he began to have a name in the republic of letters. But regarding his infancy, boyhood, and early manhood, our information has been necessarily much more limited, although now the hiatus is completely occupied by the contents of the pages before us. Nor is there any period in a great man's history that, in several respects, is so worthy of contemplation and study. To this period, therefore, we are about, almost exclusively to direct the attention of our readers; perfectly satisfied that it affords more than a sufficiency of materials to gratify the most intense eagerness which any one can cherish for literary anecdote and private history. The period now mentioned offers also this extraordinary attraction, that it has been described in the precious autobiographical fragment already alluded to—a fragment, which may be homely characterized as being Walter Scott all over, and as presenting him in his happiest mood. In the case of such a candid and communicative genius, however, there can be no paucity in any part of this life of autobiographical notices, since the most copious sources have been opened to Mr. Lockhart, and thus Scott's extremely voluminous correspondences can be resorted to and introduced to illustrate almost every occasion; and certainly a more delightful letter-writer has not appeared since the days of Cowper; and for this cause, that independent of all his gifts and accomplishments, there was nothing artificial about him—so that whether in his spoken or written discourse, the natural man shone forth in all his real warmth and humanity.

In his autobiographical sketch, Scott begins with stating the reasons that have induced him to become, to a certain extent, his own historian—alleging that the unexpected share of popularity which had overtaken him, may afford an excuse for taking the precaution of recording a few leading *circumstances* of his life, which he declares has been so quiet and uniform as not to deserve the designation of *events*. His motives, and his manner of explaining these motives, are in perfect keeping with his modesty, the manly appreciation, and the unaffected assertion of what he considered to be his own merits. He then passes on with admirable ease and playfulness to give a sketch of his ancestry; for, with a humorous significance, he asserts that “every Scottishman has a pedigree,”—a sentiment which none of his countrymen, however, could ever cherish more fondly than he himself did, but which comparatively few could do so with a better right—since, after going back three or four generations, either on the paternal or maternal side, his predecessors were to be found moving in the highest ranks of our baronage, nor at any future period inferior in situation or character to the rank held by a *gentleman*. But as a specimen of one of these ancestors, all of whose names, whether noble or *gentle*, have received an accession of renown through the triumphs and character of the subject of the present memoir, that neither birth nor titles bestowed by royalty can ever possess, we select the sketch of the poet's father, who was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a writer to the signet, that is, an attorney.

“He was the eldest of a large family, several of whom I shall have occasion to mention with a tribute of sincere gratitude. My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. He had indeed a turn for labour, and a pleasure in analyzing the abstruse feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing, which would probably have rendered him unrivalled in the line of a special pleader, had there been such a profession in Scotland; but in the actual business of the profession which he embraced, in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some, and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father. Most attorneys have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expence of their clients—my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and be-knighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a lawsuit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants. My father was wont also

to give openings, to those who were pleased to take them, to pick a quarrel with him. He had a zeal for his clients which was almost ludicrous; far from coldly discharging the duties of his employment towards them, he thought for them, felt for their honour as for his own, and rather risked disobliging them than neglecting any thing to which he conceived their duty bound them. If there was an old mother or aunt to be maintained, he was, I am afraid, too apt to administer to their necessities from what the young heir had destined exclusively to his pleasures. This ready discharge of obligations which the civilians tell us are only natural and not legal, did not I fear, recommend him to his employers. Yet his practice was at one period of his life very extensive. He understood his business theoretically, and was early introduced to it by a partnership with George Chalmers, Writer to the Signet, under whom he had served his apprenticeship,

"His person and face were uncommonly handsome, with an expression and sweetness of temper, which was not fallacious; his manners were rather formal but full of genuine kindness, especially when exercising the duties of hospitality. His general habits were not only temperate, but severely abstemious; but upon a festival occasion, there were few whom a moderate glass of wine exhilarated to such a lively degree. His religion, in which he was devotedly sincere, was Calvinism of the strictest kind, and his favourite study related to church history. I suspect the good old man was often engaged with Knox and Spottiswoode's folios, when, immured in his solitary room, he was supposed to be immersed in professional researches. In his political principles he was a steady friend to freedom, with a bias, however, to the monarchical part of our constitution, which he considered as peculiarly exposed to danger during the later years of his life. He had much of ancient Scottish prejudice respecting the forms of marriages, funerals, christenings, and so forth, and was always vexed at any neglect of etiquette upon such occasions. As his education had not been upon an enlarged plan, it could not be expected that he should be an enlightened scholar, but he had not passed through a busy life without observation; and his remarks upon times and manners often exhibited strong traits of practical though untaught philosophy."

In perusing these family sketches, it is impossible to pass unnoticed the spirit of fidelity (though softened by a considerate charity), which belongs to them, any more than their graphic excellence. The reader is also constantly falling in with some personage who has evidently sat for one or other of the matchless actors in his published works, which circumstance lends an additional charm to the life, that perhaps is more effective than either the individuality of the portrait, or the taste with which it is drawn.

Scott says that none of the circumstances in his life merit the name of events. Some of them, we think, independent of the interest with which he invests them, are entitled to that designation. Thus, though he states that he was an uncommonly healthy infant, he had nearly died, in consequence of his nurse being ill of a con-

sumption, which she for a time concealed, though to do so was murder to both herself and him. Again, when about eighteen months old, he lost the power of his right leg, and was ever after lame. But this was not all, for having been sent to the country for the sake of free air, and that he might regain his health, the maid who was to take charge of him, having left her heart behind in Edinburgh, conceived such a hatred at the unoffending child for being the cause of her detention in the country, that she meditated on one occasion cutting his throat, and burying him in the moss. It seems that she afterwards became a lunatic.

Many odd remedies were resorted to, to cure or aid his lameness, and one of the most whimsical was, that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family to which he had been sent along with the dangerous maid now referred to, he was stripped and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal, when his grandfather would use every excitement to tempt him to crawl in this Tartar-like habiliment. In the course of time his impatience as a child inclined him to struggle with his infirmity, and by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. In the meantime he began to feel an interest in the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family, and to sympathize especially with the House of Stuart, "the stories told of the cruelties exercised in the executions at Carlisle, and in the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden," deeply confirming his Jacobite partiality.

While yet a little boy, his father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to his lameness, and with an affectionate aunt he was carried thither.

"We went to London by sea, and it may gratify the curiosity of minute biographers to learn, that our voyage was performed in the *Duchess of Buccleugh*, Captain Beatson, master. At London we made a short stay, and saw some of the common shows exhibited to strangers. When, twenty five years afterwards, I visited the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, I was astonished to find how accurate my recollections of these celebrated places of visitation proved to be, and I have ever since trusted more implicitly to my juvenile reminiscences. At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths, but I believe without the least advantage to my lameness. During my residence at Bath I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings, and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards when grown a big boy, I had a few lessons from Mr. Stalker of Edinburgh, and finally from the Rev. Mr. Clure. But I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety.

"In other respects my residence at Bath is marked by very pleasing recollections. The venerable John Home, author of *Douglas*, was then

at the watering-place, and paid much attention to my aunt and to me. His wife, who has survived him, was then an invalid, and used to take the air in her carriage on the Downs, when I was often invited to accompany her. But the most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age, and, above all, to the theatre. The play was *As You Like It*; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

After spending twelvemonths at Bath, he was carried back to Scotland. About his eighth year, he went to Prestonpans for sea-bathing, which circumstance is rendered memorable, chiefly because he there formed a juvenile intimacy with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name, who had been in the German wars, and who had many tales to tell of the battle-field. It can easily be imagined, of whom, of all the romancer's creations, this veteran was the parent. Besides Captain Dalgetty, as he was by courtesy called, though subsisting after his campaigns upon an ensign's half-pay—

"I found another ally at Prestonpans, in the person of George Constable, an old friend of my father's educated to the law, but retired upon his independent property, and generally residing near Dundee. He had many of those peculiarities of temper which long afterwards I tried to develope in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck. It is very odd, that though I am unconscious of any thing in which I strictly copied the *manners* of my old friend, the resemblance was nevertheless detected by George Chalmers, Esq. solicitor, London, an old friend, both of my father and Mr. Constable, and who affirmed to my late friend, Lord Kinnadder, that I must needs be the author of the *Antiquary*, since he recognized the portrait of George Constable. But my friend George was not so decided an enemy to womankind as his representative Monkburns. On the contrary, I rather suspect that he had a *tendresse* for my Aunt Jenny, who even then was a most beautiful woman, though somewhat advanced in life. To the close of her life she had the finest eyes and teeth I ever saw, and though she could be sufficiently sharp when she had a mind, her general behaviour was genteel and ladylike. However this might be, I derived a great deal of curious information from George Constable, both at this early period and afterwards. He was constantly philandering about my aunt, and of course very kind to me. He was the first person who told me about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters in Shakspeare. What idea I annexed to them I know not, but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested on the subject. Indeed, I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend; and therefore, that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake; set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out. To return to George Constable, I knew him

well at a much later period. He used always to dine at my father's house of a Sunday, and was authorized to turn the conversation out of the austere and Calvinistic tone which it usually maintained on that day, upon subjects of history or auld langsyne. He remembered the Forty-five, and told many excellent stories, all with a strong dash of a peculiar caustic humour."

How many children pass through the years that we have yet alone seen noted in Scott's career, without being able to fix upon any great landmarks whereby to distinguish the growth of mind, or the foundations of future knowledge! His biographer, indeed, says, that his memory reached to an earlier period of childhood than that of almost any other person; but it not only penetrated to early childhood, but all his after years were filled to overflowing with the results of observation, and the exercise of a wonderfully retentive recollection. We have seen the poet's own account of his boyish proficiency as a reader and in pronunciation; Mr. Lockhart inserts a letter written by an accomplished lady of great talent, addressed to a clergyman, which gives a different account.

"Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves.

* * * "I last night supped in Mr Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted up his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. 'But when he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded.' When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything.'—Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old.* He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.'

"Some particulars in Mrs. Cockburn's account appear considerably at variance with what Sir Walter has told us respecting his own boyish

* "He was, in fact, six years and three months old before this letter was written"

proficiency—especially in the article of pronunciation. On that last head, however, Mrs. Cockburn was not, probably, a very accurate judge : all that can be said is, that if at this early period he had acquired anything which could be justly described as an English accent, he soon lost, and never again recovered, what he had thus gained from his short residence at Bath. In after life his pronunciation of words, considered separately, was seldom much different from that of a well-educated Englishman of his time ; but he used many words in a sense which belonged to Scotland, not to England, and the tone and accent remained broadly Scotch, though, unless in the *burr*, which no doubt smacked of the country bordering on Northumberland, there was no *provincial* peculiarity about his utterance. He had strong powers of mimicry—could talk with a peasant quite in his own style, and frequently in general society introduced rustic *patois*, northern, southern, or midland, with great truth and effect ; but these things were inlaid dramatically, or playfully, upon his narrative. His exquisite taste in this matter was not less remarkable in his conversation than in the prose of his Scotch novels."

In the course of his classical education Scott was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, which has been so long celebrated among the Academies of Scotland, where, according to his own account, he did not make any great figure, his exertions being desultory, or little to be depended on. Dr. Adam, the Rector, he adds, however, allowed that though many of the scholars understood the Latin better, he was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning. He goes on to say, that "thus encouraged, I distinguished myself by some attempts at poetical versions from Horace and Virgil." With regard to the period now mentioned, the following testimonies and examples are too valuable to be abridged.

"Mr. Rogers says—'Sitting one day alone with him in your house, in the Regent's Park—(it was the day but one before he left it to embark at Portsmouth for Malta)—I led him, among other things, to tell me once again a story of himself, which he had formerly told me, and which I had often wished to recover. When I returned home, I wrote it down, as nearly as I could, in his own words ; and here they are. The subject is an achievement worthy of Ulysses himself, and such as many of his school-fellows could, no doubt, have related of him ; but I fear I have done it no justice, though the story is so very characteristic that it should not be lost. The inimitable manner in which he told it—the glance of the eye, the turn of the head, and the light that played over his faded features as, one by one, the circumstances came back to him, accompanied by a thousand boyish feelings, that had slept perhaps for years—there is no language, not even his own, could convey to you ; but you can supply them. Would that others could do so, who had not the good fortune to know him !—The memorandum (Friday, October 21, 1831) is as follows :—

" 'There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my effort supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would ; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a

particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking.'

"The autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adam. One of these little pieces, written in a weak boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover inscribed by the old lady—'*My Walter's first lines, 1782.*'

"In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire :
At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost :
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.'"

In reference to the same period we must quote some of Scott's own narrative.

"In the mean while my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, &c. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare, nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and

benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well-known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty:—'No, sir,' answered the old Borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.'

He also sums up the cast of his attainments on leaving the High School, by saying that they consisted of "a great quantity of general information, ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may say so, by a vivid and active imagination." He traces to about the same era the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which never afterwards deserted him—to the neighbourhood of Kelso, which is remarkable not only for the grand scenery which it presents, but its venerable associations. It was now, too, when he formed an intimacy with Bishop Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*," and henceforth began to overwhelm his companions, and all who would hearken to him, with tragical recitations from the ballads thus obtained.

Scott's university education was irregular and imperfect. He attended the Latin and Greek classes in the college of his native city, as also that of Logic, and some years afterwards the ethical course of Dugald Stewart. But as to Greek, his progress is described by himself to have been so extremely limited, that he even forgot the very letters of its alphabet. He adds, "If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages—let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance;

and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science." It certainly never was supposed by competent judges that Scott was deeply versed in the learning of the schools; but how wonderful will it appear to most of his admirers, to hear him confessing and complaining that through every part of his literary experience he *felt pinched and hampered by his own ignorance!* But we cannot do better than introduce his biographer's commentary on this part of the narrative.

"I shall only add to what he sets down on the subject of his early academical studies, that in this, as in almost every case, he appears to have underrated his own attainments. He had, indeed, no pretensions to the name of an extensive, far less of an accurate, Latin scholar; but he could read, I believe, any Latin author, of any age, so as to catch without difficulty his meaning; and although his favourite Latin poet, as well as historian, in later days, was Buchanan, he had preserved, or subsequently acquired, a strong relish for some others of more ancient date. I may mention, in particular, Lucan and Claudian. Of Greek, he does not exaggerate in saying that he had forgotten even the alphabet; for he was puzzled with the words *ἄλδης* and *μωινηρης*, which he had occasion to introduce, from some authority on his table, into his 'Introduction to Popular Poetry,' written in April 1830; and happening to be in the house with him at the time, he sent for me to insert them for him in his MS. Mr. Irving has informed us of the early period at which he enjoyed the real Tasso and Ariosto. I presume he had at least as soon as this enabled himself to read Gil Blas in the original; and, in all probability, we may refer to the same time of his life, or one not much later, his acquisition of as much Spanish as served for the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and, above all, *Don Quixote*. He read all these languages in after life with about the same facility. I never but once heard him attempt to speak any of them, and that was when some of the courtiers of Charles X. came to Abbotsford, soon after that unfortunate prince took up his residence for the second time at Holyrood-house. Finding that one or two of these gentlemen could speak no English at all, he made some efforts to amuse them in their own language after the champagne had been passing briskly round the table; and I was amused next morning with the expression of one of the party, who, alluding to the sort of reading in which Sir Walter seemed to have chiefly occupied himself, said, '*Mon Dieu! comme il estropiait, entre deux vins, le Français du bon sire de Joinville!*' Of all these tongues, as of German somewhat later, he acquired as much as was needful for his own purposes, of which a critical study of any foreign language made at no time any part. In them he sought for incidents, and he found images; but for the treasures of diction he was content to dig on British soil. He had all he wanted in the old wells of 'English undefiled,' and the still living, though fast shrinking, waters of that sister idiom which had not always, as he flattered himself, deserved the name of a dialect.

"As may be said, I believe, with perfect truth of every really great man,

Scott was self-educated in every branch of knowledge which he ever turned to account in the works of his genius—and he has himself told us that his real studies were those lonely and desultory ones of which he has given a copy in the first chapter of *Waverley*, where the hero is represented as ‘driving through the sea of books, like a vessel without pilot or rudder;’ that is to say, obeying nothing but the strong breath of native inclination;—‘He had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature, he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets, who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction—of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description.’ I need not repeat his enumeration of other favourites, Pulci, the Decameron, Froissart, Brantome, Delanoue, and the chivalrous and romantic lore of Spain. I have quoted a passage so well known, only for the sake of the striking circumstance by which it marks the very early date of these multifarious studies.”

It seems that Scott's academical career was limited chiefly because his father was desirous that legal studies should principally engage him. Accordingly he was bound apprentice to his father for five years; and to show the stuff that was in him, we have it from his own pen, that though he hated the drudgery of the attorney's office, especially on account of the confinement it occasioned, yet the love he had for his father, a sense of duty, ambition to surpass his companions, and a certain allowance proportioned to the work he finished, which enabled him to gratify his passion in some degree for books and the theatre, reconciled him to his lot, so that he says, “when actually at the oar, no man could pull it harder than I, and I remember writing upwards of 120 folio pages with no interval either for food or rest.” His reading, however, was of a “hop-step-and-jump” description—the middle or the end of a volume being very often the parts first perused, and yet a fellow apprentice used often to say that “I knew as much of the book as he had been able to acquire from reading it in the usual manner.” Works of fiction of every kind were his supreme delight, excepting novels of the “Jemmy and Jenny-Jessamy tribe,” which he abhorred, since nothing inferior to the feeling of a Mackenzie, or the art of a Burney could fix his attention upon a domestic tale. But every thing adventurous, romantic, or touching upon knight-errantry, he devoured; and the attempt to imitate what he so much admired soon followed, though his efforts “were in the manner of the tale-teller, not of the bard.” It does not appear that any of these early tales are extant; it is not likely that such a ready writer and prolific genius would set much value upon them, and in all probability they shared the summary fate of a MS. poem on “the Conquest of Granada,” which was in

four books, each amounting to about 400 lines, and which, one of his brother-apprentices has said, was committed to the flames, soon after it was finished. But one thing is clear, that long before *Waverley* was begun, its author was no raw hand at weaving romantic and chivalrous tales.

In reference to Scott's being bound apprentice to his father, Mr. Lockhart's observations are too forcible, sensible, and elegant to be overlooked, even in our hasty summary.

"In the Minute-books of the Society of Writers to the Signet appears the following entry;—'Edinburgh, 15th May, 1786. Compeared Walter Scott, and presented an indenture, dated 31st March last, entered into between him and Walter Scott, his son, for five years from the date thereof, under a mutual penalty of £40 sterling.'

"An inauspicious step this might at first sight appear in the early history of one so strongly predisposed for pursuits wide as the antipodes asunder from the dry technicalities of conveyancing; but he himself, I believe, was never heard, in his mature age, to express any regret that it should have been taken; and I am convinced for my part that it was a fortunate one. It prevented him, indeed, from passing with the usual regularity through a long course of Scotch metaphysics; but I extremely doubt whether any discipline could ever have led him to derive either pleasure or profit from studies of that order. His apprenticeship left him time enough, as we shall find, for continuing his application to the stores of poetry and romance, and those old chroniclers, who to the end were his darling historians. Indeed, if he had wanted any new stimulus, the necessity of devoting certain hours of every day to a routine of drudgery, however it might have operated on a spirit more prone to earth, must have tended to quicken his appetite for 'the sweet bread eaten in secret.' But the duties which he had now to fulfil were, in various ways, directly and positively beneficial to the development both of his genius and his character. It was in the discharge of his functions as a Writer's Apprentice that he first penetrated into the Highlands, and formed those friendships among the surviving heroes of 1745, which laid the foundation for one great class of his works. Even the less attractive parts of this new vocation were calculated to give him a more complete insight into the smaller workings of poor human nature, than can ever perhaps be gathered from the experience of the legal profession in its higher walk;—the etiquette of the bar in Scotland, as in England, being averse to personal intercourse between the advocate and his client. But, finally, and I will say chiefly, it was to this prosaic discipline that he owed those habits of steady, sober diligence, which few imaginative authors had ever before exemplified—and which, unless thus beaten into his composition at a ductile stage, even he, in all probability, could never have carried into the almost professional exercise of some of the highest and most delicate faculties of the human mind. He speaks, in not the least remarkable passage of the preceding Memoir, as if constitutional indolence had been his portion in common with all the members of his father's family. When Gifford, in a dispute with Soame Jenyns, quoted Doctor Johnson's own confession that he 'knew little Greek,' Jenyns answered, 'Yes, young

man; but how shall we know what Johnson would have called much Greek? and Gifford has recorded the deep impression which this hint left on his own mind. What Scott would have called constitutional diligence, I know not; but surely if indolence of any kind had been inherent in his nature, even the triumph of Socrates was not more signal than his."

The bursting of a blood-vessel, about the second year of his apprenticeship, seriously affected his health. His employment during his confinement, as described by himself, we may be sure was laying a firmer foundation for many of those after displays which have delighted and astonished the world.

"The regimen I had to undergo on this occasion was far from agreeable. It was Spring, and the weather raw and cold, yet I was confined to bed with a single blanket, and bled and blistered till I scarcely had a pulse left. I had all the appetite of a growing boy, but was prohibited any sustenance beyond what was absolutely necessary for the support of nature, and that in vegetables alone. Above all, with a considerable disposition to talk, I was not permitted to open my lips without one or two old ladies who watched my couch, being ready at once to souse upon me, 'imposing silence with a stilly sound.' My only refuge was reading and playing at chess. To the romances and poetry, which I chiefly delighted in, I had always added the study of history, especially as connected with military events. I was encouraged in this latter study by a tolerable acquaintance with geography, and by the opportunities I had enjoyed while with Mr. Mac Falt to learn the meaning of the more ordinary terms of fortification. While, therefore, I lay in this dreary and silent solitude, I fell upon the resource of illustrating the battles I read of by the childish expedient of arranging shells, and seeds, and pebbles, so as to represent encountering armies. Diminutive cross-bows were contrived to mimic artillery, and with the assistance of a friendly carpenter, I contrived to model a fortress, which, like that of Uncle Toby, represented whatever place happened to be uppermost in my imagination. I fought my way thus through Vertot's *Knights of Malta*—a book which, as it hovered between history and romance, was exceedingly dear to me; and Orme's interesting and beautiful *History of Indostan*, whose copious plans, aided by the clear and luminous explanations of the author, rendered my imitative amusement peculiarly easy. Other moments of these weary weeks were spent in looking at the *Meadow Walks*, by assistance of a combination of mirrors so arranged that, while lying in bed, I could see the troops march out to exercise, or any other incident which occurred on that promenade."

Scott goes on to state that though an excessive nervousness succeeded his illness, caused either by the nature of the disease, the medicine he was obliged to take, or the spare diet to which he was restricted, yet that ere long he bid farewell to each of these subjects of complaint, and for many years never experienced any thing to complain of, in regard to his health, beyond a headache, or a stomachic affection, his frame becoming gradually hardened

and disfigured rather than disabled by his lameness, for he often walked twenty or thirty miles a day—"Wood, water, wilderness itself had an inexpressible charm" to him, and he "had a dreamy way of going much further" than he intended, so that his father used to protest to him on such occasions that he was born "to be a strolling pedlar."

We have seen that Scott for many years had nothing to complain of in respect to health but an occasional headache or stomachic affection; and he adds that these exceptions have either arisen from his having been long without taking exercise, or having lived too convivially—"the latter having been occasionally, though not habitually, the error of my youth, as the former has been of my advanced life." Mr. Lockhart's notices relating to his father-in-law's habits and studies about the close of his apprenticeship, throw an interesting light upon some of the circumstances we have just been mentioning.

"Mr Clerk says, that he had been struck from the first day he entered the civil law class-room with something odd and remarkable in Scott's appearance; what this something was he cannot now recall, but he remembers telling his companion some time afterwards that he thought he looked like a *haulboy player*. Scott was amused with this notion, as he had never touched any musical instrument of and kind; but I fancy his friend had been watching a certain noticeable but altogether indescribable play of the upper lip when in an abstracted mood. He rallied Walter, he says, during one of their first evening walks together, on the slovenliness of his dress; he wore a pair of corduroy breeches, much glazed by the rubbing of his staff, which he immediately flourished—and said, 'they be good enough for drinking in—let us go and have some oysters in the Covenant Close.'

"Convivial habits were then indulged among the young men of Edinburgh, whether students of law, writers, or barristers, to an extent now happily unknown; and this anecdote recalls some striking hints on that subject which occur in Scott's brief autobiography. That he partook profusely in the juvenile bacchanalia of that day, and continued to take a plentiful share in such jollities down to the time of his marriage, are facts worthy of being distinctly stated—for no man in mature life was more habitually averse to every sort of intemperance. He could, when I first knew him, swallow a great quantity of wine without being at all visibly disordered by it; but nothing short of some very particular occasion could ever induce him to put this strength of head to a trial; and I have heard him many times utter words which no one in the days of his youthful temptation can be the worse for remembering:—'Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.'

"The liveliness of his conversation—the strange variety of his knowledge—and above all, perhaps, the portentous tenacity of his memory—riveted more and more Clerk's attention, and commanded the wonder of all his new allies; but of these extraordinary gifts Scott himself appeared to be little conscious; or at least he impressed them all as attaching infi-

nity greater consequence (exactly as had been the case with him in the days of the Cowgate Port and the *little nine steps*) to feats of personal agility and prowess. William Clerk's brother, James, a midshipman in the navy, happened to come home from a cruise in the Mediterranean shortly after this acquaintance began, and Scott and the sailor became almost at sight 'sworn brothers.' In order to complete his time under the late Sir Alexander Cochrane, who was then on the Leith station, James Clerk obtained the command of a lugger, and the young friends often made little excursions to sea with him. 'The first time Scott dined on board,' says William Clerk, 'we met before embarking at a tavern in Leith—it was a large party, mostly midshipmen, and strangers to him, and our host introducing his landsmen guests said, 'my brother you know, gentlemen; as for Mr Scott, mayhaps you may take him for a poor lamiter, but he is the first to begin a row, and the last to end it;' which eulogium he confirmed with some of the expletives of Tom Pipes.* When, many years afterwards, Clerk read *The Pirate*, he was startled by the resurrection of a hundred traits of the table talk of this lugger; but the author has since traced some striking passages in that novel to his recollection of the almost childish period when he hung on his own brother Robert's stories about Rodney's battles and the haunted *keys* of the West Indies.

"One morning Scott called on Clerk, and, exhibiting his stick all cut and marked, told him he had been attacked in the streets the night before by three fellows, against whom he had defended himself for an hour. 'By Shrewsbury clock?' said his friend. 'No,' says Scott smiling, 'by the Tron.' But thenceforth, adds Mr Clerk, and for twenty years after, he called his walking stick by the name of 'Shrewsbury.'

"With these comrades Scott now resumed, and pushed to a much greater extent, his early habits of wandering over the country in quest of castles and other remains of antiquity, his passion for which derived a new impulse from the conversation of the celebrated John Clerk of Eldin,† the father of his friend. William Clerk well remembers his father telling a story which was introduced in due time in *The Antiquary*. While he was visiting his grandfather, Sir John Clerk, at Dumcrieff, in Dumfriesshire, many years before this time, the old Baronet carried some English *Virtuosos* to see a supposed Roman camp; and on his exclaiming at a particular spot, 'this I take to have been the *Prætorium*,' a herdsman, who stood by, answered, '*Prætorium* here, *Prætorium* there, I made it wi' a slaughter spade.' Many traits of the elder Clerk were, his son has no doubt, embroidered on the character of George Constable in the composition of Jonathan Oldbuck. The old gentleman's enthusiasm for antiquities was often played on by these young friends, but more effectually by his eldest son, John Clerk (Lord Eldin), who, having a great genius

"* 'Dinna steer him,' says Hobbie Elliot; 'ye may think Elshie's but a lamiter, but I warrant ye, grippie for grippie, he'll gar the blue blood spin frae your nails—his hand's like a smith's vice.'—*Black Dwarf*—*Waverley Novels*, vol. i. p. 202.

"† Author of the famous *Essay on dividing the Line in Sea-fights*.

for art, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which after being buried for a convenient time in the ground, were accidentally discovered in some fortunate hour, and received by the laird with great honour as valuable accessions to his museum."*

It is with reluctance that we read any portion either of Scott's charming autobiographical fragment, or of Mr. Lockhart's deeply interesting and most copious illustrations of it, and be precluded from inserting the whole into our pages. As, however, we have reached near to the close of the former document, we cannot endure to abridge certain paragraphs, which contain not only the methods which Scott adopted in forwarding some of his studies, but an account in his happiest vein, of the defects which he had to combat, arising from constitution or irregular education.

"To me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feelings of picturesque scenery; on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. I have, never indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or nicety, though my latter studies have led me to amend and arrange my original ideas upon the subject. Even the humble ambition, which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand, was totally ineffectual. After long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practice. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St. Andrew's, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St Andrew's to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. If I have since been able in poetry to trace with some success the principles of the latter, it has always been with reference to its general and leading features, or under some alliance with moral feeling; and even this proficiency has cost me study.—Meanwhile I endeavoured to make amends for my ignorance of drawing by adopting a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went, I cut a piece

"* The most remarkable of these *antique heads* was so highly appreciated by another distinguished connoisseur, the late Earl of Buchan, that he carried it off from Mr Clerk's museum, and presented it to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries—in whose collection, no doubt, it may still be admired

of a branch from a tree—these constituted what I called my *log-book*; and I intended to have a set of chess-men out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut—as the kings from Falkland and Holy-Rood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookstern; the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses; and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution."

"With music it was even worse than with painting. My mother was anxious we should at least learn Psalmody; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair.* It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune. I have, therefore, been usually unsuccessful in composing words to a tune, although my friend, Dr Clarke, and other musical composers, have sometimes been able to make a happy union between their music and my poetry.

"In, other points, however, I began to make some amends for the irregularity of my education. It is well known that in Edinburgh one great spur to emulation among youthful students is in those associations called *literary societies*, formed not only for the purpose of debate, but of composition. These undoubtedly have some disadvantages, where a bold, petulant, and disputatious temper happens to be combined with considerable information and talent. Still however, in order to such a person being actually spoiled by his mixing in such debates, his talents must be of a very rare nature, or his effrontery must be proof to every species of assault; for there is generally, in a well-selected society of this nature, talent sufficient to meet the forwardest, and satire enough to penetrate the most undaunted. I am particularly obliged to this sort of club for introducing me, about my seventeenth year, into the society which at one time I had entirely dropped; for, from the time of my illness at college, I had little or no intercourse with any

* * The late Alexander Campbell, a warm-hearted man, and an enthusiast in Scottish music, which he sang most beautifully, had this ungrateful task imposed on him. He was a man of many accomplishments, but dashed with a *bizarrerie* of temper which made them useless to their proprietor. He wrote several books—as a *Tour in Scotland*, &c., and he made an advantageous marriage, but fell nevertheless into distressed circumstances, which I had the pleasure of relieving, if I could not remove. His sense of gratitude was very strong, and showed itself oddly in one respect. He would never allow that I had a bad ear; but contended that if I did not understand music, it was because I did not choose to learn it. But when he attended us in George's Square, our neighbour, Lady Cumming, sent to beg that the boys might not all be flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful. Robert was the only one of our family who could sing, though my father was musical and a performer on the violoncello at the *gentlemen's concerts*. [1826.]

of my class-companions, one or two only excepted. Now, however, about 1788, I began to feel and take my ground in society. A ready wit, a good deal of enthusiasm, and a perception that soon ripened into tact and observation of character, rendered me an acceptable companion to many young men, whose acquisitions in philosophy and science were infinitely superior to any thing I could boast.

"In the business of these societies—for I was a member of more than one successively—I cannot boast of having made any great figure. I never was a good speaker unless upon some subject which strongly animated my feelings; and as I was totally unaccustomed to composition, as well as to the art of generalizing my ideas upon any subject, my literary essays were but very poor work. I never attempted them unless when compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the Lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few faggots to boil the kettle; for the quantity of ponderous and miscellaneous knowledge, which I really possessed on many subjects, was not easily condensed or brought to bear upon the object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, 'yeoman's service.' My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stone-cannons of the Turks—very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot. Such fortunate opportunities of exploding with effect maintained my literary character among my companions, with whom I soon met with great indulgence and regard. The persons with whom I chiefly lived at this period of my youth were William Clerk, already mentioned; James Edmonstone, of Newton; George Abercromby; Adam Ferguson, son of the celebrated Professor Ferguson, and who combined the lightest and most airy temper with the best and kindest disposition; John Irving already mentioned; the Honourable Thomas Douglas now Earl of Selkirk; David Boyle,—and two or three others, who sometimes plunged deeply into politics and metaphysics, and not unfrequently 'doffed the world aside and hid it pass.'"

Having finished his apprenticeship as an attorney, it became necessary that he should seriously consider to which department of the law he was to attach himself. The bar was his choice, being the line of ambition and liberty which was most agreeable to his mind; and for ensuring his success in this difficult field, he declares that his studies were directed with great ardour and perseverance during the years 1789, 1790, 1791, and 1792, the only years in his life, he adds, in which he applied to learning "with stern, steady, and undeviating industry." "A little parlour was assigned me in my father's house, which was spacious and convenient, and I took the exclusive possession of my new realms with all the feelings of novelty and liberty."

"Lord Jeffrey remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen night-cap; and when

the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a 'portentous machine.' He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him.' Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him 'in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's Square, surrounded with dingy books,' from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time. I may add here the description of that early *den*, with which I am favoured by a lady of Scott's family. 'Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it.' Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum of Abbotsford; and such were the 'new realms' in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him 'with all the feelings of novelty and liberty.' Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes, and the 'convenient parlour,' in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping-room."

The story about *Broughton's Saucer* must be read as given by Mr. Lockhart, and indeed the whole of the volume before us, ere the scattered extracts we have introduced, can be seen and felt, in all their fresh and characteristic spirit. One quotation more, and we have done with the first portion of a work which is sure of commanding a prodigious sale; for of those who either possess a majority or the whole of Sir Walter Scott's productions, thousands will greedily procure this last, and by no means least wonderful monument of his genius, his worth, and his service to the human race.

"I have already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night 'Willie and Katie,' and a few other ballads, already famous in the Forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the Scots Magazine, which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy,' than he made up his mind that

the Editor's 'Imitations of the Ancients' were by no means what they should have been. 'Immediately,' he says, in one of his many Memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the Ancients myself.' These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle Street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bows, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Sherra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Wattie,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'

"The collection entitled 'The Mountain Bard' was eventually published by Constable, in consequence of Scott's recommendation, and this work did at last afford Hogg no slender share of the popular reputation for which he had so long thirsted."

ART. IX.—*Essays on the Principles of Charitable Institutions; being an Attempt to ascertain what are the Plans best Adapted to Improve the Physical and Moral Condition of the Lower Orders in England.*
London: Longman. 1836.

THERE are two remarkable and exceedingly important truths which can be declared concerning England at this moment, and which have been becoming more manifest every year, during the present century, that yet seem, at first sight, altogether inconsistent, and each to be destructive of the other. The one is, that never before were there such exertions made as now to banish poverty and wretchedness from society, to create trade, and to communicate all kinds of knowledge at the cheapest and easiest rate to the poorest in the land—the other, that never before did poverty and crime increase with such gigantic and frightful strides. For example, according to the "Digest of the Charity Commissioner's Report, 1835," it appears that the annual income of the endowed Charities

of England and Wales amounts in round numbers to nearly half a million for education, and two hundred thousand pounds for other purposes, besides sixty thousand pounds administered by the chartered companies of London. The author of the present volume says that there are no fewer than 2490 charitable institutions which have funds in the savings' banks, and that there have been upwards of 100 new institutions formed in the metropolis and its vicinity alone, since the commencement of the present century, for alleviating the distresses, or counteracting the vices of poverty. What has been privately done, in the way of charity, no one can calculate ; and what has been done in science, literature, and the arts, for the enlightenment and benefit of the nation, we need not attempt to specify. Every one is aware that societies for the diffusion of religious knowledge have also been greatly multiplied—their aggregate income, according to the authority before us, in Great Britain alone, amounting to half a million of money. But on the other hand, let us also cite examples : and here we find it laid down that in 1803, when the population of England and Wales was nearly 9,000,000, the number committed for trial was about 7000, and of persons taken into custody, altogether 12,000 ; whereas in 1832, when the population was about 13,000,000, there were 77,000 taken into custody, more than 20,000 committed for trial, and nearly 15,000 convictions.

But there is a third circumstance which every day becomes more and more characteristic of the present era, that claims particular notice. It also affords a theme of gratulation which the preceding apparent incongruities do not of themselves provide. We allude to the fact, that of late a vast anxiety and research have been expended and continue to augment, through accruing zeal and light, to discover how it comes to pass that such anomalies should co-exist, and also to discover an adequate remedy, so as to make benevolence, virtue, and happiness, go hand in hand, and severally invigorate one another. If our readers desire to have special proofs for what we now assert, they need go no further than to several of the recent numbers of our Journal. Philanthropists, philosophers, and legislators, are setting their hearts every day more earnestly and strenuously to the inquiry. The amendment of the laws, the methods and ends of punishment, the principles which should regulate education—taking the term in its proper and full meaning—and the means that, with greatest confidence, may be proposed for the extirpation of the physical and moral diseases of the poor, are now themes that are constantly engaging numbers of the richest minds which the country can produce ; nor do we suppose that the day is far distant when, through their exertions, truth and wisdom will prevail, to the fulfilment of their desires. To use the words of our author—"A general inquiry has sprung up throughout the commu-

nity, respecting the manner in which individuals may best bestow their surplus time and money, so as effectually to further this great cause."

One of the most significant and satisfactory evidences of the eager and enlightened spirit that is rapidly extending among reflecting men, concerning the well-being of those who, for the want of an equally brief and intelligible phrase, are called the *lower classes*, is presented in the contents of the work before us. It seems to us to be a performance, which not only recognizes, but simply and solely employs, the great fundamental principles, and the uncontradicted, uniform tests furnished by experience for its support and for its guide. It at once acknowledges the appalling truth "that poverty and crime are advancing, not only in spite of all our education and all our charities, but at a much swifter pace than any process which has hitherto been adopted to check them;" and it next proceeds to inquire what are the methods by which this spreading mischief is to be arrested—methods certainly very different from those that were at one time thought infallible—viz., alms to the indigent, and prisons for the guilty; for these have been weighed in the balance, and have been found woefully wanting.

But before proceeding to any of the author's details, there are some observations which we have to offer, not in direct opposition to his premises regarding the amount and increase of poverty and crime as compared with the diffusion of knowledge, manifested by the nation, but as explanatory of certain limitations or distinctions, which it seems to us necessary to bear in mind, when speaking in a wholesale manner of the knowledge, the morality, and the poverty, that the country contains and exhibits.

In the first place, we are perfectly aware of the distinction that ought ever to be entertained between knowledge and wisdom—or in other words, between that instruction which merely engages what are called the intellectual powers, and that education which pays simultaneous regard to moral and mental culture. At the same time it ought not to be inculcated, even by implication, that knowledge *per se*, that is, the improvement of the mind in all the realms of science, art, and literature, lends not a direct and potent influence to the maintenance of public and personal morality. In the general prosperity of a nation, which must naturally bear an immediate relation to its intellectual advancement, as compared with neighbouring states, in the elevation of sentiments and modes of thinking throughout the community, and in the refinement of taste, as well as the banishment of gross pleasures, all which the culture of the reasoning and imaginative powers necessarily induce, no one now-a-days surely can find matter for regret, as contrasted with ignorance and semi-barbarism.

But, in the second place, when writers, like the one before us,

take up statistical accounts, and fix their minds exclusively on certain tables, which indicate the ascertained extent of benevolent efforts that are continually in operation, or the amount of detected crime, and the stealthy means by which vice is constantly fed and increased, it is quite possible that the conclusions therefrom deduced may be erroneous and wide of the truth. The habits, the condition, the virtues, and vices, of the people, are never stationary, in so far as regards their outward complexion. That which tacit or legislative sanctions have put into one category at one period, has by universal consent been shifted to a new rank at another period, to the derangement of the most authoritative numerical calculations.

The doctrine, however, which we wish particularly to inculcate, is this,—that while morality is by no means keeping pace with the strides of intellectual information in this country, at the present day, it is yet this very same sort of improvement that causes the incongruity to be so distinctly perceived. Education has not only become a discernor, but a divider of spirits. While it has sublimated some, it has removed others to a more palpable distance from these fortunate and reflecting ones. Nay, while intellectual light has proved to be an inestimable blessing to those who have made a legitimate use of its gifts, it has become a handle and a cause of immorality and error to those who have only received its oblique rays. Besides, in this matter-of-fact age, while intelligence is devoted to the furtherance of practical good, ignorance has made the worst use of the very same discoveries which that intelligence has established, and thus things come not merely to be called by wrong names, but, in the minds of many, to undergo a transposition which is really injurious to the interests of truth, and the dominion of knowledge. We think that these views closely apply to the point under discussion, and guide us to this conclusion, that both virtue and vice are taking a more definite position than they ever did before, and that though both are becoming more characteristically apparent, there is not such a difference between their relative amounts as those persons imagine, who pounce upon and compare some very dissimilar states of society. But it is time for us to look into one or two of the *Essays* before us, and introduce a few of the doctrines therein taught, that our readers may be enabled to form a judgment of the merits of the whole.

The present publication does not confine its views and arguments to a mere popular explanation of the fundamental principles of social economy, many such works having already taken up this ground.

“But it has appeared to the writer that there is still wanting a work which shall combine, under one view, a statement of the natural laws by which the wellbeing of the lower classes is regulated, with the application of these laws to the several plans for ameliorating the condition of the

poor, which are either proposed or in actual operation—a work which, by exhibiting a fair estimate of the tendency and relative merits of various charitable institutions, may serve as a guide to the practical philanthropist. For the accomplishment of this purpose, it will be necessary to present an outline of the actual condition of the lower orders in England, and of the evils, physical and moral, which chiefly affect them—to investigate the causes of these evils—and to endeavour to ascertain what are the principles by which to judge of the utility of the numerous remedies that have been suggested or applied. If the principles thus elicited should prove to be based, not upon speculative theory, but upon a sound and comprehensive collation of facts, they will enable us to classify (according to the nature of their effects) the different measures that have been adopted for the prevention or relief of misery.

“We may then attempt, first, to discriminate between those plans or institutions which, under the guise of charity, tend to multiply the sources of suffering; secondly, those which simply palliate existing wretchedness; and, lastly, such as strike at the root of the mischief, and, by substituting prevention for cure, supersede the necessity for eleemosynary aid.

“Should it appear that amongst the several benevolent schemes now in partial operation, there are some which are eminently calculated to attain this latter object, it will be desirable afterwards to investigate in detail the means by which they may be rendered more efficient, and their influence be more widely spread.”

Those are distinct Essays under each of the following heads, which we shall pass over without dwelling at any length upon them—“Those External Causes of Poverty which are incidental to a Progressive State of Society—those External Causes which affect particular classes in a nation, and at particular periods—the influence of Moral Causes in the production of poverty—and that poverty which arises from individual and blameless misfortune, and on the Remedial principles which are appropriate to it.” The general doctrine deduced under these several heads amounts to this, that an enlightened charity will chiefly apply itself to the establishment of those moral agencies which reach to the sources of misery, and that mechanical arrangements are chiefly valuable as being subservient to this great end, and that prevention is much more to be relied upon, than any defined curative process after the disease complained of has taken root. In short, could those who have the inclination and the means to alleviate the condition of the poor, implant a proper sort and degree of independent feeling into the minds of the lower orders, it would be unnecessary to devise any complex system of measures for the sake of the destitute, who would then be reduced to that number who have become so from individual and blameless misfortune, and who generally would find the most salutary sympathy from their neighbours, or such as were related to them by some of the most binding yet ordinary ties that obtain in life. The reasoning which is satisfactorily employed in the pages before us to establish and elucidate these principles is next applied as a test in

the examination of the respective merits of various plans that have been adopted for the mitigation or removal of poverty, and dependence. Accordingly the Sixth Essay treats of "General Eleemosynary Charities;" and from this and the three succeeding sections, which bring the volume to a close, we cite some passages.

Of General Eleemosynary Charities, the author first discusses the merits of those which "provide Funds for the Relief of Indigence generally."

"In all ages the most obvious, and therefore the most usual, method of relieving poverty, has been to give alms. No matter how extensive the distress, or what the cause from which it arose; nothing could be more simple than to give money in proportion to its external signs, and want must inevitably cease. But it began at last to be observed, with surprise, that the more liberally alms were bestowed, the more the indications of poverty were multiplied. The phenomenon seemed unaccountable; but its existence was beyond a doubt. In Catholic countries, wherever the largest provision was made for the poor, there were found the most numerous objects of squalid misery. In those parts of England in which the parochial allowance was most profuse, there infinitely more wretchedness was found than in districts where it was sparingly administered. A similar result is invariable in those places where voluntary or endowed charities for general relief abound.

"In Salisbury, for example, where the almshouses and other charitable institutions are numerous and rich (their total income being 1365*l.* per annum), where there are also societies for the gratuitous supply, to a considerable amount, of clothing and fuel, nearly one fourth of the population are paupers.

"At Framlingham, in Suffolk, there are endowed charities to an extraordinary extent; yet there is no where a parish more heavily burdened for the support of its poor. A similar instance is to be found at Holbeach, in Lincolnshire. It would be useless to multiply instances, since the rule is nearly without exception. Not only is there a uniform correspondence between the amount of money distributed and the sum of necessity to be relieved, but this necessity is constantly on the increase. The rapid and enormous growth of the poor-rates has become almost proverbial.

"At Brackley, in Northamptonshire, where even the vilest characters are allowed to participate in the benefit of the endowments, 'the charity estate was a little out at elbows, and the trustees were positively obliged to borrow money to make their usual donations, from the fear of creating a riot in the town if they did not.' At Ely, there are charities of which the united income is 1200*l.* a year; but it has become almost dangerous to administer them, owing to the increasing opportunity of dissatisfied claimants.

"On looking over the reports of private societies of the same nature as these endowments, we are constantly struck with expressions of regret that, notwithstanding any recent addition to the funds, they are still inadequate to meet the growing demands for assistance."

The above paragraphs contain two sets of facts which are never found asunder, whatever be the character of the instituted relief, provided there be no circumstance to render its refusal more palatable than acceptance, such as the workhouses have become under the Poor Law Amendment Act to the indolent and able-bodied. The author copiously, and with great earnestness as well as ability, explains and illustrates the necessary connexion between these facts, the observance of which has at last aroused the attention of reflecting men, and led to a full clearing up of the mystery. He remarks, for example, that whenever a fund is created, and the relief it affords is held out to the participation of all who ask it, on the plea of poverty merely, the expectation it gives rise to invariably exceeds that which can be realised, and the consequent diminution of the motives to industry and frugality occasions a loss greater than the extraneous supply will counterbalance; because man is naturally fond of ease, and it requires some powerful stimulus to rouse him to exertion. Eleemosynary Charities also augment the class of dependent persons, by inducing those to appear to belong to them, who are not really destitute. Again, funds for general relief aggravate the causes of poverty, by infringing upon several fundamental principles of the social economy. And not to enumerate all the arguments which are adduced in support of the author's doctrine regarding the general relief of indigence, we can only farther state on this branch of the subject that the charities now referred to, do harm in that they reduce the wages, by enabling the recipient, who is partially supported by them, to work at a lower rate than the independent labourer can afford to do. A variety of specific charities are named in the present work, and the reasonings previously employed are applied to them wholly or in part. We instance two.

"It has lately been a fashionable way of exercising charity to *work for the poor*; either by making up clothes for their use, as in 'Dorcas Societies,' or, manufacturing articles for sale at fancy bazaars. The first of these plans certainly involves an error respecting the right distribution of employment in society. The higher orders are in possession of wealth, knowledge, cultivated intellect; the sole inheritance of the poor is the labour of their hands. Will not the rich and well educated then better fulfil the responsibilities of their station by devoting their own peculiar talents to the service of their humbler brethren, and paying the latter for performing the required work?

"If, under any circumstances, it is thought desirable to give clothing to the poor, more good would be done by setting apart a certain portion of the fund raised for that purpose to pay necessitous persons for making up the articles wanted, than could be effected by a more extended distribution. There is a large class of infirm and indigent women, whose principal complaint is want of work; and yet we take the work out of their hands! A better plan is adopted by a society at Bath, which supplies several aged women with needle-work during the winter, for which they are paid

eighteen pence a week; the goods are afterwards disposed of at three-fourths of prime cost. The system is essentially defective; but the judicious conductress declares that the first part of it is the only one that yields her any satisfaction.

"The same objection applies to fancy fairs, as a common expedient for collecting money. The young women, who are partially thrown out of work by these means, chiefly belong to a class which possesses peculiar claims on our compassion; and, that they are thus deprived of employment, has been substantiated by concurrent testimonies from towns in which bazaars have been particularly frequent. Another mode of assisting the poor, which is very generally approved, is by lending boxes of linen to women during their confinement, the loan being generally followed by a donation of money, or a present of infant's clothes when the box is returned. This charity finds a powerful advocate in the heart of every sympathizing female; and, if there were no better means of providing for their suffering sisters in the hour of nature's anguish, it would be deservedly supported. But the evils of the system, as at present conducted, are unquestionable. 'Its effects,' says an experienced observer, 'have been to paralyze provident habits; it has tended to make these females calculate upon it, and to neglect making due provision for an event which they must have sufficiently foreseen.' Instances have occurred in which a husband has left his wife just about the time of her lying-in, knowing that in her deserted condition she would be better taken care of than if he were to remain at home.

"The writer inquired of a lady, who has had much experience amongst the poor of a large city, what was the description of persons who generally received the benefit of these institutions. 'They are usually,' she replied, 'the worst and the most improvident, and they become in consequence worse and more improvident still.'"

We venture to affirm that very many of our readers never looked upon these Dorcas Societies and these Bazaars in the light now held out. And yet the author's doctrine is felt to be incontrovertible, the moment that it is explained, even without the aid of experimental testimonies. Lying-in and Foundling Hospitals, together with several other institutions, have also to abide the author's scrutiny, and are handled with equal discrimination. Let us see part of what he says of beggars.

"Besides the common street vagrants, there is a class of beggars, who, from their superior rank in the fraternity, are distinguished by the name of 'High-flyers.' They are such as go about to gentlemen's houses with feigned tales of distress, and expect, from the nature of their applications, to receive from half-a-crown to ten shillings at a time. These persons are, not unfrequently, the profligate members of respectable families: one of them was lately discovered to be the son of a barrister; another, who was recently taken up in Bristol, had abandoned his wife and children at Devizes, leaving them utterly destitute, and went about with a petition alleging that he had been robbed of 27*l.* and a gold watch; the story of the gold watch, however, excited suspicion, and was accordingly soon dropped. On his apprehension, a book was found about him, in which were entered donations received to the amount of 40*l.*! He had also in

his possession a paper containing the addresses of various charitable persons, lists of whom are regularly sold at the beggars' lodging-houses for 6d. a piece, or 2s. 6d. the half-dozen. A copy of one of these manuscripts is here inserted, as it may contribute to authenticate the preceding statements.* 'Go to Col. W. L.; to Mr. B. at H.; see Miss B., she is best; then to Rev. Mr. M. P., he lives near the church; cross over to Mrs. and Miss B. of S.; go to Mr. D.'s, the minister lives there; go to the house on the Batch next to the public house, there lives two charitable ladies; go to Mr. C.'s on the P.; go to Mrs. C.'s near C. church; go to Miss —, she lives near Mrs. C.: go to Mrs. C., P. Street, she is a very good one; go to Mr. T.'s, G. Street, P. Street.'

"The composition of begging letters is a distinct branch of trade, and is commonly performed by persons whose skill in penmanship enables them to write five or six different hands. A man who kept a school in London used to furnish beggars with these letters at two-pence a piece; and many individuals whose mode of living is, in other respects, decent, are known to exercise the same profession. Amongst them was a woman who has been ascertained to possess 200*l.* in the funds.

"But it is comparatively useless to bring forward particular cases of imposition, unless the kind-hearted public can be convinced that an overwhelming majority of the whole are of this description. Now in the parliamentary examination respecting mendicity which took place in 1815, the opinion that not one in a hundred of the common beggars are really distressed objects, is given, not merely by police officers and magistrates, but by the compassionate and experienced visitors of the Strangers' Friend and Spitalfield's Benevolent Societies. 'I have for several years past,' says one witness, 'taken an active part on the committee of the Stranger's Friend Society. In the course of my observations I have noticed many beggars; and am convinced that very few, if any, industrious, honest, and sober people ever have recourse to begging.' Another gentleman who was connected with an association, the members of which, in the space of three months, visited, at least, 800 different poor families, declares, 'I have no idea at all, from what has come under my own observation that, in any individual case, persons that were worthy objects, however distressed they were, have had recourse to street begging.'

"Voluntary societies for the suppression of mendicity appear, wherever they have been strictly managed, to have been highly beneficial. The effect of that established at Bath, has been to remove nine-tenth of the beggars from the streets; and of the poor travellers who are actually relieved by the Society, scarcely one-sixth are regular professional mendicants and impostors. These institutions are all conducted on the same principle—that of affording assistance chiefly in food or lodging; the only exceptions to this rule being in cases which have previously undergone a thorough investigation. Yet, even this investigation, unconnected as it is with any systematic inspection, leaves room for much gross imposture; instances of

* * The writer has retained only the initials of the parties alluded to, out of respect to the feelings of individuals."

which have been subsequently detected, and are detailed in the reports of the various societies.

"If, however, every individual who is in the habit of giving to vagrants, would either subscribe to a mendicity society where such an association exists, or would aid in the formation of one where it does not, he might safely acquit his conscience in the refusal of promiscuous alms. Should neither course be practicable, let him at least bestow his charity in food, and not in money.

"The Refuge for the Houseless, and other similar establishments which provide temporary shelter for distressed persons, have no doubt often been instrumental in averting great suffering. But, unless directed with the utmost caution, they have a tendency to attract beggars to the spot, and induce them to conceal their places of settlement by the certainty of present relief, and with the hope of eventual gain from the successful prosecution of their trade. An institution of this kind, which was formed some years ago in London, during a very severe winter, was found, under its original regulations, to be productive of serious evils. Continued shelter was afforded at all hours, and the applicants supplied with soup and other nourishing diet. The result was, not only that much imposition was practised, but the influx of strangers from distant parishes became so great, as to occasion complaints from the adjacent parishes in London. It has, consequently, been found necessary to limit the relief given to a piece of bread and a cup of cold water."

But even these last mentioned, and other kindred institutions, it is well remarked, are only calculated to *suppress*, not to eradicate mendicity. They cannot compel the mendicant to become industrious; nor do they propose to rescue from degradation and vice the children of such thriftless parents, for they must either beg also or steal. What then is to be done? is naturally asked; and in his Seventh Essay, which treats of the "Personal Administration of Charity," it is answered—

"*Let the want that is known call forth our charity; but let us not raise funds to invite the profession of want.* Hitherto we have begun at the wrong end. We have blazoned abroad our ostentatious beneficence, and have bidden multitudes to a feast, of which only a few could be partakers. It would have been well if the Christian world, in adhering to the literal interpretation of the Scripture precept to 'Give to every one that asketh,' had been equally mindful of the accompanying injunction, 'Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.'

"But how is the reality of indigence to be ascertained? Not by investigation, commonly so called; for innumerable examples have been adduced to prove that isolated visits of express inquiry, whether made by the parish officer, or by opulent individuals in a private capacity, are most frequently illusory in their results. If you wish to become acquainted with the character and circumstances of a neighbour in your own rank of life, you do not expect to learn them by sending a messenger to his house, or by paying him a single formal call. No, you go yourself; you cultivate his acquaintance; you share in his hospitality; and, if you are of a benevolent disposition, a thousand nameless opportunities will occur, in the sequel of your

intercourse, for contributing to his enjoyment, or promoting his welfare and prosperity.

"Live amongst the poor. Dare to surmount the barriers which an artificial reserve has erected. Enter their cottages in your daily walk—not as a dictator, not as a mere giver of alms—not as a spy upon their household arrangements: go as their equal. Carry with you no sense of superiority, but that which a more elevated tone of piety and a more enlightened intellect may claim; and if you possess courtesy to charm, and knowledge to instruct, and eloquence to captivate the polished circle, disdain not to employ all these accomplishments to win the confidence, and purify the affections, of the humblest of your fellow-beings. Then shall you learn, what no well-digested rules can teach—how money can be given, and yet be felt as the least of the benefits conferred—how the stream of munificence may largely flow, and leave no pollution in its course—how the generous harvest of humility and love may spring up in the place of servile dependence, or of sordid grasping selfishness. Only try the experiment; and, instead of complaining any longer of the ingratitude of the poor, you will discover that wherever your lot may be cast, you have it in your power to make a heart's home; and, should sickness or misfortune overtake you, they will be soothed by the affectionate sympathy, and cheered by the fervent prayers of those whose attachment you have purchased—not by costly donations, but by that simple language of brotherly love which finds its way alike to the heart of the cottager and the noble, and which softens, purifies, and expands every soul within reach of its influence.

"If you will not, or cannot do this, entrust the distribution of your bounty to those who will. But do not complain of ingratitude, because when you throw down your guineas at random, like halfpence to be scrambled for in a crowd, no glistening eye is raised to yours in speechless thanks, no voice of welcome proclaims the approach of a benefactor, no spectacle of happiness and virtue rewards you for the sacrifice of wealth.

"The principle of succouring the indigent through the medium of habitual personal intercourse at their own houses, or what is called by our Continental neighbours '*Secours à domicile*,' has lately been acted upon with great advantage in France. The system adopted in that country is, in some respects, similar to the original method of relieving the necessitous in Scotland, under the superintendence of the Kirk-Session. There is no legal claim to support; the charitable fund is derived from voluntary contributions, from the produce of church collections, and from some other sources. But the guarantee for its right application is found in the complete systematic visitation of the poor at their own dwellings. This is accomplished by the voluntary exertions of philanthropic individuals of both sexes, who are approved by the prefect of the commune, and each of whom undertakes to visit a certain number of families applying to the '*bureaux*' for assistance."

Many of our author's opinions and remarks, if taken singly, and without a due regard to the current of his reasoning, in the earlier sections of his work, may appear to be harsh, or the result of a cold, calculating spirit; but our last extract will not fall under any such charge, neither can the most tender charity affirm of the author's

entire views, but that they are based on the most considerate benevolence, even as regards the temporal as well as eternal interests of the poor, not to speak of the prosperity and morality of the whole body of the people. He is very far from forming one of that not unprecedented specimen of politicians and economists, who have spoken or written as if it were their studied aim to alienate the sympathies of their readers from all such as are the victims of dissipation and vicious pursuits. Such assertions as the following have been unblushingly put forward, viz., that paupers are, in general, not only among the most abandoned of their species, but "wholly undeserving of commiseration." On the contrary, the reiterated language of the present writer is that they deserve a tenfold degree of sympathy over those who are not so deplorably situated, since that every human being who, by the misfortune of his birth or position in society, has been placed beyond the pale of those influences which cherish decent self-respect, and furnish a stimulus to virtuous industry, has a claim not only to commiseration, but active assistance, on the part of his more favoured brethren. In affording this active charity, however, the philanthropist must assist poverty and vice, not in masses, or according to some indefinite and vast scheme alone that is to shed its blessings upon complete realms, but by distinct and individual appliances, convinced that the welfare of the whole community is of incalculable importance, just because the welfare of each member of the great body is of mighty moment. It is this method of benevolent and munificent acting that our author so zealously calls for, and recommends in his chapter on the "Personal Administration of Charity"—a method that is as tenderly humane in its purposes as it is enlightened in principle, or effective in detail.

His Eighth Essay treats of "Various Plans for Assisting the Poor to Husband their own Resources;" some of which hold an immediate station between eleemosynary charities of the rich and those institutions by which the poor provide against future necessities, or aim ultimately to better their condition from their own resources alone. Of these plans Loan Funds are particularly specified. We quote some sensible hints on this subject.

"It may not be undesirable here to call the attention of managers of loan funds, and benevolent persons who may thoughtlessly promote such means of relieving distress, to the animal suffering they unintentionally inflict by enabling a poor man to purchase a horse, the labour of which is to support himself and family. The enormous loads which, under such circumstances, the poor animal is forced to draw—his almost unremitting labour, and scanty supply of bad food—render his life one of almost incessant suffering. The owner may not, in the main, be a hard-hearted man; but if the profits are inadequate to supply with food and other necessities both the family and the horse, it is not difficult to guess where the deficiency will fall. But under-feeding, and over-working, will produce their

inevitable consequences ; the horse dies ; and the result is that the capital thus employed is lost, useless animal suffering has been inflicted, and the person for whom the injudicious effort was made, is again precisely where he set out. If a poor man purchase a horse from his own savings, the case may be somewhat better : but ignorance as to the powers and management of horses, accidents, temptations to neglect, and other circumstances, render it an eligible mode of relieving distress, and a most hazardous means of bettering the condition of the prudent and industrious man.

" Few plans of assisting the poor are more easily brought into action than loan funds. The money being in general repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound, circulates several times in the course of the year ; so that a small fund, raised by donations or subscriptions, or even by loans, will give relief greatly above its actual amount. The Bristol loan fund has furnished loans to the amount of upwards of 23,000*l.* ; and this sum might have been nearly doubled, had applications been made which came within the rules to that amount. The fund was originally about 450*l.* ; the loss from bad debts about 225*l.* ; but, from its not being constant employed, the accumulation of interest has raised it to above 660*l.* Loans are granted in amount from ten shillings to 30*l.* ; but for sums above 10*l.* two sureties are required. One month is allowed before the weekly repayments commence ; and if the loan is not paid within one month of the time allowed, the borrower cannot obtain another loan. The second loan is never granted till the expiration of twelve months from the date of the last payment ; nor are there more than two loans granted to the same individual.

" The system of repayments by fixed instalments, seems essential to the successful operations of the loan fund, and also to secure the bondsman from loss.

" Among the charities of which the Corporation of Bristol are trustees, were several sums bequeathed for the purpose of being lent to tradesmen, free of interest. The loan was for seven or fourteen years ; and there is scarcely one instance of its having been repaid by the borrower. The loss falling upon the bondsman, few persons would become bound ; and, thus, the money is now seldom employed."

The system of pawnbroking, which is useful in so far as it affords means of *immediate* temporary relief to persons in distress who possess moveable property, and which in the present state of society, becomes perhaps necessary in large towns, is liable to the grossest abuses, and has in fact ministered largely to vice and poverty in that it has, to view the matter in no other light, broken through certain delicacies of feeling which are absolutely essential to the life and growth of independent principles of action in the ordinary affairs of the world. Provident Societies for the supply of Necessaries, Lying-in, and Dispensary Associations, are not liable to any such objections, but seem to proceed upon the best grounds for promoting the comfort of the poor, because frugality and independence of spirit are inseparable from their means. Accordingly the numerous institutions of this kind which have recently been

formed and judiciously conducted, have exceeded the anticipations of the projectors in their beneficial results.

"Uneducated people are, in general, little aware, until convinced by practical demonstration, how great is the total amount of the sums which they are accustomed to throw away upon trifles. The halfpence which they will occasionally give to their half-naked children to purchase unwholesome dainties, would often suffice, if carefully stored up, to furnish each of the little creatures with a suit of warm winter clothing.

"But these savings they cannot, in their present state of intellectual childhood, be expected to make without the encouragement and aid of their superiors in information. 'Well! I could'n't have thought it would come to so much'—'I am sure I should never have put by the money without you had been so kind as to take it, ma'am'—'It is just the same as if it were given,' are the frequent exclamations of the members of these societies when they first learn the actual amount of their deposits for the year. Many have been induced by the persuasions of their richer neighbours to lay by a penny or twopence when they had it to spare, who would never have dreamed of carrying silver to a savings' bank; and a portion of the little fund thus accumulated has been afterwards transferred to the latter establishment, where it has formed the commencement of a provision for sickness or old age. In other instances, an unfortunate wife, who had been driven to the gin-shop by the misery and desperation arising from her husband's visits to the alehouse—seeing that her neighbour, whose husband was also very bad, had nevertheless laid by a penny or twopence a week unknown to him, and when Christmas came had enough to buy herself a cloak or blanket, or half a load of coals—begins to copy her example, and from the three or four shillings received, abstracts twopence to place in the hand of the collector, whom six months before she had perhaps treated with scorn and contumely.

"A poor woman, who came to add to her weekly savings in the Provident Society at Clifton, when asked by the lady in attendance what were her husband's weekly earnings, answered, that he was now gaining sixteen shillings a week; but that he was often entirely out of work for months together.—'Then,' it was observed, 'I suppose you find the advantages of a plan like this, which enables you when things are going on well, to put by something against a rainy day.' 'Indeed I do, ma'am,' was the reply. 'Before I put in here we used often to be four or five pounds back in our rent, and then we were obliged to sell or pawn our goods to make it up. Now, we have our rent always ready beforehand.'"

The essential characteristics of Self-supporting Dispensaries are, that the poor themselves contribute a small sum periodically, and should in return be insured medical attendance and medicine whenever required. It has been ascertained, says the author, that taking the weekly subscriptions of the poor members at a penny per head for adults, and a halfpenny for each of the two eldest children (the rest of the family being attended without any extra charge) the average contributions of each individual will amount to at least three shillings per annum; so great becomes the combined power of

a community, and such capabilities does society, in spite of all its individual weaknesses and disorders afford, when systematically united.

The merits of Friendly Benefit Societies, Savings Banks, &c., are discussed with the author's usual knowledge and zeal. But the question arises, by what means can the labouring classes be induced to avail themselves more extensively than they do at present of the benefits held out by such provident institutions? The answer as given in these pages is perfectly consistent with the recommendation before stated, viz., that the strongholds of poverty and vice are most effectually demolished by assailing in detail the individual materials and members of which they are formed, and by which they are supported.

"Various writers in our own day, as well as in the last century, have proposed to secure the object in view by the enactment of compulsory regulations. The common feature of the several plans thus suggested has been to enforce by law a certain deduction from the wages of every individual in full employment, in order to constitute a fund for the necessities of sickness and old age. Such a system, although infinitely preferable to that of a national provision which bears no relation to the amount of productive industry, would be accompanied by little of that *moral efficacy* which forms one of the chief recommendations of Provident Societies based on the voluntary principle. That portion of his earnings of which a man has never had the free disposal, he hardly regards as his own. In appropriating it to the use of future contingencies, he is conscious of no self-denial—he cherishes no disposition to prefer ultimate good to immediate gratification. To his own conception, the state of the case is simply that his wages are lowered, and that, being henceforth certain of a maintenance whenever he shall be past work, he may safely indulge himself to the utmost which his remaining means may allow. But much good may be, and has been done, by the employers of labourers exerting their powerful influence to induce their dependents to join those societies, and by explaining to them the principles upon which they are founded. Amongst the Cornish miners, a shilling a month is stopped out of the wages of the workmen, *by the wish and with the consent of the people themselves*, and to pay for medical attendance in sickness, and to afford to those who are disabled by accident, an ample allowance for the remainder of their lives."

Now what would be the consequence, if every employer of labour in the kingdom should exert himself to persuade his people to follow a similar method? And what master might not do so?

"Even in the relations of domestic life there is much room for influence, and no master or mistress ought to consider that they have discharged their duty towards their servants until they have clearly explained and strongly recommended the system of Provident deposits. Let us not content ourselves with yielding a passive assent to the utility of these institutions, and merely expressing our regret that they are not more generally made use of; but let each individual in his own sphere of action examine what he can

do to extend their benefits, and thus contribute his share towards alleviating the burdens and advancing the welfare of his fellow-men.

"One indispensable requisite to the success of every scheme for encouraging the practice of foresight and economy is, that the expectation of gratuitous assistance upon every slight occasion should be gently, and gradually, but firmly withdrawn. Nor let it be supposed that in advocating the substitution of frugality for dependence, we are ministering to the selfishness of the wealthy, and endeavouring to persuade the poor to diminish their already scanty stock of enjoyments. Room, indeed, will always be left for the personal and discriminating application of pecuniary aid in individual cases; and since, according to the principles already explained, wages are reduced by every measure which subtracts from the funds of the capitalist, and lowers the necessary demands of the labourer; so that they will rise in proportion to the increased funds left in the hands of the employer, who has no longer to meet the claims of an indefinite charity, and to the augmented expenditure of the workman, who must henceforth receive enough to provide not only for his immediate but his future subsistence."

The last Essay in the present volume is on "*Various Plans for Removing External and General Causes of Poverty.*" Among these, enactments were at one time recommended which should fix the maximum price of food, or the minimum rate of wages. The futility of such laws, however, soon became apparent. Another scheme, that is not much less ridiculous, was to enable the poor to subsist on cheap food, by opening soup shops and other similar establishments.

"The desired end is not, it seems, to be attained by the institution of public kitchens, in which the idea of eleemosynary distribution is blended with that of equitable purchase. The independent labourer acquires an aversion to 'charity soup'; the importunate beggar will receive it only as a gift. A taste for domestic economy is not to be thus communicated.

"Supposing, however, that the scheme had partially succeeded so as to answer the sanguine expectations of its projectors, the effect would have been, wherever it was adopted, to produce a local accumulation of inhabitants, with all its attendant mischief. But if the poor of this country could be universally induced to live upon the cheapest possible diet, what would be the result? They would then be enabled to marry upon smaller earnings than they can live upon at present, and they would assuredly make the attempt: the numbers of the people would increase in proportion to the facility of obtaining their scanty subsistence; and wages would fall to the level of their wants. England would contain a more numerous but a worse fed population than before; and in the event of any accidental scarcity, there would be no possibility of averting the horrors of starvation by retrenching the consumption of food. This tendency is too well exemplified in the history of Ireland, where a little buttermilk and a few potatoes constitute all that is thought necessary for bringing up a family.

"But under what circumstances is it really advisable to persuade the lower classes to adopt a less costly diet?

"In the first place, it is very proper, in seasons of scarcity, to direct them to the use of any valuable substitute for their ordinary food; and to

furnish them with every needful aid in preparing it. And it is well, at all times, to persuade the English labourer to adopt those various little arts of saving, by which the French operative and the Scottish peasant contrive to make the same quantity of solid matter yield so much larger a portion of nutriment.

"If such be the design of public kitchens, let these institutions be wholly unconnected with eleemosynary charity, and let them be conducted on as independent a footing as the village bake-house now is; they may then stand or fall by their own merits.

"It seems, however, more congenial with the taste of the English working classes to prepare their meals at home; and in this department of domestic management there is much room for improvement. The waste of fuel alone, occasioned by heaping more coals on the fire than will burn clear, and the almost entire ignorance of the economy of cookery, prevent their little income from going half so far as it might otherwise do.

"The ultimate object of every plan for promoting frugality amongst the poor should be, not to lower their standard of comfort, or to abridge their usual expenditure, but to induce them to select more wisely, and to manage more prudently, the articles in which that expenditure shall consist. More harm than good may be done by the introduction of a cheap diet, unless, at the same time, we can inspire those better tastes which will lead the labouring man, instead of spending his earnings in useless deleterious luxuries, to regard the education of his children, and the decent accommodations of his dwelling, as a part of his indispensable outlay. A change of this kind in the domestic habits of our poor would add to their available resources, without depressing the standard of wages, or giving an artificial stimulus to population."

On Furnishing Necessaries at Prime Cost—Finding Employment for the Poor—Home Colonization of Waste Lands—Cottage Farms, &c., the author has distinct sections. But we have extracted enough to show the general style and matter of the book, and to prove it to be one of no ordinary merit. Its principles are as sound as its reasonings are forcible, or its facts practically ascertained. There is not very much of originality, to be sure, in its various statements, when taken separately, but there is novelty in the manner of combining them, and the use that is made of them. We have only farther to inform our readers that the author intends to pursue the subject of Charitable Institutions in another volume, which nothing but the want of sound health has prevented him from completing before this time. His work should be read in conjunction with the Reports published by the Poor Law Commissioners; for taken together, they are calculated to effect an extraordinary deal of good.

ART. X.—*Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and State Paper Office:—Frederick II. and his Times.* London: Knight. 1837.

F. VON RAUMER ought to be considered one of the greatest literary curiosities of the age in which we live. He is, as most of our readers know, a German by birth, and a person to whom our language is foreign. In 1835 he, for the first time, visited our shores; but did not remain with us for a twelvemonth. Yet, during that period, he contrived not only to examine all the lions in and around London—to make himself somewhat acquainted with society in all its grades—royal, noble, literary, and humble—and to take a flying tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland—and from all these sources to collect materials which filled three volumes—but to seek out our national repositories, to pursue, among these masses of confusion, his historical researches, the results of which have now been two other goodly octavos—the former some time ago published, containing extracts relating to Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots—and the latter that which is at present before us—a contribution, which, like its predecessor, is truly a valuable addition to the general history of Europe. It is not, however, a work exactly of the nature which the more particular announcement in its title indicates; for instead of throwing a continuous new light upon the character and career of Frederick the Great, its chief merit and interest belong to the official and authentic documents which British ambassadors at various foreign courts have written home concerning the kings, ministers, and courtiers, in these several countries, and thus referring rather to the whole European policy, during most important epochs in the last century, than to the precise and immediate circumstances which led to the consolidation of the Prussian monarchy. We cannot so shortly and fully explain the origin and nature of the publication, as in Von Raumer's own words, to be found in the Preface.

"The English government," says he, "deserves so much the greater praise and more sincere gratitude for having opened to me the State Paper Office, with its treasures, not merely for more ancient times, but also to that part of the eighteenth century to which my investigations were directed. And this permission was not accompanied with a hundred suspicions, restrictive precautionary measures, which cost time and create vexations; but it was unfettered: and I met also with the most willing and friendly support from the gentlemen who are in offices of the establishment. The despatches of ambassadors, which passed through my hand were:—

"From France, 37 folios; Prussia, 85 (including the papers of Mr. Mitchell); Austria, 60; Russia, 75; Saxony, 3; Holland, 16; Sweden, 15; Royal letters, 1. In all, 292 folios.

"I have received from Paris assurances of similar favours, if my avocations would permit me to make use of them. At home the prophets who look forwards, and those who look backwards (the historians), are equally destitute of credit; at least we in Germany have, unfortunately, not yet attained to the laudable theory and practice respecting the use of historical documents, which is recognized in London and Paris."

Afterwards he says "King Frederick II. is the centre of the whole; but his age, as well as himself, is reflected on those sources, by which the title of the book if not justified is excused. After many doubts how the materials should be arranged and worked up, it appeared to me to be the most advisable to retain the original form of the despatches in the essential parts, in order that the English point of view might be as far as possible, preserved. In order to avoid too great a dismemberment of the accounts, coming from such various countries, I was sometimes obliged to comprehend many of them (accurately marking the time, however) under one general head; nor could I refrain from making, in some places additions and explanatory observations. A circumstantial introduction on the state of Europe at the time of the accession of Frederick II, appeared to me to be superfluous, because every friend of history is sufficiently informed on this subject, or may read in the king's works in what light he viewed that time and his own situation."

The above statements, by this indefatigable historian, forcibly show not only how amazingly rich must be the mine from which he has dug these valuable specimens, but that his rapid examination cannot have exhausted the treasury.

Regarding the special character of the volume before us, it is proper, while bestowing great praise upon it, for being both amusing and instructive, to admit that, without an intimate knowledge of European history, especially the annals of the period embraced by the documents themselves, much obscurity will be felt in perusing them, and that their fragmentary nature will, in the case supposed, deeply affect their value. But with this there can no rational objection be found; neither could such fragments have been produced with all the softenings down and full connecting links of consecutive narrative, without assuming a shape far too voluminous for the purpose contemplated by the compiler.

Perhaps no one truth will be more frequently impressed upon the reader's mind, in his perusal of the present work, than that vice, venality, profligacy, crime, and corruption, in every shape, were in full blossom in every one of those high places to which we are here introduced. It becomes an interesting question, when one inquires, how much purer and better is our own age? The intrigues of party, the iniquities of rulers, and the corruption of diplomatic agents belonging to the present day, are not yet ripe for disclosure; neither could they, were they made manifest, be fairly construed. There is, however, enough known of human nature, and more than enough of modern policy, to lead the moralist to a dark prophecy

respecting contemporary intrigue. But we need not burden ourselves above measure with gloomy anticipations, since there is abundance, in all conscience, belonging to the eras comprised within the volume before us, to create anxiety, regret, and indignation; and also to afford singularly striking exemplifications of human genius, and eccentricities, as well as most interesting phases, in national civilization.

We have said of the official documents here published, that they are unquestionably authentic; and by this is meant not merely that they are faithful transcripts of the original manuscripts sought out by Von Raumer, but that they contain statements and narratives made by parties who of all men were the most fit and competent witnesses for speaking on the occasions described—the truth—nay, that they of all men had the least cause or interest to misrepresent facts. Whatever duplicity an ambassador may exercise with others, he can never be supposed to be inclined to deceive his own government. It is true that he may frequently be in error, both as to past occurrences, or anticipated events, but then the very honesty with which he transmits his impressions, confers upon his evidence the most vivid resemblances of what he witnesses, and pictures to the life the passing scenes; and thus whether precisely right or not regarding the subject which at the time absorbs his attention, he becomes of necessity a faithful chronicler of the period, and painter of the place upon which he has been cast.

The only way by which we can deeply engage the attention of our readers, with respect to these "Contributions," will be to confine our extracts and notices chiefly to one sort of them. Accordingly, we have chosen that which may be designated courtly and national corruption. Let us begin with Sweden, and see not only at what rate bribery was carried on, but how our ambassador at that court drew upon England's "secret service money." In the present case England and Russia were concerning themselves, for the purpose of overthrowing the existing ministry, and of settling the succession to the crown. France also had a scheme of her own. On the 9th of May, 1740, our ambassador Burnaby thus writes home—

"It is not yet fully decided whether the Diet shall meet. In the case of convocation, the sum of six thousand pounds and upwards will be necessary to be employed towards procuring a return of the dietiness of the best-intentioned of the burghers and the clergy; and towards making such of the head families amongst the nobility, who are known to be well disposed, and have not wherewithal to be at the expense of the journey, to appear themselves at the Diet; and not throw away their proxies upon such of their relations who may happen to be in town, and who are frequently found to act in complaisance to private interests, contrary to the inclination of their constituents; as was the case in the last Diet, when several sober heads of families remained in the country, out of indigece

or laziness, and deputed their hot-headed sons, a parcel of young officers, to act for them, only because their posts obliged them to be upon the spot.'

"Of this sum of six thousand pounds, Mr. Bestucheff (a Russian) says, he is already empowered to pay one-half, and it is calculated to be sufficient to secure the election of a proper Marshal and a number of friends in the Secret Committee; but then it is fit I should apprise your Lordship that further remittances will be necessary when these points are gained.' * * * *

"On the 17th of June, the English Government assigned four thousand pounds for the above-mentioned expenses; and on the same day Burnaby writes—'The French Ambassador offers to the King of Sweden, that the King his master would immediately give regiments to his Swedish Majesty's two sons, by Mademoiselle Taube, and settle estates upon each of them in Alsace.' Yet the King answered, 'That no personal interest could have any influence in fixing his determination.'

"On the 1st of August, Burnaby writes—'If we are so happy as to get a plurality of voices in the election of a Marshal and of the members that compose the Select Committee, I think it will then be in his Majesty's and the Czarine's power, for a trifle of expense, to appoint the person they please for successor to these dominions, as it is generally allowed the French design doing, if their party prevail.'

"Soon afterwards, the Diet was summoned to meet on the 4th of December 1740; and on the 29th of August, Burnaby writes—'My table is not less frequented than any of the foreign ambassadors (which become extraordinary allowances); the additional number of guests, who must be fed and caressed, to be kept firm during the Diet, will enhance my expenses far above what my allowance is able to bear.' * * *

"On the 9th of December, the Ambassador writes—'The speaker of the peasants has engaged himself to be our friend for the value of one hundred ducats, that he has already touched. The majority of voices depends on giving money; the demands for money are gradually rising.'

"In the despatches of later years we find statements of what the clergy, nobles, citizens, and peasants (all without exception), received; nay, the Ambassador writes, 'The nobles are to be had by the highest bidder, as we purchase cattle in Smithfield; but Sweden is not worth so much money!' * * * *

"None but members are allowed to be present at a debate in any of the Assemblies of the States, which makes it difficult to hear what passes among them; but two of the College of the Nobles have offered, for the value of 100*l.*, to bring me an account every other day of what passes in their house during the whole Diet. I have made each of them a present already of a suit of clothes, which they greatly wanted, by way of earnest.'"

But who do our readers think was to be the greatest obstacle to an adjustment of the political matters, upon which these intriguers were lavishing the earnings of nations?

Burnaby writes—

"According to the advices our friends say they receive of the elections

in the provinces, we are sure of five parts in eight of the clergy, burghers, and peasants, and in hopes of balancing the power of the nobility. The city of Stockholm is so equally divided, that the election will entirely depend upon the old or new method of collecting the voices. The decision of this material point lies now before the senate, where the sentiments are also so nearly equal, that it may chance to depend on the King's double vote to determine it as he thinks fit. But what will your Lordship say or think if his Swedish Majesty's determination should be in favour of our adversaries? I own I apprehend something like it; for his Swedish Majesty, having nothing more at heart than to retain Mademoiselle Taube in town during the Diet, against the Queen's earnest entreaties, and the advice of his most faithful servants, is capable in a peevish humour of risking his all, or throwing himself entirely into the hands of the French Ambassador and the French party who have promised to support her.

"The Queen has already shown her husband such visible marks of coldness on this account that to make her easy, his Swedish Majesty was pleased to promise that Mademoiselle Taube should be sent away. But Count Gyllenborg, Baron Sparre, and Mr. St. Severin are so perpetually with that lady, advising her not to leave the country, and assuring her if that she does it will be once for all, that it is doubtful whose influence will at last prevail, and whether the decision may not occasion an irreconcilable breach between their Swedish Majesties."

To us, however, by far the most interesting portions of the present volume refer to Russia—the correspondence going back to the beginning of the 18th century—although the character of the kings, courtiers, and courts of Europe from 1740, the year of Frederick's accession to the throne of Prussia, till the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763, be the period professedly most immediately contemplated by Von Raumer. Mr. Whitworth, our ambassador, proceeds from Breslau to Moscow, in January 1705, and says that in the "first little town of the Czar's dominions, the starost or burgomaster, a good old peasant; attended by half a dozen of his brethren with long beards, came to make me a compliment, and presented me a great loaf of coarse brown bread, strewed with salt, bidding me welcome in the Czar's country, and desiring me to take part of such fare as they had." We shall cite other statements that not less forcibly direct the mind to facts that are wonderful in the progress of nations, of Russia in particular, from barbarism to civilization. Even before reaching the confines of Peter's dominions, Mr. Whitworth, in speaking of Prussia and the road to Wilna, thus writes—"I cannot sufficiently express the misery I found over all, the desolation of the present war having doubled what the inhabitants suffered, even in time of peace, through the pride and luxury of the lesser nobles, and the abject slavery of the other country people." But we soon hear of Peter's energetic measures, who receives the ambassador cordially.

"His majesty has made a thorough change in the dress of his country. In all this great city I see not one of consideration appear otherwise than in German cloaks. One of the hardest tasks was the persuading them to lay aside their long beards. Most of the chief nobility lost theirs in the Czar's presence, where there was no room to dispute his orders. The common people, however, were not so easily brought to follow the new fashion, till a tax was laid, at the city's gates, on every one who went in or out with a beard; and this was to be paid as often as they passed: by which means they have at last been brought to conform."

But this and other strong-handed measures of reform, were not carried without exciting disturbances.

"You will have heard with how much difficulty the whole nation submitted to the razor. They were prepossessed both by custom and religion. Their forefathers lived unshaved; their priests, saints, and martyrs, were venerable for their beards; them they were bid to imitate; and the ignorant thought part of the devotion lay in the beard, as Samson's strength did in his hair. Nay, even the ladies themselves joined in the fashion, and could at first be scarce brought to suffer the reformation in their husbands. But the court and the chief persons having complied with the czar's desires, the most prudent and moderate way of reducing the commonalty was thought to be the laying a tax on all beards, as often as they passed the gates of any principal town; and leave was also given to take out protection for a yearly some of money, which a great many have done; and on producing their ticket stamped with a long beard, are let pass without any further inquisition. Some time after another edict was published, enjoining the women to wear petticoats, under the same penalties; whereas their former habit was only a loose gown, buttoned down before, and reaching to their heels. I have been the more particular in this account, because, however trifling these points may seem, they gave no small occasion to the present disturbances. For the governor of Astrachan being a cruel, imprudent man, would not be content with the fine imposed by the czar on the disobedient, but was resolved to make a thorough reformation. For which, and after the time of grace was expired, he placed his officers at all the church doors, who cut off the women's loose garments, from their middles, and pulled out the beards of several persons by the roots, which violence put the whole town (who were generally of the sort above mentioned) in great anger; and one of the most zealous, an under-receiver of the customs, being chosen for their captain, they assaulted the governor in the night, and cut him to pieces, together with three hundred families of foreigners, part merchants and part Swedish prisoners."

The Czar's favourite was Mentschikof, who possessed great practical skill and affinity of genius to his master. Yet his origin was mean, and he could neither read nor write. Besides, says one of the dispatches, at a great entertainment Peter beat him very severely, but on the next day went to him and made friends. Indeed, the Czar knew how to vary his humour towards his most active and subservient subjects, so as best to advance his own interests. We read that:—

"His majesty called his senate together, and told them that it was time to look into the conduct of those who had had the chief management of the affairs, and for this purpose he established a tribunal, composed of some general officers and others, of which General Weide is the president. The inquisition began, with Prince Mentschikof, who was accused first of having sought his own profit and interest in his own government of Ingria, preferable to that of the Czar, for having favoured and protected the Salosiefs (three brothers) that drove a commerce in goods prohibited, and for having held secret correspondence with a Swedish minister. The prince was put under arrest by order of the Czar, but some days afterwards was restored to his liberty; and he has since given him his promise that he will forget what is past. It is said that this prince has offered, of his own accord, to pay 200,000 rubles to the Czar, as a *dédommagement* for the losses his majesty has sustained by his fraudulent commerce."

This same Mentschikof was the person who took Catherine to live with him, who, as is believed, was the natural daughter of a Livonian peasant, and who had been married to a Swedish dragoon; but who after a variety of vicissitudes and elevations at length became the Czar's mistress, and lastly his wife. But we do not attempt even to trace an outline of the historical dates, sequences, or names connected with the great northern empire alluded to. Suffice it, that we pounce upon some of those passages which elucidate the manners and the morals of a half-barbaric court. Here are some specimens. The first relates to the reign of Anne, niece of Peter the Great, and Dowager Duchess of Courland.

"You cannot imagine how magnificent this court is since the present reign, though they have not a shilling in the treasury, and of course nobody is paid, which contributes very much to the general complaints. Notwithstanding this want of money, great sums are laid out by all the courtiers to get magnificent habits for the masquerade, which we are soon to have, and a fine troop of comedians is daily expected from Warsaw, which are sent by the king of Poland to divert her majesty, who thinks of nothing else, and to heap up riches and honour on Count Biron, and to enrich his brother also."

The Empress Elizabeth in her youth seems to have been a *promising* character, while others of the royal house, were, no doubt, competent instructors. The following notices and insinuations sufficiently testify all this:—

"Princess Elizabeth is sick, or has feigned herself so, for some time. Some report it is because she was not chosen instead of the present Empress, and others say not to be at the coronation, because it is thought she is with child by a grenadier, whom she is in love with, and that she could not appear in robes without discovering her condition. If this be the reason or not, I cannot affirm; but so far is certain, she leads a very irregular life, and the Czarina seems not to dislike, I suppose, that she should ruin her interest; for instead of sending away the favourite grenadier, who is, it is true, a gentleman, her Majesty has dismissed him her service, that he may be always at the Princess's command; he will in time probably ruin her.

When I consider the wit and beauty of that young lady, I cannot forbear being sorry to see she exposes herself to such a degree, for in time it must be known. This has been told me in great confidence by the surgeon, M. Lestocq, who was born at Hanover. * * *

"There has been a great intrigue carried on to get away Princess Elizabeth's favourite, the great grenadier, and substitute in his place Major Biron *who she* doth (? not) love; but, nevertheless, he is continually with her, and the grenadier has been stripped of all she has given him, and sent to Siberia! this had very much chagrined the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who fears, by the interest of the Birou family, the Princess Elizabeth will be more caressed by the Czarina than herself and her daughter.

The Duchess of Mecklenburg continues to be very much indisposed, and it is thought she will have a great deal of trouble to escape, considering she has drank a great deal of brandy of late years."

While Elizabeth was on the throne, the usual lists of confiscations, savage punishments, changes of fortune, gorgeous displays, and diplomatic bribes were kept up. For example—

"Count Ostermann, Münnich, Golofkin, President Mengden, the high steward Löwenwolde, and the secretary Jacoblitz, were yesterday brought to the scaffold before the college. First of all, about ten o'clock, Ostermann, whom Elizabeth hated the most, was carried in a chair, when the enumeration of the crimes laid to his charge, containing five sheets of paper, was read to him by a secretary. His excellency stood all that time bareheaded, in his grey hairs, with a long beard, and with an attentive but firm countenance, listening to it. At last his sentence was pronounced, which as I hear was, to be broke on the wheel. However, no preparations for so terrible an execution were there: instead of them, there were two blocks with axes by them; and he was immediately drawn forward, out of his chair, by the soldiers, and his head laid on one of the blocks, when the executioner approached, and unbuttoning the collar of his shirt, and night-gown he had on, laid bare his neck; the ceremony took up about a minute, when it was declared to him that his capital punishment was by her majesty changed into perpetual banishment; when, after having made a sort of inclination of his head, he immediately said (and these were the only words he uttered), 'Pray give me my wig and cap again;' which he immediately put on, and then buttoned his shirt-collar and night-gown, without the least change in his countenance.

"The sentence of the other five who stood below, was also read to them; Münnich was to be quartered, and the others beheaded, but the change into banishment was as soon declared to each. The four had all long beards; but the field-marshal was shaved, well dressed, and with as erect, intrepid, and unconcerned a countenance, as if he had been at the head of an army or at a review."

When Mr. Wick was English ambassador, Bestucheff was Elizabeth's minister; but Lestocq, who was a deep intriguer, though only her physician, for a long time had most sway at court. The Empress was naturally indolent. But see what British coin could do.

"I brought Lestocq to a reconciliation with Messrs. Bestucheff, and prevailed on him to take a pension from his Majesty the King of England

of yearly 600*l*. He was highly gratified, promised much, but at the same time is paid by France. The Empress hates and fears the King of Prussia.

"The Russian nobles love above all things to live at their ease and to tyrannize over their miserable boors, who are the greatest slaves in the world.

"I am informed that they intend, at Paris, to choose the handsomest young nobleman they can find in France, and send him hither as ambassador. This is not a bad scheme; and they may found great hopes thereupon. 'A younger man and a new face,' says Wich, 'will do perfectly well at this court.' The Empress frequently appears in man's clothes, and the ornament of the Garter, would, I am sure, please her above all things."

Yet Lestocq, whose services and cabals had tended most potently to raise Elizabeth to the throne, was eventually obliged to pace the well-trod road to Siberia. But since to our readers some of the most instructive paragraphs in the present volume concern the conduct of England and her diplomatic agents, we must let them have a few more samples of these grand doings.

"Mr. Olsufow is the soul of Woronzow, who speaks but as Olsufow prompts. For 1500 ducats ready money, and 500 per annum pension, I can secure this person, and I imagine I can make very great use of him. Funk the Saxon ambassador has similar influence; he serves his court faithfully, but has received no salary for nine quarters, and therefore is often in great distress. He will serve the king faithfully for the same sum which I have proposed for Olsufow.

"The third person who must be gained is Wolkow, the private secretary of Bestucheff. A present of 500 ducats, and a pension of 250, will make this person my own. Hitherto, however, I have made preliminary offers only to Olsufow.

"On the 24th July, Holderness approves the payment of all these sums, and on the 9th of August Williams writes, 'that a convention had at length been signed with Russia, the main object of which was aid against France, and co-operation with Austria.

"Besides the usual diplomatic presents, Bestucheff received 10,000*l*., and then, cunningly enough, requested that an extraordinary present might be given to Woronzow. Olsufow accepted with thanks what was offered; whether a similar arrangement was effected with Funk does not appear.

"'It is certain,' continues Williams, 'that whatever money this court is to receive by the first secret article, goes into the empress's privy purse; and as she is at present building two or three very large palaces, she wants a sum of money to carry on these buildings; and this has contributed to finish the convention so soon.

"The Ambassador continues—'The great Chancellor Bestucheff exerted himself to our advantage. Great joy appeared in his face when he found his avarice satisfied by the private offers. Woronzow, too did his best. Would his Majesty be pleased to give him something above his ordinary fees, to buy him a ring: 500*l*. bestowed in this manner would have a great effect in carrying on future business in this court.

"Two days after, 11th of August, Williams writes—'The great Chancellor assured me, in the strongest terms, that any augmentation of the first payment stipulated by the first secret article, would be extremely agreeable, and a sort of personal obligation to her Imperial Majesty. This augmentation shall put both this court and the Empress entirely into his Majesty's management: 50,000*l* or so, for the Empress's private use, would have a great effect. In short, all that has been given hitherto, is to purchase the assistance of the forces of Russia, but this last sum, if given, will purchase the Empress.

* * * "Bestucheff complains, that the Empress gives him only 7000 rubles a year, which is not enough to make him independent. If the King of England will give him a pension of 2500*l*. he will, in future, serve and be wholly devoted to him.' This desire was granted on the eighth of August."

In the course of the dispatches which Von Raumer has published, we come, of course, to hear of the Grand Duchess Catherine, who afterwards became so celebrated as the second of that name. Before, however, she reached this latter dignity, we hear of her entire attachment to the king of England, which was not allowed to pass unrewarded.

"She is very uneasy about the reports of this court entering into measures with France, and of a French ambassador's coming here. She offered to do everything I could suggest to prevent all this. I drew her particular attention to the circumstance of the danger which would hence accrue to her and her husband, for, without French assistance, her adversaries, the Schuwaloffs, were not powerful enough to disturb the succession to the throne,

"She thanked me ten times over for these hints: she said she saw the danger and that she would animate the Great Duke to do the utmost in this affair; that she could do a great deal more if she had money, for that here nothing can be done without it; that she was forced to keep even the Empress's chambermaids in pay; that she had nobody to address herself to upon such an occasion; but that, if the King would graciously and generously be pleased to lend her a sum of money, she would give his Majesty her note for it, and would repay it to him the moment she had it in her power to do so. And, at the same time, I might give her word of honour to the King, that every farthing of it should be applied to what she hoped was their common service; and she desired I would be answerable to his Majesty for her manner of thinking and acting. She asks twenty thousand ducats.' This sum was granted her on the eighth of August."

There are, in this volume, some remarkable accounts of the Cosacks, for which, however, we have not room. A sample must satisfy our readers.

"In the midst of European fêtes, ceremonies, disputes about precedence, and the like, there appeared, by way of change, a chief of the Don Cosacks, named Kroeno Tzockin: that is, red cheeks. He is turned of seventy, but has a great deal of desperate brutal courage. He has knocked

off several scores of his prisoners' heads; sometimes in cold blood, sometimes in drunken fits, but always, as he says, to keep his hand in; and has been wounded all over his body; on which occasions he only makes use of human fat by outward application, and inwardly a glass of brandy."

We have now only to offer the general remark, that though Peter the Great, and some of his successors endeavoured to force reforms and civilization upon their subjects by the most unwarrantable means; and such means, too, as seem often and extensively to have caused a re-action, so as to defeat the original purpose of these alterations, yet Russia has, within these hundred years, emerged from comparative barbarism, taken gigantic and unparalleled strides towards high civilization, and is now confessedly, as regards enterprise and power, among the most formidable empires that ever existed. The ascent to this greatness and sway, however, has as every one knows, and as we have now seen in reference to a most eventful portion of the empire's career, been marked by the most revolting licentiousness, cruelty, and intrigue. It offers another sad and dreadful historical picture, to the many that have previously existed, of the corruption of all human power, when unlimited by the safeguards of enlightened liberty and moral principle. But a lesson, perhaps not less woful, is taught in the work before us—and this is, that the folly, the meanness, and the vices of what are deemed polished courts, though affording a catalogue somewhat different from that of Russia, are not less hostile to virtue and inimical to the dearest interests of their respective nations, than are the blood-sheddings and rapine of barbarous chiefs. Irresponsible power, secret service means, and hidden cabals, seem, therefore, without exception, to nurture but the hot-beds of flagitious and most despicably corrupt transactions.

ART. XI.

- 1.—*Illustrations of Human Life*. By the Author of "Tremaine." 3 vols. Colburn.
- 2.—*The Divorced*. By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, Authoress of "Flirtation, &c. &c." 12mo. 2 vols. Colburn.
- 3.—*Attila*. By G. P. R. JAMES. 3 vols. Longman and Co.
- 4.—*Jack Brag*. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." 3 vols. Bentley.
- 5.—*Picciola; or, Captivity Captive*. By M. DE SAINTINE. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn.
- 6.—*The Married Unmarried*. By the Author of "Almack's Revisited." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.
- 7.—*The State Prisoner; a Romance*. By Miss M. L. BOYLE. 2 vols. 12mo. Saunders and Otley.

THE London publishers have been providing an unusually abundant bill of fare for the Easter holidays, and the quality of this supply may be generally pronounced to be as good as it is varied. Accord-

ing to the prevailing custom, fiction in the shape of novels furnishes the most numerous class, as may be presumed from the above list; and yet these are not the whole that might have been arrayed under the running title, although they certainly appear to us to present the most favourable specimens; while the diversity of manner, talent, and subject displayed in them affords an additional reason for their being thrown into one group. Several of the writers above named or referred to, are, indeed, sufficient to authorize the most confident presumptions in their behalf; and the few critical observations which we are about to bestow on each, together with the passages to be extracted from some of them, will serve to confirm these anticipations; and not the less that our praise must in almost every one of the individual cases be mixed with blame—thus showing not only that our criticism lays claim to a discriminating accuracy, but that a faultless monster is never to be discovered, even where the most ingenious fancy has the whole world of probabilities and possible events to choose from.

The first named production in our list exhibits, we think, the highest order of merit of the whole. Whether the themes selected, the reasoning employed, or the form of illustration called into exercise be considered, this general opinion seems to be well-founded. The weight and closeness of thought exerted, and the nature of the investigations pursued, rise far above those which are usually adopted in compositions that are chiefly intended to amuse. Indeed, Mr. Ward insists that these "Illustrations" do not properly belong to the fictions called novels. Even in his "Tremaine" and "De Vere," he claimed a distinct and higher station than is allowed to this overgrown class; and now he pronounces the present effort to be still more didactic and still less historical than either of his former celebrated performances, which also were full of a fine and peculiar philosophy. Still, the form into which the contents of the present volumes are thrown, the personages and the dialogues which embody the author's speculations, and the results to which the several portions of the work are brought, entitle us to range it under the general designation prefixed to this article, rather than any other distinctive appellation in the departments of literature.

The "Illustrations of Human Life" appear in a threefold arrangement. The first is called "Atticus; or, the Retired Statesman," in which the leisure, refinement, and dignity of a pure and noble nature that has passed through the turmoils and temptations of high public offices; without being tarnished, and without being smitten with a corroding avarice or vain ambition to return to the helm of affairs, are pictured. In the second sketch, which is called "St. Lawrence," a series of absorbing doctrines to many minds, especially to persons of a deeply reflecting and imaginative cast, is discussed and illustrated, viz., such speculations as regard the manner

and extent of God's special and direct interposition in human affairs. Here, an arresting ghost-story, besides many other striking anecdotes, is made the occasion and the vehicle of some very curious conjectures and arguments. In the second and third volumes, Fielding's supposed experiences in his intercourse with mankind, and the results of his eager and varied longings after happiness, afford to the author a wide field for the exercise of his ingenuity and philosophizings on the ways of men, and on many of the strangest passages of life.

Perhaps the most interesting feature belonging to these "*Illustrations*," consists of the mannerism and peculiar direction of Mr. Ward's habits of contemplation. It is always an engaging and instructive study, when a book affords manifest tokens that the author's mind possesses characteristic and original capacities not only for reflection, but of conveying to others the fruits of his thoughts, the individuality of his impressions. Besides the peculiar beauty and personality attaching to the general complexion of these speculations, we have here many of the most faithful, yet striking pictures of humanity that we have ever met with, touched off with consummate grace—whether the sentiment of humour, or an insinuating pathos he employed—the whole communicating a number of valuable lessons, and exercising the most precious and exalted attributes of our nature. Had the space which we can afford to the seven separate works above announced not been so contracted as it is, we should have presented some specimens of these "*Illustrations*" to our readers. But the didactic character of the work, which militates considerably to its disadvantage as a series of stories, the tameness in a dramatic point of view of the personages who preach up its doctrines, and the great length of the dialogues which expound the doctrines which seem to us most deserving of admiration, force us to forego the pleasure of making extracts. Upon the whole, "*Tremaine*," and "*De Vere*," will still, we have no doubt, be quoted as the main foundation of the author's celebrity; although the volumes before us have enlarged and enriched the superstructure.

Lady Charlotte Bury states, in a sort of postscript to her "*Divorced*," that the story is founded on facts. Now this is very likely, for the leading circumstances described are by no means uncommon in England; that is, a love-intrigue with a married lady, a divorce, the marriage of the guilty pair, and a long catalogue of evils entailed both upon themselves and their innocent offspring. But in the filling up of this conception there are many violations of probability, and many false effects assigned to very likely occurrences. There are also a number of incompatible circumstances brought together and made to attach to the character and conduct of individual actors in the tale. For example, Lady Howard, the Divorced,

is amiable as a woman and a wife to her first husband; she is a considerate and tender mother, and has no fault at all but being led to indulge a strong criminal affection for a man who is neither her husband nor the father of her children. She is represented, therefore, as having made but one false step, and that is eloping with the seducer whom she weds, as soon as the law will allow. The chief interest of the story succeeds to this bold outrage, and arises from the effects of the parents' guilt upon their children—these innocent ones becoming subject to a long train of evils consisting chiefly of physical ills, and social discomforts, rather than that moral contamination which is always the heaviest, and should have been the selected punishment in the present case, to the proper sustaining of the lesson to be taught. Though the story may have had actual occurrences for its origin, we do not see that this can in the least degree acquit the authoress, if she has made an improper use of them, which we assert that she has done, by engrafting unnatural events upon what may have actually happened. Nay, we maintain that it is not every series of overt deeds, and events that can serve the purposes of a good work of fiction. To please, and thus to mend the heart, or to teach by giving to virtue its due rewards and to vice its due chastisements, are the only legitimate purposes which a novelist can contemplate. In the present case, however, morbid sentimentality, a fulsomeness of cant, and forced impossibilities, take the place of natural expressions and results. On the other hand, Lady Charlotte has evinced her usual talent of cleverly drawing characters which, though not natural, are distinct. She has also exhibited an uncommon acquaintance with the world in the higher walks of life, and has struck off with singular felicity numerous portraits of common-place flutterers in these regions. We copy some specimens.

Lord and Lady Howard though strongly attached to each other, have frequent fits of deep recrimination. The following passage closes one of these scenes:—

"Lady Howard heard this cruel taunting, as she had done a thousand times before, in meek silence, and in inward prayer she had again laid her weary head on the pillow, and even tried, in the midst of the storm, to lull herself into the temporary forgetfulness, by falling into such sleep as those alone know who, like her, endure, it may be, merited suffering for past crimes, but unmerited from the being by whom it is inflicted. 'What, madam, you are sleeping, are you?—by heaven, that is too bad! but I will teach you what it is to be indifferent to your husband's wretchedness, to your children's misery and dishonour. You have occasioned the death of one, perhaps you may also that of the other; and you sleep, do you, when I place these truths before you? Charming innocent! you pretend to be composed and serene, do you, while you see me raving like a madman?' 'I am any thing but composed, any thing but serene: I feel as if my life was fleeting fast away—would to God it was gone!' 'Mighty fine all

this high-flown language, truly !—very romantic and interesting, I doubt—not—quite suited to the Minerva press : but, madam, at your age, and in your circumstances, something else is called for than the affected sentiment of a girl of fifteen.’ ‘ Good heaven ! Howard, how can I pacify you ? what can I say ? where find words or meaning that will soothe you ? You may trample me under your feet—you may bestow every dreadful name upon me, and I will not turn and defend myself. I plead guilty—guilty from my very soul ; but not guilty of want of love for you : with my dying breath I will testify that no truer devotion was ever felt for mortal man than that with which I have served you, and sacrificed myself to you. If I did not speak to you before, it was because I hoped my silence might allay your wrath ; and now that I have spoken, it is only to repeat what you know so well already. I am your true and faithful wife, whatever I have been to others.’ Lord Howard made no reply. He could not make any that would have justified his own violence and brutality, and so he went to bed, and to sleep directly, as men can do, though they have caused all sleep to fly from their wretched partners. Are such scenes true to nature or not ? Alas !”

We can hardly think that such scenes are true to nature, and least of all to a nature like Lord Howard’s, for he is represented to be a gentleman. But let this pass, and let us go forward towards the conclusion of the story, when the lady has become childless as regards the offspring of her second marriage, widowhood, her lord having destroyed himself, and sadly reduced in outward state.—Lord Vernon, her son by the first marriage, now rescues her from poverty. He and his lady visit her daily, and minister comfort to her mentally and outwardly as they best may. This latter portion of the work is extremely well written, but in some particulars seems quite inconsistent. However, we must take it as it is, upon the writer’s word, and see how it winds up. Lady Howard exclaims, “ poor Vernon ! yes, you are my child. I feel a yearning toward you ; but love you, as I loved them, never ! It is impossible ! Yet, this kindness on your part is far more than I deserve, and it must not be cast aside as worthless.”

She becomes an inmate in her son’s family—

“ At last, Lady Howard was grateful for her children’s kindness. She thanked them, and said she had not deserved their affection. It was evident to Lady Vernon, that Lady Howard had exhausted all the powerful feelings of her heart ; that with Lord Howard and his children she had buried all deep-rooted and ardent love ; that her only wish now was to rest by them in the tomb. In Lady Howard’s youth, in the days even when she forsook the path of duty, and, subsequently, through all the years of humiliation and sorrow she had endured, religion had not altogether been a stranger to her. In her most trying hours, she had found refuge in prayer—she had sued for forgiveness—she had bowed down to the punishment of sin ; but now it seemed as if that consolation was denied her. A melancholy hardness had crept over all her feelings, and she avoided making any mention of her sorrows. She never would allude to her children, or

allow any one to do so in her presence; she had succeeded in causing herself in adamant; she would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the same page; then, forgetting Lady Vernon's presence, she would clasp her hands suddenly together, and shake her head with that peculiar significance of inward grief, which denotes so much speechless misery;—at another, the low groan of a recollected moment of horror or of sorrow burst from her, and told more forcibly than words, of that anguish which has its own peculiar language. And so her days went by. Thus they are passed by the wretched and the dying. No posture was easy to her; every gleam of sun-shine rendered the invalid (for such she was now become) too hot or too cold. The food which tempted the appetite yesterday, was distasteful to-day. The favourite exotic was placed before her; its sweet odour was now turned from with disgust. Nothing could give pleasure, or afford rest; and still Lady Howard seemed insensible to the only source of comfort; still she turned from the consolations of heavenly things; gradually her bodily strength forsook her, till, at last, she was confined to her bed. Yet no disease, properly so called, ate away her strength. It was the unseen hand that worked its sure slow work. Lady Vernon tried to prepare her husband for his mother's death. She endeavoured to interpose a softening medium through which to view the decree of heaven; but he would not receive the warning; he could not endure to think that one so lately given, would be so abruptly snatched away. And he turned aside from his wife, displeased when she touched upon the subject. The house to which Lord Vernon had removed his mother, at the time when he became acquainted with her miserable condition, was one of those villas which are so thickly studded on the banks of the Thames. Beauchamp villa was in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, that beautiful country, which is so fertile and so gentle in its sylvan scenery, that on a cursory glance it seems an unfit residence for the sick and the dying. But there is a melancholy impressed in the interior of the outwardly gay looking villas, which tells of the sad scenes that have taken place within them. One almost might fancy, in their gloomy apartments, that one heard the moan of the sufferer, and the careful footfall of the attendant; neither is the view from their windows calculated to dissipate such imaginations. The velvet lawn is sometimes decorated with a splendid cedar or a luxuriant willow leading down to the Thames. The myrtles and ilexes, that grow in those mild sites to an unusual height in England, and remind those who have been in Italy of its never-to-be-forgotten beauties—all these beauties do not lessen the superstitious feeling of gloom which pervades those dwellings; but the persons who have sojourned in such a villa, witnessing the decay of those dear to them, will recognise the reflection of their own feelings, at that time, in this remark."

The conclusion is in these terms,—“Never were the words of Scripture more fearfully, more fully realized than in the complete up-rooting of the Howard family. Well might those terrific words be applied to them and to their dwelling,—‘The place thereof shall know it no more.’” Upon the whole, we are inclined to say that while “*The Divorced*” will maintain the literary reputation of Lady Charlotte Bury, it is the subject and the method which she

has adopted in giving effect to it, that has betrayed her into the errors and inconsistencies above referred to, rather than any want of power or tact to do it justice.

Attila is the third on our list, and by a distinguished as well as multifarious writer. Mr. James has of late appeared in various capacities, as a novelist, a biographer, and a historian. We wish for his own sake that he had written less, and pruned more severely that less than his present production evidences. It evinces to be sure considerable ingenuity, great historical research, and gorgeous writing, amounting to extravagance of style, which sets at naught the observances of close thinking, and the demands of pure taste. His costumes are most sumptuous, his landscapes are oppressively warm and full of charms; while his actors are as insipid, unreal, and exaggerated as ever romancer fashioned.

The story is amazingly spun out, according to the most approved novel-system of three volumes, but may be briefly outlined. Ildica is a Roman girl, and is beloved by a noble youth, Theodore. He attempts to rescue her and her family from the Huns, but is taken prisoner, and is compelled to become the companion of Attila. Neva, the niece of Attila becomes enamoured of the captive, and saves him from the treacherous designs of her father; and what is still more strange, she becomes the friend and confidante of her rival Ildica. On the other hand Attila loves Theodore's first flame, and sends the youth out of the way on a particular mission, which is intended to be a fatal one. "The scourge of God" woos the lady in the absence of her true and accepted lover. She feigns a consent, and marries the king, but on the wedding night she mortally stabs him. Theodore returns, but behold he is doomed to go wifeless, for both Ildica and Neva betake themselves to a nunnery.

Independently of the improbability of many of the incidents of the story, we object first to Attila being made the hero of love adventures; and secondly to the attempt, which in Mr. James's hands has proved a failure, to invest antiquated themes with their appropriate colours, and to inspire ancient historical personages, be they civilized or barbarians, with characteristic modes of thought, feeling, and speech. Here is a specimen of the luxuriant imagery, and ineffective heaping up of words, which a young man at college, in a descriptive essay, might be admired for constructing, but to which no chastened fancy or accurate conception of an impressive scene could give birth.

"He gazed round the prospect; and it was easy to see that it was not alone the loveliness that his eye rested on which busied his thoughts, but that remembrance was eagerly unclasping with her fairy touch the golden casket of the past, and displaying, one by one, the treasured and gemlike memories of many joyful hours. As he gazed, the last effulgent spot of the sun's orb sunk below the sea; and he turned his look upon Ildica, on

whose hand his own had accidentally fallen. Her eyes were full of liquid light; and her cheek was glowing as warmly as that sky from which the sun had just departed,

"On one side of that little brook, running pure and clear, between those hostile armies—*like the bright stream of divine love, pouring on its refreshing waters of peace amidst the strife and turbulence of human passions*—stretched forth the host of Attila, nearly seven hundred thousand horsemen, from every land and every nation of the north."

The very commencing paragraphs of the novel present a profusion of flowers and flowery description that is overpowering. The scene is in Dalmatia.

"Music was in the air, and loveliness was spread out over the earth as a mantle.

"There was a voice of many waters—the bland musical tone of mountain streams singing as they wend their way over the smooth round pebbles of their hilly bed towards the sea. And the song of life, too, was heard from every field, and every glade, and every valley; the trilling of innumerable birds, the hum of insect myriads, the lowing of distant cattle, winding down from the uplands to pen or fold, the plaintive subdued bleating of the patient sheep, the merry voice of the light-hearted herd as he led home his flock from the hills, after a long warm southern day in the maturity of spring. Manifold sweet sounds—all blended into one happy harmony, softened by distance, rendered more melodious to the heart by associations felt but not defined, and made more touching by the soft evening hour—filled the whole air, and spread a calm, bright contemplative charm over the listening senses.

"The eye, too, could find the same delights as the ear, equal in depth, similar in character; for though sweet April had sunk in the warm arms of May, still, even in that land of the bright south, the reign of summer had not yet begun: not a leaf, not a flower, not a blade of grass, had lost a hue under the beams of the sun, and many a balmy and refreshing shower, during a long and humid spring, had nourished the verdure and enlivened the bloom.

"Jack Brag," like most of Theodore Hook's works is filled with drollery, fun, wit, satire and sarcasm. It is as a story and a novel, a very irregular sort of production, and cannot well be classed with any that we know. One easily detects scores of faults in it, if tried by any of the established or customary rules of tale-telling, and yet it constantly excites laughter, and cleverly exposes the follies and peculiarities of frail humanity. It deals unsparingly in comedy and farce by turns, and yet upon no assignable principle. Jack is a strange character, an anomaly even among braggarts. He is constantly acting absurdly,—getting into scrapes as if systematically, and getting out of them ingloriously, yet with an unscathed spirit. He is the son of a tallow-chandler, who has amassed a considerable sum of money. Jack succeeds to the business and to this fortune, but prefers steeple-chasing, boasting, lying, and being fleeced by lordlings, to an honest and profitable calling. The opening of the

story affords a good specimen of its lively, humorous, and cutting spirit.

" 'My dear Johnny,' said the respectable widow Brag to her son, 'what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, lord-hunting, a wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to old Nick, and you getting dipped instead of your candles.'

" 'Mother,' said Jack, 'don't talk so foolishly! You are of the old school—excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand: the business is safe enough. You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights;—no, thanks to my enlightenment, I flatter myself I soar a little higher than that.'

" 'No nonsense, Johnny!' said Mrs. Brag. 'All you have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers: and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?'

" 'Take my advice, my dear mother,' said Jack, 'and marry. I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father-in-law; marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir-about husband, who does not mind grubbing, and hasn't a nose——'

" 'Hasn't a nose?' interrupted Mrs. Brag.

" 'I don't mean literally,' said Jack, 'but sportingly;—does not mind the particular scent of tallow—you understand. Let him into the tricks of the trade: you will still be queen-bee of the hive—make *him* look after the drones, while you watch the wax.'

" 'And while *you*, Johnny, lap up the honey,' said the queen-bee.

" 'Do what you like,' said her son, 'only marry—" marry come up," as somebody says in a play.'

" 'But, John,' said Mrs. Brag, 'I have no desire to change my condition.'

" 'Nor I that you should,' said Jack; 'but I wish you would change your name. As long as "Brag, wax and tallow-chandler," sticks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shop-front, like so many malefactors expiating their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or of the family.'

" 'Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag, 'you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone: and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough-bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone.'

" 'It is all very well talking,' said Johnny, 'but I never should show

my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop—"pretty mould of a horse" tingles in my ears—"sweet dip of the country" sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.' "

Picciola is an extraordinary production. It has passed through several editions in France, and is destined, we predict, to attain a celebrity no less remarkable in England. The *naivete* and simplicity of the story are beyond belief, when the characters and incidents employed are considered. The period chosen is the high and palmy days of Napoleon. The young Count de Charney, satiated with the world, and having exhausted every resource which worldly pleasure can offer, tries what ambition can do by conspiring against the ruling power. The police is too vigilant for the theorist, and Fouché consigns the conspirators to separate prisons, the fortress of Fenestrella being allotted for Count Charney; and here he remains unmolested,—the exigencies of war, and the multiplicity of mighty concerns diverting the emperor's mind altogether away from a consideration of the young man's situation and deserts.

Charney had become a sceptic in matters of religion, as well as a rebel,—the want of allegiance to God and to the powers that be very generally going hand in hand. Along with the other perversions of mind, he has become the victim of hardened and morbid feelings, so that he at first looked upon a prison as being quite as tolerable as the purgatory of Parisian society. For three months he entrenched himself within this sort of vitiated philosophy. At length he began to think himself alone, to experience that he was *exceedingly* alone. He had no companion but his scepticism, a hard task-master! for books, paper, pens and ink were denied him.

It is impossible to shut out from human existence some solace or another, which a rightly constituted or repentant mind will not appreciate. One day, when the captive was more than usually crushed in spirit, he discovered in a small court-yard of the prison, growing between the pavement stones a tiny plant, a fragile stem. The captive's heart was moved on perceiving and reflecting on the condition of the tender thing, that was threatened by every gust or nipping force of the wind, and henceforth the flower engaged the whole sympathies and resources of his heart and soul. He tended it, he watched its progress, he wooed its beauties. It expands, it becomes the pride of Fenestrella, its beautiful tints and colours rivalling the beams of the sun which it smilingly loves to face. Henceforth Charney is no more without a companion; he loves his flower!—his Picciola; and feels that it is a gift from heaven.

Picciola becomes the prisoner's beloved. Her charms are more

and more developed ;—her very fragrance becomes perceptible, and he not only loves, but admires, wonders, and reveres.

Marvellous is the art and the feeling with which the author has rendered the history of this passion, not merely natural, but so captivating, that the reader imperceptibly finds himself trembling for the fate of the gentle—the exquisite Picciola ; and through it for the peace of mind of Charney. Indeed there is one period in the story, when the emotions of anxiety, fear, sympathy, and affection become almost too poignant to endure. It is when one day the captive is yielding to the highest raptures in contemplating his beloved, but all at once perceives that Picciola begins to languish, and is about to perish. And the cause is soon discovered, viz. that the crevice between the stones of the pavement is too contracted, and the supply of nutritive earth too small to support the vegetative life of the blooming and advanced object of his solicitude. He is thrown from the heights of enthusiastic admiration to the depths of despondency. He is again a prisoner ; but he has been taught through Picciola to watch the providence of God, and a sceptic no longer, he appeals to that Almighty power, in behalf of his only associate, and prays that Picciola may be preserved to him.

As soon as the infidel has been induced to offer his supplications to heaven, the conspirator is led to appeal to the Emperor. He only pleads to be permitted to raise a few paving stones, which incommode his Picciola. Napoleon is at Marengo, reviewing his grand army and commemorating his triumphs ; and through Josephine—herself a passionate admirer of flowers—by means of a heroine, whose subsequent place in the tale we shall not describe, a petition is forwarded. Its prayer is granted, and Picciola is set at liberty. Little more is required from the story, but that which is at once perceived to be inevitable, viz. that Napoleon will grant liberty and pardon to Charney, whom he also appoints to be his botanist—and that the love and devotion of the heroine who sped with the petition to Marengo, be rewarded as all such affectionate and faithful girls should be.

Such is the sketch of the story of Picciola. But it is impossible to do justice to its simplicity, its elegance, its fine philosophy, by any outline—nay, by any extracts short of its entire form and details. It is at once original, imaginative, and true to nature. With little variety of incident, and few characters, it is singularly effective. And yet amongst these few characters there is a sufficient number of distinct actors to awaken and sustain the reader's deep sympathy, as well as to complete the parts of a well contrived plot. Without enumerating and characterising each of these, we may mention the gaoler, who is a noble specimen of humanity, and yet but an unpolished gem. In a word, the force with which the combined beauty

and felicity of expression in this philosophical novel strike the mind is indescribable—the lessons which it communicates are faultless—the taste and skill with which the most interesting facts in botany are rendered subservient to theological argument, were never surpassed.

The Author of "Almack's Revisited," has again presented to the public an amusing novel that is full of stirring and diversified incidents, although he does not always attend to probability, nor always escape drawing caricatures. The work contains the story of an orphan, who is reared during his early years among the poor Devonshire fishermen. In the first volume we have his boyhood. He becomes the inhabitant of a workhouse. At school he endures a system of flogging that would please even the most experienced of the old-fashioned disciplinarians; which incidents seem to be introduced that the author may have unmerciful flings at Toryism in all its details, whether as exhibited by country-squires, overseers, or schoolmasters. The unlucky hero performs some gallant deeds, but somehow gets suspected of a theft, and is dismissed from the seminary to which he had been sent by an unknown friend. He now adopts the vagrant's life, and has a hand in many adventures, in low life. We at length find him, in the third volume, cutting a figure in London, where, before the story closes, fortune shines upon him.

It will from this very hasty and imperfect sketch be seen, that the plot affords ample opportunities for variety, and vividness of description. The pictures drawn are not always of the most elevated or graceful cast, even as concerns the spirit or manner in which they are concerned; nor is there always so much made of the incidents as they are capable of sustaining. But upon the whole, the novel is amusing, and not deficient in that knowledge of the world, which when communicated, as it is here, in an animated style, teaches useful lessons.

"The State Prisoner," is by a young lady, who will hereafter, we have no doubt, attain to the first rank among our numerous female writers of the present day. There are not a few happily conceived characters in the work, and one or two of them, Dumont, the State Prisoner, for example, and Mirabel de Bernay, that are admirable, and indeed quite original. We know not any part of our office, however, which is at all times more irksome, than the attempt to whip the cream off a powerfully and ingeniously constructed romance; and therefore, as we are this month much pressed for room, and as these volumes came to hand at too late an hour for us to do them justice by any lengthened or connected extracts, our readers must take our word for it, when we say, that Miss Boyle has here shown—whether her spirit, poetic imagery, or acquaintance with the human heart, be regarded—an extraordinary genius, especially

when her age is considered, and the limited knowledge of the world, which must be presumed in the case of one of her sex. One of the many gems that glitter in her pages, may be taken as a specimen of the beautiful resources which she can vary and apply at will.

"Far, far more lovely becomes every memory that can be coupled with some fair page in nature's varied volume; far dearer to the well-constructed mind each remembrance that is bound up with the inestimable gifts of the Creator. Such associations rendered transitory moments permanent, immortal. While by the side of one we love, to let the eye wander over the green bosom of the earth, or the wide expanse of heaven: to mark together the exquisite colouring of the flowers, or the majestic proportions of the forest trees, has in it a spell to bind for ever recollection."

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, from the Facts and Laws of the Physical Universe; being the Foundation of Natural and Revealed Religion.* By JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. 3 vols. London: Duncan. 1837.

THREE three thick octavo volumes have been handed to us at so late a period of the month that it is impossible in our present number to do more than to acknowledge having received them, and to express our strong conviction, from a hasty perusal, that they are excellent;—excellent not merely as containing an admirable condensation of what has been written by many eminent men in demonstration *à posteriori* of the Attributes of God, but as offering in many parts, both as to method and detail, original and most forcible arguments on this all-important subject. The gifted author's name and eminence have long been well known in connection with Natural Science; but it now appears that all his devotion to that and other departments of human knowledge has been made subservient to this his last and ablest work, which, we confidently predict, will hand down his celebrity to the latest times.

It is proper, even in this short notice, to state that, according to information contained in a prefixed memorandum, the work was completed in the spring of 1830, and was intended for publication in the following year; when its appearance was delayed by the announcement of the Bridgewater Treatises. It is now, however, presented to the world, in obedience to the last desire of its lamented author.

At present we shall only farther state that though many of the arguments here used must have been elucidated in the above-mentioned Treatises, Dr. Macculloch will not sustain any diminution to his fame, even in a comparison on these points; while, in as far as regards the consistency, the cogency, and the general ends contemplated by such publications, his will be felt as the most satisfactory. It may even be suspected that a work, extending to three volumes, each of these containing between five and six

hundred pages of letter-press,, must either be badly arranged or redundant when the evidences which it discusses are so palpable as those which may be adduced as proofs of the Creator's contrivance, power, wisdom, and goodness. But the author has adopted and followed out this view of the case—viz., that it is not simply needful that the evidences should be satisfactory, but that they should be so varied and multiplied as to meet the great variety of information, talents, feelings, and affections, that must exist among readers.

There is one paragraph in the author's Preface, which, with pleasure, we quote, and which will be felt as a better recommendation of these volumes than any general praise that we can utter in this short notice. The paragraph, from all that we have read of the work, is a happy introduction to its merits.

"He who can imagine the universe fortuitous or self-created, is not a subject for argument, provided he has the power of thinking, or even the faculty of seeing. He who sees no design, cannot claim the character of a philosopher; for philosophy traces means and ends. He who traces no causes, must not assume to be a metaphysician; and if he does trace them, he must arrive at a First Cause. And he who perceives no final causes, is equally deficient in metaphysics and in natural philosophy; since, without this, he cannot generalize, can discover no plan, where there is no purpose. But if he who can see a creation, without seeing a Creator, has made small advances in knowledge, so he who can philosophize on it, and not feel the eternal presence of its Great Author, is little to be envied even as a mere philosopher; since he deprives the universe of all its grandeur, and himself of the pleasures springing from those exalted views which soar beyond the details of tangible forms and common events. And if with that Presence around him, he can be evil, he is an object of compassion, for he will be rejected by Him whom he opposes and rejects."

ART. XIII.—*New Conversations, and Easy Dialogues, in the French, English, and German Languages.* By W. A. BELLENDER, newly arranged, with Additions, by Francis Coghlan. London: Baily & Co. **THIS** small volume will not only prove serviceable as a travelling companion, but will afford great facilities to the student for improving himself in more than one language at one time.

ART. XIV.—*Spain.* By H. D. INGLIS. 2 Vols. Second Edition. London: Whittaker. 1837.

INGLIS's *Spain*, when it first appeared, was considered to be one of the most impartial and satisfactory works that had been written concerning that part of the Peninsula, for a long time; nor are we aware of any that has since appeared which ought to supersede it. The call for a second edition is the best proof that can be adduced in its favour, and shows that it is regarded as a standard production relative to a country which has unfortunately divided of late years, not only those who wield the sword, but the tourists who brandish the pen. An introductory chapter has been written for the present edition, giving an outline of the proceedings in that distracted kingdom since the lamented author's decease, which will be found a suitable and worthy companion to the original performance.

ART. XV.—*The Bridal of Naworth: a Poem in three Cantos.* London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

THIS poem is laid in Cumberland and during the dark ages. The author, though frequently dealing in exaggerations, has caught much of the era chosen, and has also succeeded in throwing into a dramatic shape, a great portion of his production, in which, too, no ordinary poetic genius is displayed. The work is not perfect, but it contains symptoms of high promise.

ART. XVI.—*Marcus Manlius. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By DAVID ELWIN COLOMBINE. London: Bentley.

WE always cordially welcome an aspirant who attempts a flight into the highest and most difficult regions of poetic composition, as our author has done; especially when that attempt exhibits incontestible proofs of study, pains-taking, and considerable dramatic inspiration. We do not consider *Marcus Manlius* to be a production that will attain great celebrity either as a reading or an acting drama; but while it must be held as a hopeful test of the author's powers, and literary accomplishments, it ought also to take precedence of some dramatic pieces which have lately been loudly heralded, and, for a time, much applauded. It is gracefully dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Victoria.

ART. XVII.—*Relvedder, Baron Kolff, and other Poems.* By THOMAS EAGLES, Author of "Mountain Melodies," &c. London: Whittaker. THE first is the principal poem in this volume, which contains a pleasantly told tale. The chief defects in these pieces are the want of dignity and power—the chief excellencies, smooth versification, amiable feelings, and gentle fancies.

ART. XVIII.—*Xeniola: Poems, including Translations from Schiller and De La Motte Fonqué.* By JOHN ANSTER, L. L. D., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman and Co.

IN his translation of Goëthe's *Faustus*, Dr. Anster at once placed himself upon the highest footing of poetic power; and though here we cannot expect to find the same sustained dignity of thought, or harmony and variety of verse as were there displayed—these poems being indeed for the most part, such fugitive pieces only as his fresh fancy has given forth, at starts, and many years ago—still, we have seen nothing equal to them of late, among the productions of the many new candidates that have arisen for poetic fame. The author has been inspired by the muse when she was in no maudlin frame, and he capable of retaining some of the most characteristic and happiest impressions of her genius.

ART. XIX.—*Edinburgh New General Atlas. No. I.* London: Whittaker.

THIS Atlas is to contain fifty-six Maps, Imperial sheet, furnishing a complete exhibition of the world in its various aspects, geographically, and
VOL. I. (1837). NO. IV.

politically, according to the latest discoveries—a Number to appear every two months. Of this first portion we can speak in the highest terms, and declare that besides the minutest accuracies of detail, the whole is so disposed and so judiciously as well as beautifully coloured, that we have never beheld greater clearness of plan or found it more easy to form a distinct idea of the parts outlined.

ART. XX.—*Winkles's English Cathedrals*. London: Wilson.
 HERE we have the 26th., 27th., and 28th. Numbers of this remarkably cheap and beautiful publication. The Cathedrals of Ely and Peterborough are the subjects engraved and described; which, in a manner not less delightfully impress the eye and the imagination than any of the venerable and exquisite architectural monuments of the genius of our forefathers, that have appeared in this series. The publication however is so well known, that it is only necessary to compare the present numbers with their predecessors, and to say that there seems to us to be even more skill and taste here displayed, both as respects perspective, the disposing of masses of light and shadow, and the delicacy of most minute tracery than we discovered in some of the earlier portions of the work.

ART. XXI.—*The Life and Character of John Howe, M.A.: with an Analysis of his Writings*. By HENRY ROGERS. London: Wm. Ball. 1836.

HOWE was one of the most eminent divines, and one of the most excellent men that ever England produced; and though a nonconformist, was a person of such prudence and charitable feeling, that even his opponents—real enemies he could not have—never had grounds to charge him with a sectarian spirit. In the work before us, Mr. Rogers has imitated this judicious and liberal example, being convinced that it would be as absurd to indulge in any sort of narrow or exclusive spirit in connection with such a subject, as it would be to “write the life of Cromwell merely to show that he was an Independent, or that of Milton to prove that he was a Baptist.”

Calamy's life of John Howe, we believe, is the only one that can lay claim to anything like particularity. But even to that memorial the present author says his researches have enabled him to add considerably. The materials for this life, however, are confessedly scanty; but the chief purpose of the volume before us being to give a minute analysis of Howe's character and writings, for which there are sufficient guides, the deficiency is the less felt, while the work assumes a peculiarly valuable character, in that it fills up a chasm, or, at least, greatly enriches a particular era in the history of mind and Christianity. There are a number of events and personages incidentally treated of by the author that are highly interesting and important. Of this our readers may very easily be persuaded, when they bear in mind that Howe was for a considerable time chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and are informed that after the Protector's death he remained at Whitehall, till the deposition of the Protector's son. We

quote one paragraph from that part of this sterling work, where a summary is given of its hero's character.

"Most of those characters which have won the admiration of mankind, have been marked by a peculiar *individuality*, resulting from the disproportionate, and, in some cases, enormous development of some master-faculty. In Bacon, it is true, we are dazzled by a constellation of almost all intellectual excellencies; yet even in him the philosophic temperament was so prevaillingly strong, as to throw into the shade all his other vast endowments: endowments which, if they can be considered secondary at all, are secondary only in him. In Edwards, we see the utmost logical acuteness; in Barrow, wonderful comprehensiveness; in Jeremy Taylor, the utmost opulence of imagination; in Milton, the utmost sublimity. In all these, and many other cases, the glare of some overpowering faculty makes the rest shine with a wan and feeble light, and, in some cases, nearly quenches them altogether. But, from the calm firmament of Howe's mind (and from his almost alone, so far as I know,) shine forth all the various faculties of the soul, each with its allotted tribute of light, and with a serene and solemn lustre. 'One star,' it is true, 'differeth from another star in glory,' but none extinguish or eclipse the rest."

ART. XXII.—*A Summer in the Pyrenees*. By the Hon. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY. 2 vols. 8vo. Macrone.

MR. MURRAY is one of those travellers we like to meet with, and it is with regret that we are obliged to speak of his work in a short notice, on account of its coming so late in the month to our hand. Rather, however, than that our readers should remain uninformed, that such a book has been published, or that tardy justice should be done the author. We beg that it may be understood that we think it is one of the very best works of the kind which we have perused for a long time. Mr. Murray is both in mind and physical power fitted to undertake long journeys, and to traverse countries that have been little trod by literary tourists before him; for his pedestrian route was from the Mediterranean, along the chain of the Pyrenees, to the western extremity of Bearn; and this rugged path he has described with singular vivacity, talent, and cheerfulness. Rather than deal in any general account of the contents of the work, which, according to our limits, would be a most meagre outline, we introduce an extract which will enable every discriminating reader to form a pretty just opinion of the author's manner and matter. The part we select contains a portion of Mr. Murray's account of the republic of Andorre, which he was delighted to discover in the most sequestered recesses of the Pyrenees.

"Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys; of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its embouchure, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains, with their immense peaks, which inclose it, amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six and thirty miles; from east to west, thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriege; on the south by the district of Urgel;

on the west by the valley of Paillas; and on the east by that of Carol. It contains six communes; Andorre, the chief town, Canillo, Encham, La Massane, Urdino, Saint Julien, and above thirty villages or hamlets.

"The government is composed of a council of twenty-four; each commune electing four members, who are chosen for life. The council elect a Syndic, who convokes the assemblies, and takes the charge of public affairs. He enjoys great authority, and when the assemblies are not sitting, he has the complete government of the community. * *

"The Andorrians are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys, still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them, and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts, and the civilization of other countries, inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron forges, only a very few of their number being the proprietors of any extent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs, or eldest sons, choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, reprobating mis-alliances, and looking little to fortune, which besides is always very small upon both sides. The eldest sons have, even during the lives of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors; they never leave the paternal roof until they marry, and if they marry an heiress they join her name to their own; and unless married they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs.

"When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, and succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciled in her family; and by this arrangement, the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes, *ni plus riche—ni plus pauvre*. They are married by their priests, after having had their banns, as in Scotland, proclaimed in their parish church for three successive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants are in Andorre not so badly off as in other countries, their wants are few and easily supplied, the opulent families taking care of those who are not; and they in gratitude honour and respect their benefactors.

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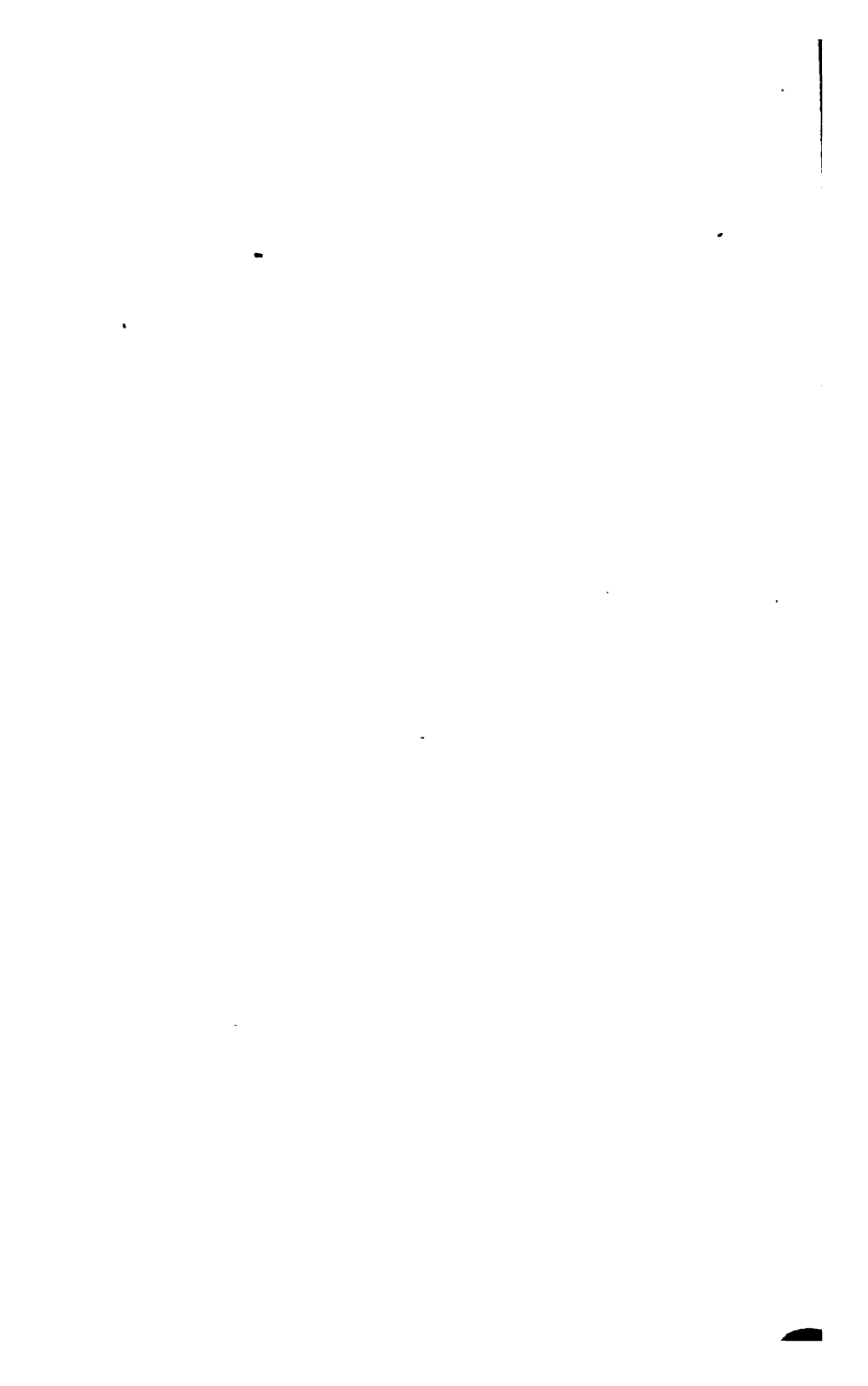
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